Collier's

DECEMBER 16, 1944 TEN CENTS

CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM
By GRANTLAND RICE

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Beginning
A NEW SERIAL
By
Adela Rog

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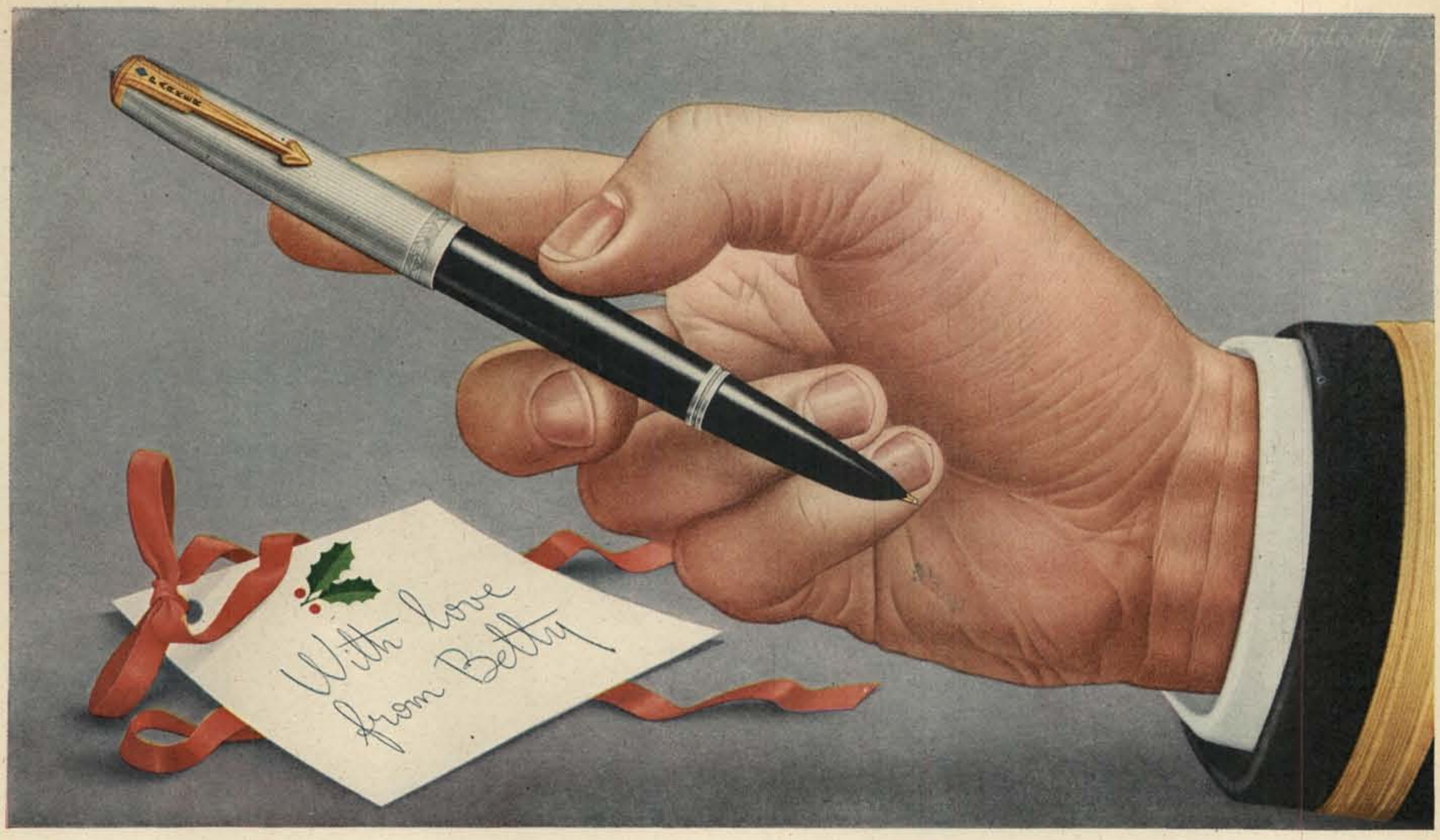

To the fortunate few who will receive Parker 51's this Christmas . . .

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Parker "51"

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Any Week

AMONG the things we never expected to see was a pretty incident on Fifth Avenue, New York City. She was very nice looking, and her arms were full of bundles. She said something to a cop, who relieved her of her bundles. As he held them, she straightened the seams of her stockings. Then she took her bundles, thanked the cop and departed. When she was but two paces away, he said, "Yep, that's better." Then he blew his whistle and traffic rolled again.

JUST because we mentioned one week that there was a place in Arkansas called Noah's (Noah's, Ark.), Mr. L. A. Roby of Big Spring, Texas, reports that there once lived in Independence County, Arkansas, a lady named Sally, which is quite probable. One day she was washing clothes in the creek and was attacked by a doe. She slew the doe with her washing paddle, and the place was known thereafter as Salado. (There's something wrong with us. We don't think this is funny, either.) But Mr. Roby goes on: Salado is near the inhabited place of Oil Trough, so named because the Indians used to store bear's grease there in hollow logs. Oil Trough, says Mr. Roby, is midway between Morning Sun, Ark., and Evening Shade, Ark. This is probably the worst column ever written. And we've just been reading the newspaper columns, too.

JUST before leaving for the Pacific Coast recently, Mr. Jeff Machamer, the cartoonist, dropped in at a drugstore in his home town, Greensboro, North Carolina, for breakfast. He ordered ham, fried eggs and coffee, and in due time the waitress brought him rolls, bacon and milk. Mr. Machamer didn't protest. While he was eating, a Wave came in, ordered. The waitress and the Wave had a nice close-up conversation. When she left, the waitress said to Mr. Machamer, "See her? She's my sister. She's a Wac." Mr. Machamer said no, that she was a Wave. "Whose sister is she?" demanded the waitress. So Mr. Machamer shut up.

WE INCLUDED that last one because we're a weak character. We don't get the point, but all our immediate neighbors in this office insisted it was very funny, so we gave in. The guy who broke us into this business was the late Mr. Lew Beatty of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He always told us: "Get a mind, make it up, shut up." He used to get drunk every fifty-three days, never more or less. He'd stay drunk for two days and ride the wagon betweentimes. Always removed his hat if anyone spoke of a lady in his presence—whether he knew her or not. "Never can tell," Mr. Beatty would say. "She might have been your mother."

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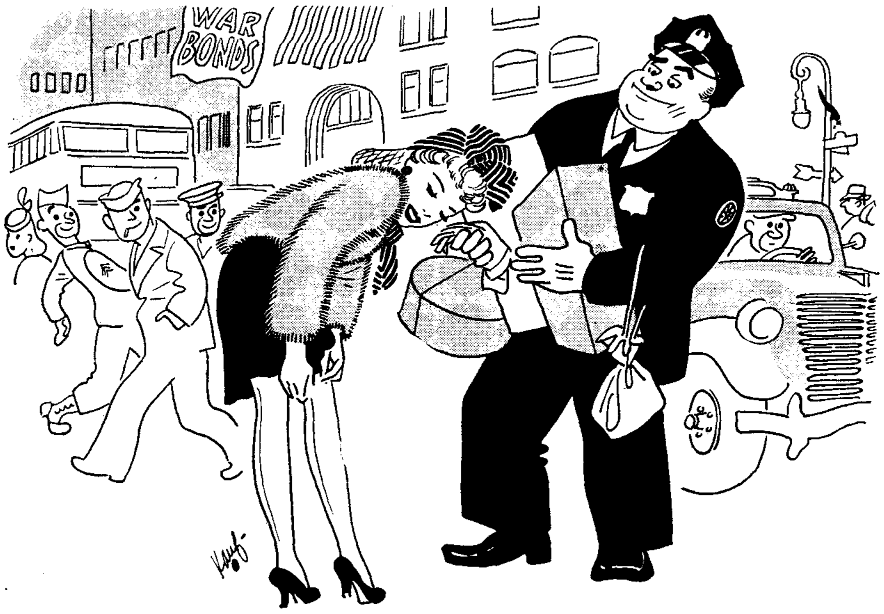

G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

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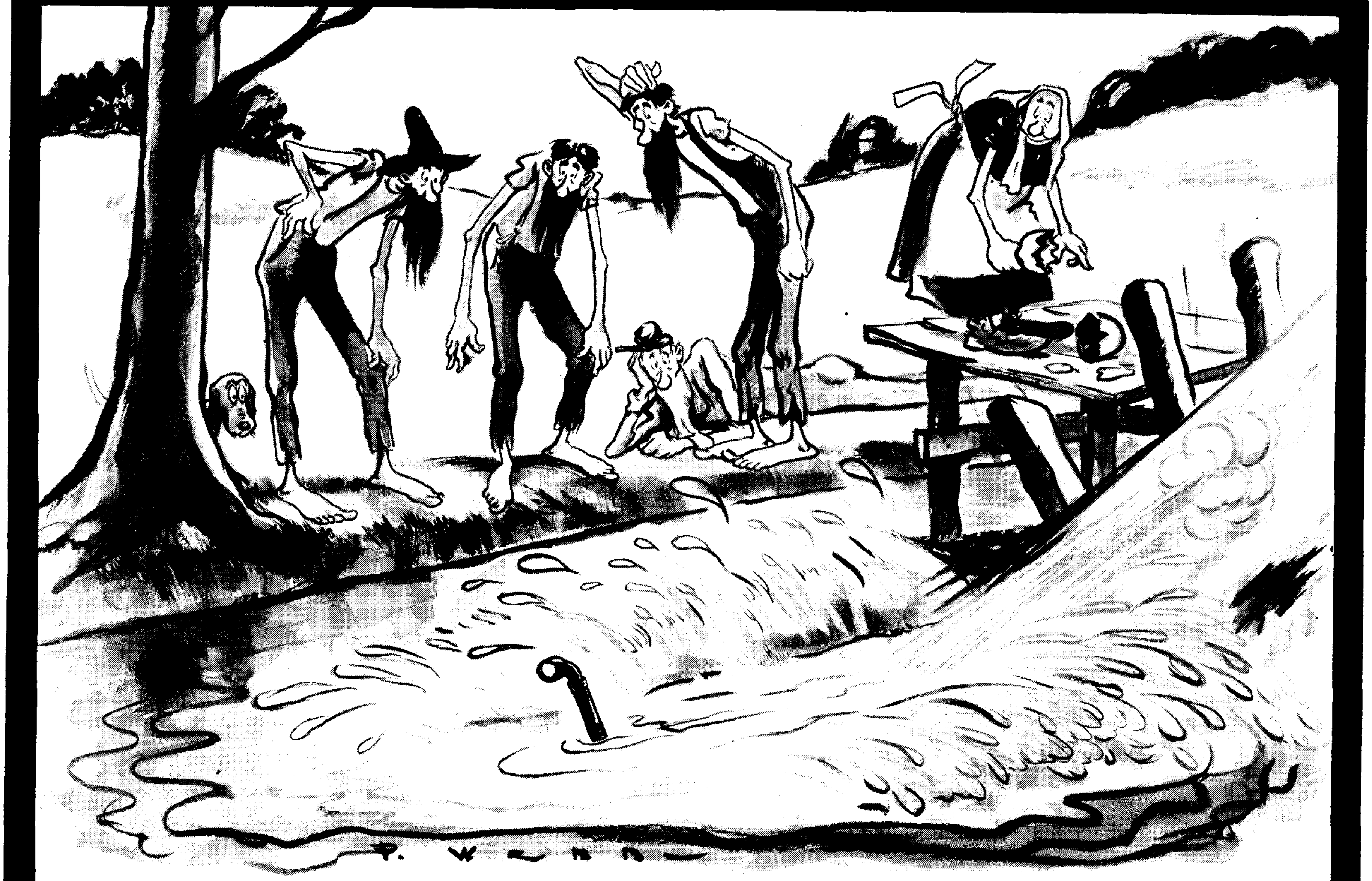

"Rafe's sub shore went down mighty purty . . . wonder ef he's figgered how ter git her up."

SUB-PERFORMING CARS MAY NEED "PLUG-CHEK"

"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the quick and accurate way of finding the spark plugs that are wasting gas . . . it puts the finger on faulty or improper plugs, may add as much as 12% to the mileage you are now getting from your coupons, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association.

Possibly all your present plugs need is cleaning or regapping—a "Plug-Chek" can give you the answer. But if new ones are needed, install Auto-Lites . . . the ignition engineered spark plug.

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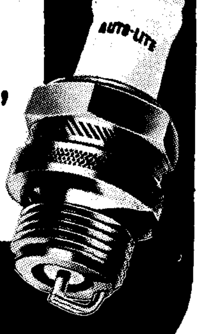

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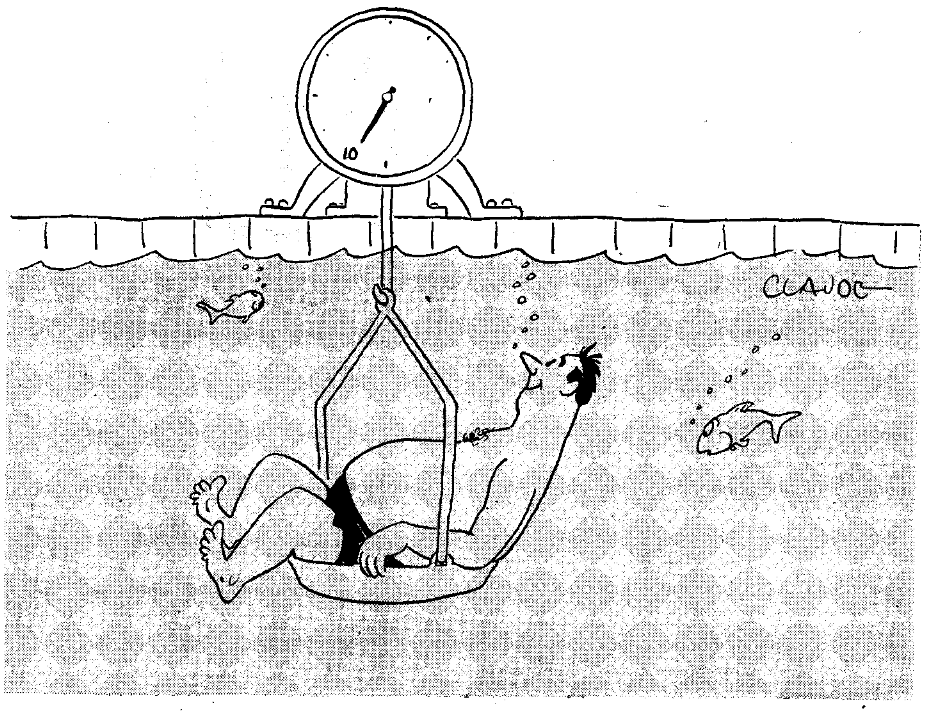


CLAUDE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Excessive fat is a handicap to aviators, divers and others subjected to changing air pressure because fat, unlike hard muscle, absorbs and holds nitrogen, thus increasing their susceptibility to "bends" as well as requiring such men to undergo a longer period of decompression. As fat is more buoyant than hard muscle, a man's excessive fat may be determined scientifically by the relationship between his normal weight and his weight under water. For example, while a 200-pound hard-muscled man may weigh 15 pounds under water, a 200-pound fat man may weigh only six pounds, the difference between the two weights of each man being the basis of an index to the density of his body.—*By Agnes K. McLean, Sweet Briar, Virginia.*

To enable convoys of trucks loaded with airplane parts to travel recently, without delays, between a factory in Akron and an assembly plant in Omaha, the vehicles were escorted over the entire 900-mile route through five states by relays of police cars which, by radio, ordered the roads ahead to be cleared for them.

Millions of Americans do not realize that many radio programs they hear travel greater distances over telephone lines than through the air. For example, a network program that originates in New York and is heard in San Francisco through a local station is transmitted some 3,000 miles by wire but less than 30 miles by radio waves.

The custom of primitive peoples, which requires a man to avoid the sight of his mother-in-law from betrothal to death lest great misfortune befall him, is said to have originated thousands of years ago as a precaution against illicit relations. Among some tribes today, a man is still forbidden even to utter her name for fear that it might bring about their accidental meeting.—*By Sgt. Walter J. Keller, Maxwell Field, Ala.*

Some of the flying bombs launched today from Nazi planes toward targets in England carry a radio that transmits a constant signal, so that the enemy can follow the flight and determine the location of the explosion with radio-direction finders.—*By Anthony Janus, Maspeth, N. Y.*

The chinchilla has the softest and thickest of all furs because numerous spider-web fibers, instead of a single hair, emerge from each follicle of its pelt, a characteristic found in very few other fur-bearing animals and always in a lesser degree.—*By Helen Lightner, Huntington Park, California.*

A classic example of Nazi stupidity was witnessed by the two pilots of a U. S. Navy plane flying 50 miles off Iceland in the summer of 1942. Sighting a surfaced U-boat, they dropped all their depth bombs but none had any effect on the submarine, or frightened it into submerging. As the pilots circled back, a lone seaman climbed up on the deck and, finding one of the bombs held by a grating, rolled it over the side instead of setting it afloat on a life raft. Within a few seconds, consequently, the bomb reached the depth for which it had been set and exploded, fatally damaging the German pigboat.

The thousands of men who left the United States to avoid military service have lost their citizenship and will be denied readmittance under a new law. As citizenship elsewhere is usually withheld from such individuals, they are destined to become men without a country.—*By Mrs. L. S. Startin, San Bernardino, Cal.*

Photographs of nebulae made during recent years at Mount Wilson Observatory are unparalleled in the precision that was required to take and analyze them. As some of the nebulae are 300 billion billion miles away, exposures often took 75 night hours, during which the speck of light had to be watched constantly to make certain that the moving telescope was accurately pointed at it. The purpose of the work was to determine changes in the spectrum lines, which demanded absolute precision in measuring, because the photographs, to be clear, had to be 1-10th by 1-30th of an inch in size, or smaller than the head of a pin.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

THE PRICELESS GIFT OF HEARING

MUSIC, the theatre, conversation and companionship—how many of life's pleasures depend on hearing! And how fortunate it is today—when war is adding so many to the ranks of the hard of hearing—that science has made available wonderfully helpful hearing aids!

When Alexander Graham Bell—himself a teacher of those with impaired hearing—discovered how to transmit and reproduce speech electrically, he not only gave the world the telephone but also showed the way to aid the hard of hearing. All of today's electrical hearing aids are based on telephonic principles.

Transmitting the spoken word clearly to the human ear, regardless of distance, is the purpose of Bell telephone equipment. For more than half a century its designers and makers—Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric—have carried on extensive studies of speech and hearing. They have acquired unparalleled knowledge of these subjects.

This knowledge has been applied for many years to Western Electric hearing aids. We are happy that our pioneering work in this field is helping the many hearing casualties of this war to enjoy that most priceless gift—*renewed hearing!*

During the 6th War Loan Drive, buy more Bonds than ever!

75TH ANNIVERSARY

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

ARMY E NAVY

"Just have to keep on livin', ma'am—"

The U.S.O. hostess recognized wings, and rank, but the face was too young for the silver leaf on his shoulder.

"Heavenly day! . . . How do you Air Force boys run up so much rank so fast?" she asked.

"You just have to keep on livin', ma'am," said the youthful 8th Air Force Lieutenant Colonel . . . and he wasn't being at all facetious!

SINCE last summer they have been trickling back . . . with rows of ribbons under their wings, foreign service stripes, and the shoulder patch with the "8" between the spread wings of the Air Forces emblem. Too few of us know either the marking or its meaning.

The 8th Air Force began with the first few Flying Forts sent to England in early 1942 . . . proved that precision bombing by day was practical—and deadly . . . fought with the R.A.F. 500 miles deep in Fortress Europe despite 40,000 anti-aircraft guns, flocks of Focke-Wulfe fighters . . . and sickening losses to the original group.

With 1943 came reinforcements; but the Ploesti oilfields cost 54 bombers, the two Schweinfurt raids 96. Before the year's end, 60% of the flying personnel were dead, wounded, listed as missing, prisoners of war. At its peak in Spring 1944, the 8th lost in one fateful week in February 170 bombers, shot down 548 German fighters, broke the back of the vaunted Luftwaffe.

In a year of hard, persistent fighting, the 8th battered the German war machine and its industrial resources, shriveled Nazi nerves. When D Day came, American armies never met the full strength of the mighty Wehrmacht, but an enemy weakened by disorganized communications and supply lines.

What most Americans fail to realize is that the 8th Air Force saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of doughboys, shortened the European war by perhaps a year . . . earned more decorations and citations than any other military unit in history, as well as our undying gratitude. Watch for the 8th shoulder patch, and honor the men who wear it!

MANY of the 8th Air Force and other AAF bombing personnel were schooled in twin-engine training planes powered with engines made by Jacobs . . . a fact of which we are justly proud . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS • Pottstown, Pa.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Marine Lt. Col. Elmer G. Glidden (right) completed his 104th dive bombing mission recently. At left: his gunner, T/S James A. Boyle

FROM the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Palau, they sing the praises of Major Joseph Jacob (Joe) Foss, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Major Gregory (Pappy) Boyington, of Okanogan, Washington. Although those great Marine fighter pilots will never be displaced in Marine Corps tradition, there is a third whom you should know—Major Elmer G. (Iron Man) Glidden, of West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

While Joe and Pappy (Joe is home with malaria, and Pappy is missing) brought fame and glory to Marine Corps aviation and pushed the enemy back on his heels with their Grumman Wildcats and Vought Corsairs, Major Glidden has rung up an all-time high as a dive-bomber pilot with the ancient and honorable Douglas Dauntless SBD, by making 104 strikes on the enemy in the Pacific.

From Marine Lieutenant Louis Olszyk, of Milwaukee, a former reporter on the *Milwaukee Journal*, we have this dope on what a grand guy Iron Man Glidden is:

It is safe to claim that no one in the world has equaled Glidden's feats, both in accuracy and in number of missions. His strike total almost doubles that of the next highest Marine dive-bomber pilot. And no one has pursued dive bombing so actively over a consistent period as have the Marines.

Few others, in ground or aerial combat, have faced the enemy over so many miles of the Pacific and through so many stages of the war as has this wiry, strong-faced 28-year-old commanding officer of the Ace of Spades Squadron of Major General Louis E. Woods' highly effective Fourth Marine Air Wing. When Glidden's present tour of duty expires next spring he will have had a total of 41 out of the last 48 months in combat operations.

Though dive bombing connotes a certain romanticism in flying, the pilots have performed in virtual obscurity. Thus Glidden's name, a byword throughout the Pacific, is almost unknown outside his home town.

Glidden is a testimonial to the need of dive bombing in the remaining phases of the Pacific war. A keen student of flying, with a degree in aeronautical engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic, he points out that while the intensity of naval warfare will decrease for Marine Corps fliers, the value of the dive bomber will assert itself in providing troop support in places like the Philippines and China.

Glidden made his first dive in the uncertainty surrounding the Battle of Midway. It was his first taste of combat. Then a captain, he made three dives on the Jap fleet. From Midway, he went to Guadalcanal. While Marine fighter pilots were ringing up high scores of Zeros and getting headlines, Glidden went on a bombing rampage. Pilots and enlisted men prefer to forget those next action-filled weeks. From before dawn to after dark, they slashed at ground installations, at Jap landing beaches, at cruisers, destroyers, transports and barges. In good weather and bad, they blazed the trail to Gizo, Rekata Bay and Tasinboko. They flew staggering numbers of hours; then, tired and nearly out on their feet, they climbed from their planes to await the nightly visits of Jap bombers.

It was at Guadalcanal that Glidden assumed command of the Ace of Spades Squadron, whose planes bear the oldest insignia in continuous use in all aviation. He also added another Navy Cross to the one he had received for heroism at Midway. He went back to the States, reorganized the squadron and returned to his present area of operations in the Marshalls. His work has been methodical and thorough. After the first few weeks, not a single radio station was intact on any of the atolls. He left in his wake a monument of ruin and debris in shattered buildings and gun positions and a trail of smoke and flame from hits on oil and ammunition dumps.

The scene back at base after a Glidden attack is routine. Before entering the chartroom, Iron Man knocks his shoes against a step to shake off the coral dust. Then he steps up to an enlarged aerial photograph, points at the target of the day and quietly says, "You can mark that off for good."

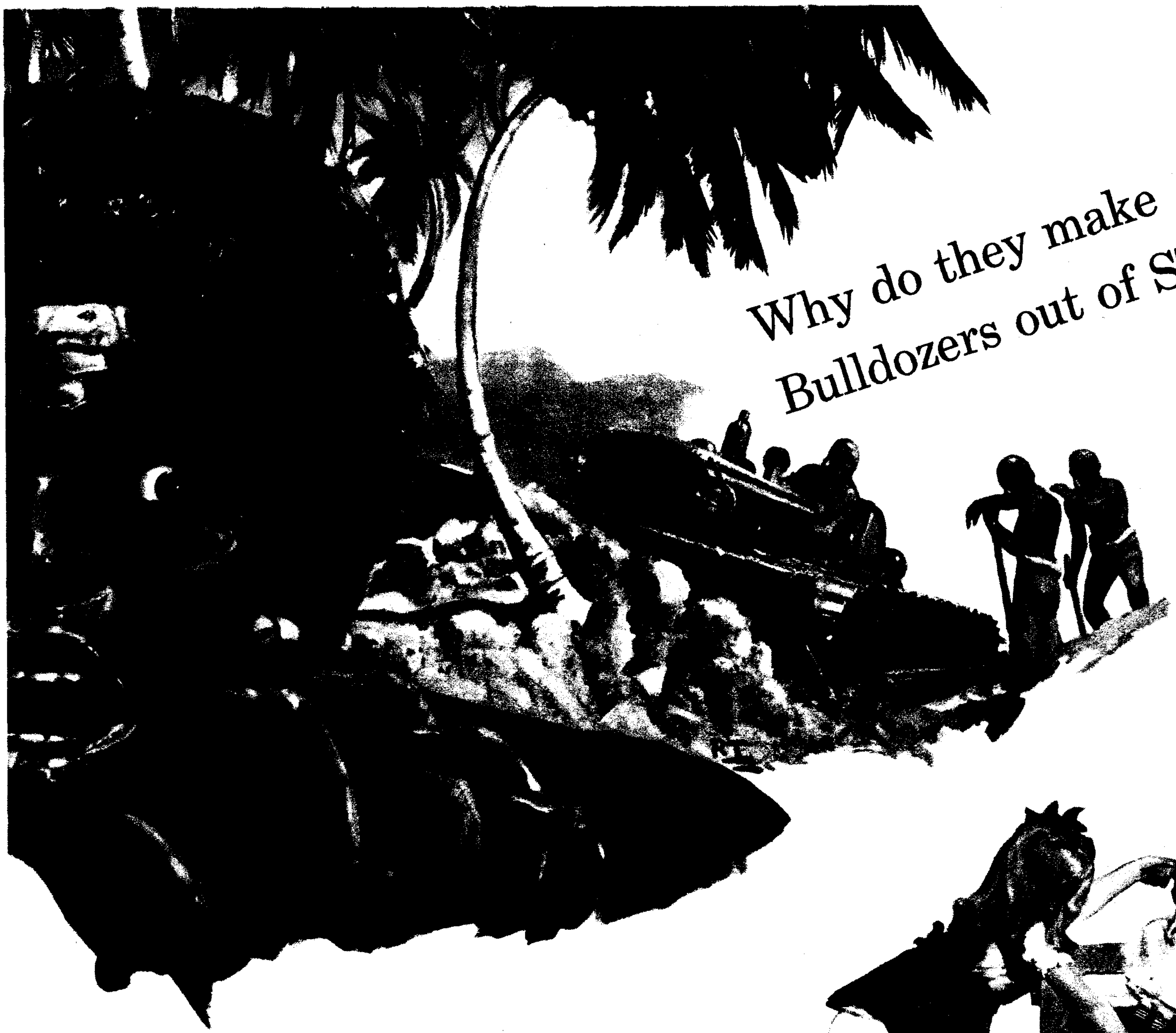
His direct hits and near-misses surpass the efforts of any two top pilots in his red-hot squadron. From 10,000 feet the targets look no bigger than a quarter. And, on the way down, the tricky trade winds and layers of clouds buffet the plane off course. Antiaircraft fire brackets the planes throughout the dives. Nevertheless, Glidden has yet to drop a bomb outside the target area.

When his boys talk of the possibility of being relieved, as they all do everywhere, he says, "Why want something like that? Think of the money you're making and saving."

When Glidden's executive officer and pal from Guadalcanal days—Captain Homer V. Cook, of Porterdale, Georgia—was killed in the Marshalls campaign, Iron Man made no comment, but the boys in the squadron noticed that he gave up playing his accordion. He used to harmonize at night with Captain Cook, who played the piccolo. Occasionally, now, he has the enlisted man to whom he gave the accordion come to his quarters and play for a while.

•

Word has just come through that Major Glidden's evasive tactics, so successful against Jap fighters, and twice successful against attempts to promote him out of the squadron, have at last failed. He has been promoted to lieutenant colonel and advanced to the duty of assistant operations officer of General Woods' Fourth Marine Air Wing. This means he can no longer fly combat in single-engine planes; he'll have to tell the kids how to do it without being able to show them himself.



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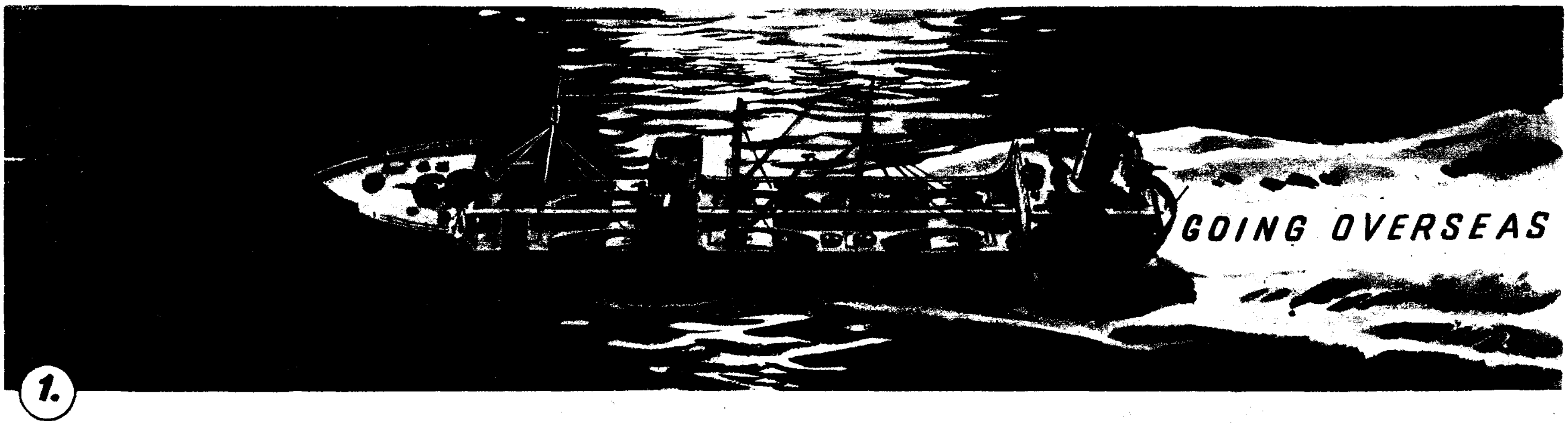
GOING OVERSEAS

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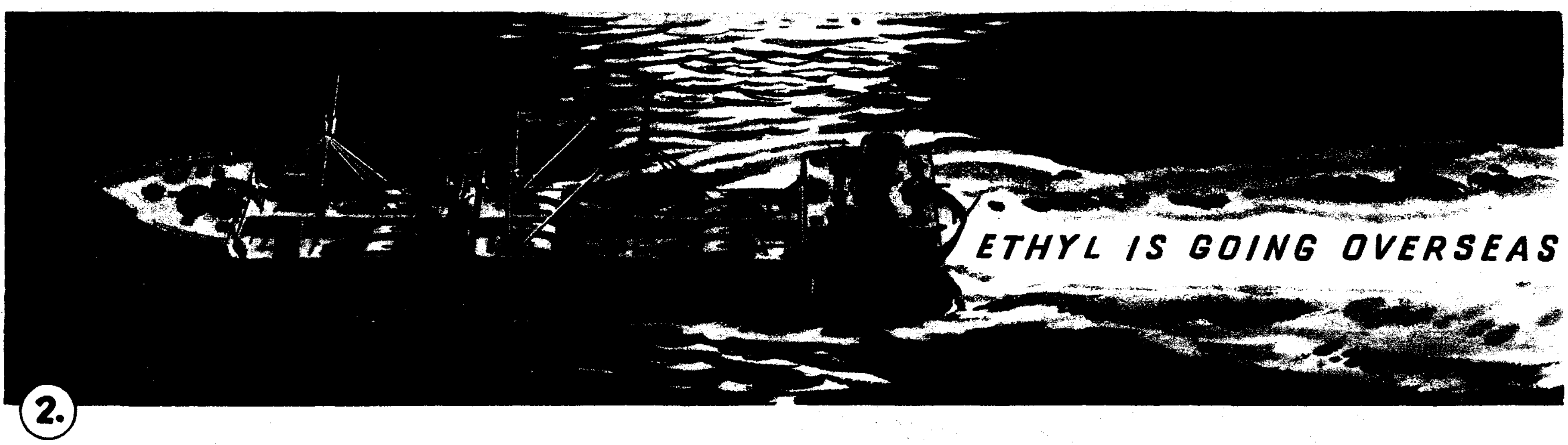
ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

2.

ND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

3.

MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

4.

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Collier's The National Weekly for December 16, 1944

INTERNATIONAL

Filipino guerrillas greet American soldiers who landed with General MacArthur at Leyte. Below: Guerrilla Leader Col. Ruperto Kangleon, right, confers with Dr. J. R. Hayden, Civil Adviser on Philippine Affairs

ACME—FROM U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

FILIPINO FIREBRANDS

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

The exciting story of guerrilla bandits who preyed on the Japanese and natives alike. Then Colonel Ruperto Kangleon took over, and a patriotic army joined our boys on the Leyte beaches

RADIOED FROM LEYTE

TO LOOK at the woman—her name was Nieves Fernandez—in her light blouse and green sharkskin slacks and soiled white tennis shoes, you would have thought she was any young Filipino woman at the courts in Manila before the war. Certainly you would never have guessed that she was the leader of a band of guerrilla regulars—G-men, they liked to call themselves—and that she led some three hundred men in ambushing Jap patrols, dispatching them with bolo and rifle.

A former schoolteacher, extremely closemouthed, Nieves Fernandez had regular contact with invasion headquarters by the underwater route from Australia. It was she who arranged at least one of the night rendezvous with our submarines on Leyte just before General MacArthur's landing. For these vitally important contacts, the guerrillas had organized about 1,000 Filipinos to help unload the radio equipment, pamphlets, ammunition and concentrated foods, and cache them in the hills.

"It was tremendously exciting," Nieves said, "to get these boxes of chewing gum and chocolate candy bars with the picture of General MacArthur and 'I Shall Return' on the wrappers. I would pass these out among my people and tell them to show the candy and gum to others. Then I would tell them to obey what Colonel Kangleon ordered them to do. It worked very well."

Yes, it worked, but that was near the end of the story. In the beginning there was confusion and treachery and heroism and banditry that surpassed the worst days of American gangsterism—until the G-men came into their own.

Until the beginning of 1944, the Filipino guerrilla organization was almost completely without military direction. The minute Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright ordered the United States Armed Forces to surrender with the fall of Corregidor, all organized *(Continued on page 74)*

The FLOOR of

Here starts the story of a gallant and wondrously beautiful lady who fought for life and love—and of a man who fought only for hatred and death. If your heart rises to romance, this is not a tale to be missed

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE history of Gwen Argyll and Vladek Tarnowski begins properly, no doubt, to the east of the Garden of Eden. For Gwen Argyll was of those rare women who are filled with revolt against the edict of eviction from the Garden, who are fired with desire to defy the cherubim with the flaming sword and enter once more into Paradise. But since it is a long way back to the Garden of Eden, where one man and woman were created solely for each other, this history may begin instead upon a dark, quiet night in London, during those years when England fought for her life and the lives of all men of good will.

Upon that night when D'Aubigne Guise, better known to his English friends as Obi, entered a dimly lit room upon the second floor of an old house not too far from No. 10 Downing Street, young Mrs. Argyll had never met Dek Tarnowski, though, of course, she had heard of him. But of all the people in London who knew Mrs. Argyll, Obi Guise was the first to sense what might happen if ever she did meet that dark and fabulous hero of the Polish Squadron of Death.

Being himself a true Parisian, Obi had a delicate, sharp understanding of women, and he had known for twenty-five years, since he had been attached to the French Embassy in London after the first chapter of the World War, that no other woman is such an enchanting gambler for the high stakes of love as the great lady of England. Even then it amused him to see how Americans and Continentals and even Englishmen themselves were fooled by the perfect manners, the sweet insolence, the brave wit of an English lady into believing her impervious to the temptations of love and the more elemental joys of passion. As for Obi Guise, a slightly declassée duchess had taught him all there was to know about the truth of these things.

The first thing he saw that night when he came into the upstairs room was a pair of shoes upon the floor beside the long table. They were brown shoes and their shape betrayed the hand of a master craftsman and though they leaned a little wearily upon each other for support, they were so gallantly polished as almost to conceal all signs of wear and tear.

Shadows filled the corners of the room, pressed heavily against the blackout shutters, but in the center a desk light blazed and under that light sat Mrs. Argyll. She was curled in the chair with her feet tucked beneath her and her head was bent over the many sheets of paper that littered the big table, so that all he could see was the gold of her hair, which was so bright that it seemed a part of the light itself.

Though no one suspected it, the French language in those days gave Obi Guise an unbearable nostalgia and so he spoke in English. "It is late, my child," he said, "it's after midnight."

Mrs. Argyll looked up at him blindly, finding her way back from some great distance. There were faint blue shadows under her eyes, and her mouth, from which the lipstick had faded, was firmly set against fatigue.

"It was difficult?" Obi Guise said sympathetically.

THERE were very few people in London who knew exactly what Mrs. Argyll did for the French. A very mysterious business it was, and if one asked her she dismissed it airily by saying that she was what one called a liaison officer because she spoke French, which so few of her countrymen had ever bothered to learn. But D'Aubigne Guise knew that she carried in her head half a dozen secret codes, that she understood the idiom of a dozen dialects, and could translate the strange and hasty reports that came through from remote agents of that underground which was already doing so noble a work.

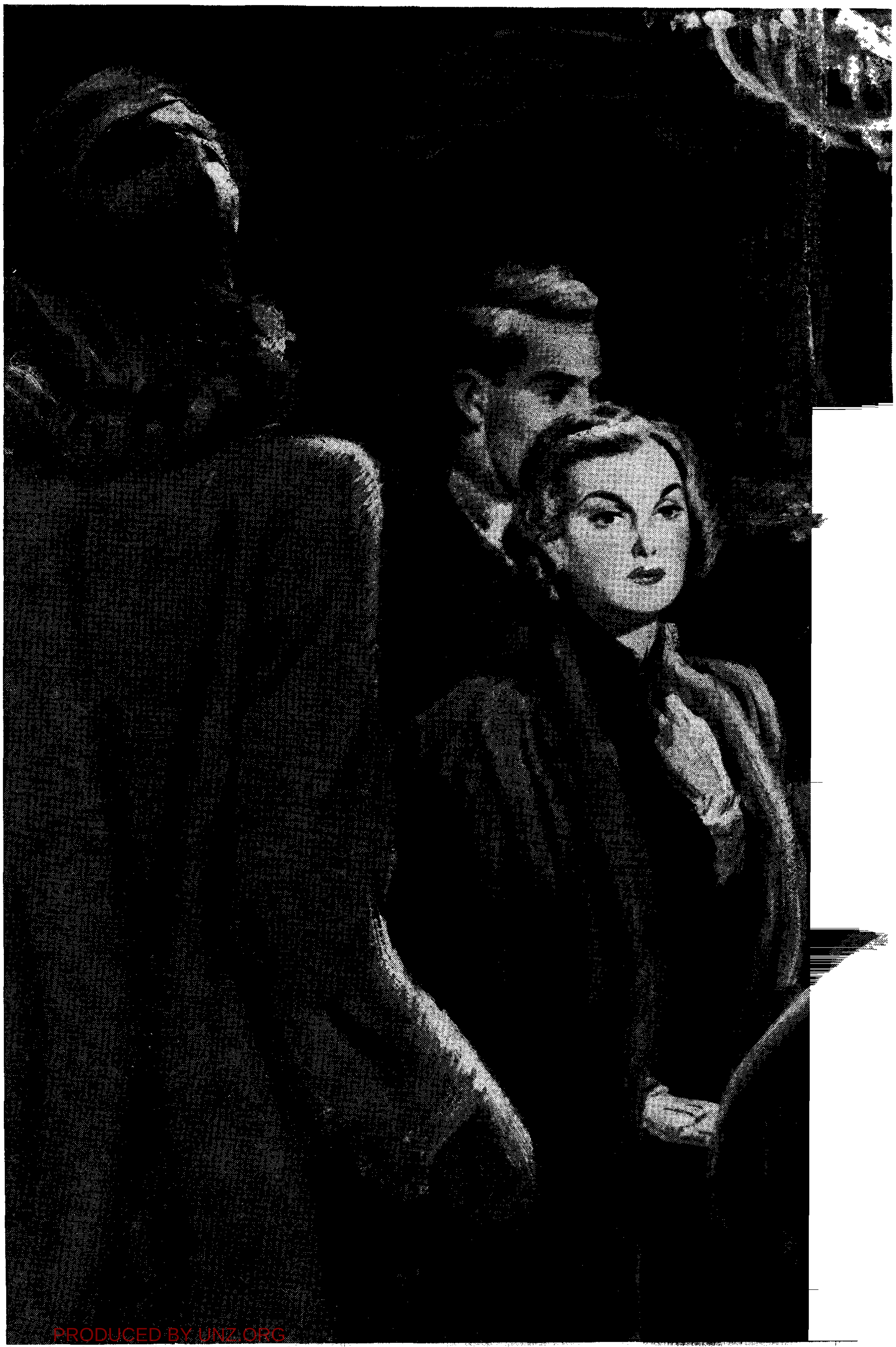
Her smile was suddenly gay upon her white, tired face. Men, Obi Guise thought, might fail in the dawn hours when memory is man's only solace for hideous reality, to remember Gwen Argyll's eyes, which were so deeply blue. On the other hand they might, if that way lay peace, be able to forget the lovely line of her white throat or the curve of her cheek, but it seemed to him that a man must be forever haunted one way or the other by her smile. Gwen Argyll's smile was the banner of some secret alliance with the gods; it promised that someday, upon some tomorrow, a man's dreams must come true. So Mary Stuart, who was said to be some sort of distant ancestress of Gwen Argyll's, might have smiled upon her victorious cousin Elizabeth and thus robbed the victory of half its sweetness.

Obi Guise wondered if there had been time for her husband of two weeks to remember that smile before his flaming plane hit the cold waters of the Channel. He hoped so. It would have encouraged him, young as he was, to believe in immortality.

But all that, as the world now measured time, was far away and long ago, for Tip Argyll had been killed in the first months of the war.

When she stood up in her stocking feet, Gwen Argyll looked small, but then even tall women look short in their stocking feet and Mrs. Argyll was not tall. She had to tilt her head back a little to look up at most men, as she did now. In the shadows beyond that small circle of blazing light, she looked stern and delicate and younger than her years, which were actually twenty-eight.

Suddenly, openly, she yawned, very wide, like a kitten, and that made her laugh and she said, "It wasn't merely difficult, darling, it was a complete mess. Why must those gentlemen who call themselves statesmen say so much more



ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

HEAVEN

than is necessary? Is this a time for eloquence? And in code, at that. But—it was important."

Carefully, she picked up the many sheets of paper and went across to the safe that stood in the darkest corner. Only then did D'Aubigne Guise notice the young man, in frayed and tattered clothes, who occupied a straight chair against the wall. He made an ejaculation but Gwenn Argyll held up her hand, swiftly.

"He is asleep, poor lamb," she said softly. Her hand hovered a moment over the tousled head. "But I suppose I must wake him. He will sleep better in a bed, I should think, though he seems to have found that chair quite satisfactory."

The boy opened his eyes and at sight of the fair lady bending above him he got to his feet somehow and the falling chair made a faint crash. He began his mumbled apology in French but Mrs. Argyll would have none of it.

"Don't be silly," she said. "Go upstairs to bed. I should have sent you long ago." She kissed him then, on his cheek, a rather shy little kiss, such as a sister might have given him, and then she gave him a little push. "Go along," she said, "and tomorrow I will try to thank you for what you have done for us . . . Through the occupied territory," she said to M. Guise, "and across the Channel in a little open boat—carrying those papers which meant death . . . Take him to bed, Uncle Obi."

When he came back, Obi Guise said, "Now I will take you home."

"But," said Mrs. Argyll clearly, "I am not going home." She stood with one palm pressed upon the table and began to wiggle her feet into the small, brown shoes. "I have no idea of going home, not me. Now, if you will kindly give me time to put on a little lipstick, I am going to Lottie Parker's for a drink and a bit of fun and if you have any sense you will come with me."

"I am too old," the Frenchman said. "I must do what sleeping I can nightly. And since you have been working for two nights, would it not be wise for you to follow my example?"

Very carefully, so as not to waste the tiniest smear, Gwen Argyll was putting on her lipstick. Her dress, he saw now, was black but there was a hint of blue folded at the throat and in her ears were stones which attempted to match the blue of her eyes. That dress, he knew, must have been designed for Mrs. Argyll, who was then Miss Hamilton, by a famous house in Paris, one which understood that while the English lady could never compare with her French rival in chic, she could always surpass her in elegance. A couturier who must now be creating models for the traitorous women fawning upon the conquerors of betrayed France, or for the slobbering, masochistic females of Germany. The thought of it sickened M. Guise and it was sad to see how this one black dress maintained its smartness only because of the way Mrs. Argyll wore it—a forlorn little dress yet Mrs. Argyll managed to give it an air, and it still fitted her as no other woman's dress ever did.

"But Lottie will make you laugh," Gwen Argyll's low voice said, "and, moreover, Dek Tarnowski will be there."

D'Aubigne Guise lifted his eyebrows. She had said the name impersonally enough. Everyone in England had heard of Dek Tarnowski, but so few people had seen him; there was a mystery around Dek Tarnowski. M. Guise tried to remember the son of the Tarnowskis whom he had met once long ago in Warsaw and who was to become a legend of the skies over England, but he could not.

"Do come, darling," Mrs. Argyll said.

LOOKING down, he saw that her hand upon his arm was grimy with dust and lead from the pencils and that upon two fingers the nails were broken to the quick. A kind, almost a daughterly little hand lay there upon his arm, and D'Aubigne Guise felt a flash of ironic resentment.

After all, he thought, I am but forty-nine. But those last years when I beat my way upon the dark paths of betrayal, when I saw but could not lead the willfully blind, those years broke the spring in me. It is a good thing that I am a philosopher—of sorts. Philosophy is the last resort of the man grown old before his time.

From the first day that Mrs. Argyll had come to him, D'Aubigne Guise had been obliged to call frequently upon his philosophy.

"I'll send her along then," the man at the Foreign Office had said over the telephone. "She has rather an unusual gift about languages, you'll find. Of course you knew her father. He was in Paris with the Commission in '24." Remembering her father, the tall military man with the crisp gray-gold hair and the frozen blue eyes had not, however, prepared M. Guise for his daughter, Mrs. Argyll.

This resentment, which tormented him now as it had often done before, tasted bitterly of the fact that she had come into his life too late. Always he sensed in her some reaching spiritual need, glowing through her lovely flesh. Who could share with her the grace and fire and beauty of love?

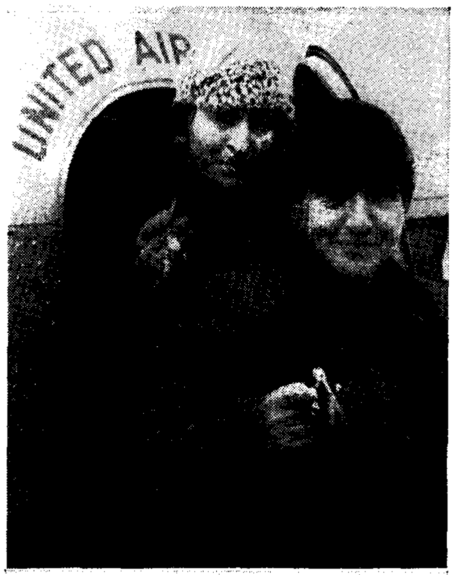
(Continued on page 28)

Gwen held her furs about her. No other man had ever smiled at her so intimately. "Do you want to go back?" asked Shep behind her. "That was Dek Tarnowski"

LIBERATION, GLORY BE!

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Gertrude Stein and her lifelong secretary-companion, Alice B. Toklas

Collier's begins on this page the first of two memorable documents describing events in the deep interior of France during the critical weeks that followed the invasion of Normandy. The author, Gertrude Stein, who was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1874, has lived in France through two World Wars and, in this war, shared the captivity of her French neighbors in the small railway center of Culoz, near Lyon and the Italian border. Miss Stein has long been a distin*guished literary figure. She has been* called a pioneering genius. She has been accused of purveying deliberate and incoherent nonsense.

These articles, from her forthcoming book All Wars Are Interesting, to be published by Random House early in 1945, are by no means incoherent. However, avoidance of punctuation being one of the characteristics of Miss Stein's writing method, Collier's has supplied a number of commas, periods and other clarifying marks, with permission of Miss Stein's representative in America. Collier's claims no artistic improvement but believes that readers not educated in the Stein tradition will be grateful.

Miss Stein's story was written in longhand as a day-to-day account of experiences during the years of France's servitude. She wrote in the midst of the occupying enemy forces, and could not have the work transcribed, because noisy typewriters would have invited the attention of the Nazis. After the Germans were driven away, the longhand manuscript was typed by Miss Stein's companion, Alice Toklas. By the time Collier's correspondent, Frank Gervasi, visited Miss Stein—he moved into France with General Patch's Seventh U.S. Army and was one of the first Americans to help Miss Stein celebrate liberation—the manuscript was ready for publication. Mr. Gervasi arranged its submission to Collier's.

As the story opens, Miss Stein is living on the fringe of Culoz with Alice Toklas—and their French poodle, Basket; the region is still occupied by Germans, but French Forces of the Interior, the Maquis, are gaining strength. Outgoing communication between Culoz and the free world has been suspended but incoming news still reaches Miss Stein by radio. Why the Germans permitted Miss Stein to have a radio, she does not understand or attempt to explain.

Miss Stein presents an intimate and moving picture of what it was like to *live as an American through the* portentous days that made up one of the heroic moments in the history of France.

TODAY is the landing and we heard Eisenhower tell us he was here, they were here. And just yesterday a man sold us ten packages of American cigarettes, glory be! And we are singing glory hallelujah, and feeling very nicely, and everybody has been telephoning to us congratulatory messages upon my birthday which it isn't but we know what they mean. And I said in return I hoped their hair was curling nicely, and we all hope it is, and today is the day.

While I was out walking today I talked to a little girl who looked nine but was really fourteen. Her people came from the neighborhood of Rome but they had been French for some time and the children all born in France. She said they were all small; she certainly was. We talked about eating, and she said she would like an orange, and I said, "How about a banana? Do you know what a banana is?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I used to eat them, but my younger brothers and sisters they never saw a banana, and some of them cannot remember an orange. Well," she said, sighing, "the time will come. Yes, it will. Of course one does need bread but one does need oranges and lemons and bananas, too."

TODAY is only the third day of the landing. What a change: everybody openly making fun of the Germans; the girls leaning out of the window and singing the Marseillaise; and all the people in the village so pleased because it has been said that this De*partment, the Department of the Ain, will be* the first to be free. And, indeed, the mountain boys (Free French guerrillas or Maquis) are at it.

Bourg, the biggest city in the Department, has been completely cut off by them from contact with anyone; they have cut the railroads; they have interrupted the telephone, and they have occupied quite a few important towns round about, and the few Germans that are left are getting mighty uncomfortable. The fifty who are here were called to go and fight the mountain boys and they said they did not want to and their officer harangued them and then they had to go. But there were no trains and so they requisitioned French trucks and some autocars and away they went.

I was sitting with the wife of the mayor and we saw them going off to fight and it was a very great contrast to the German army of 1940. My gracious, yes! They have just told us that, when the Germans started to attack, the mountain boys just climbed a little higher. And sometimes they do not trouble to fight, they just throw stones down and call out, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" Of course to the French a cuckoo is someone who has stolen somebody else's nest. The Germans did not like being called cuckoo, but what can they do? The young people are all feeling very gay, the older ones naturally are worried but the young ones are feeling very gay.

The mayors now have to have the whole responsibility of their town. There are no communications, so they cannot get into touch with a higher authority, and so they are the ultimate authority, and they are very capable, the French mayors, even in the smallest places. Ours is taking care of us very well. He has managed to get flour for bread, and that is important because French people do not like to live by bread alone, but without bread they cannot live at all. Potatoes, they say, are filling, but an hour after you are as hungry as before, while bread is really sustaining.

The mountain boys, the other day, came into Ambérieu, and one of them got into the post office and sounded the alert. The whole population and the Germans ran away supposing it was a bombardment, and the mountain boys went into the roundhouse and *blew up a quantity of locomotives and left* before the Germans got back. The latest rumor is that Belley is held by the mountain boys. But one thing is certain—at the station here no trains pass. I was around the station this afternoon and I never saw a railroad station so dead, not since my youth when I crossed the continent during the Pullman strike.

It is the third time that we have been deprived of the telephones; this time, fortunately, they have left us electricity and the radio, which is a pleasure. But for how long we do not know. Anyway the landing goes on and when we hear the official French announcement that the Germans are perfectly calm, we know better. They are not. There is a noonday hush all over the place all day long. The Germans are requisitioning enormous logs to get themselves barricaded, away from the mountain boys. And everybod chuckles. The rejoicing is practically universal—a little frightened, still, but complete

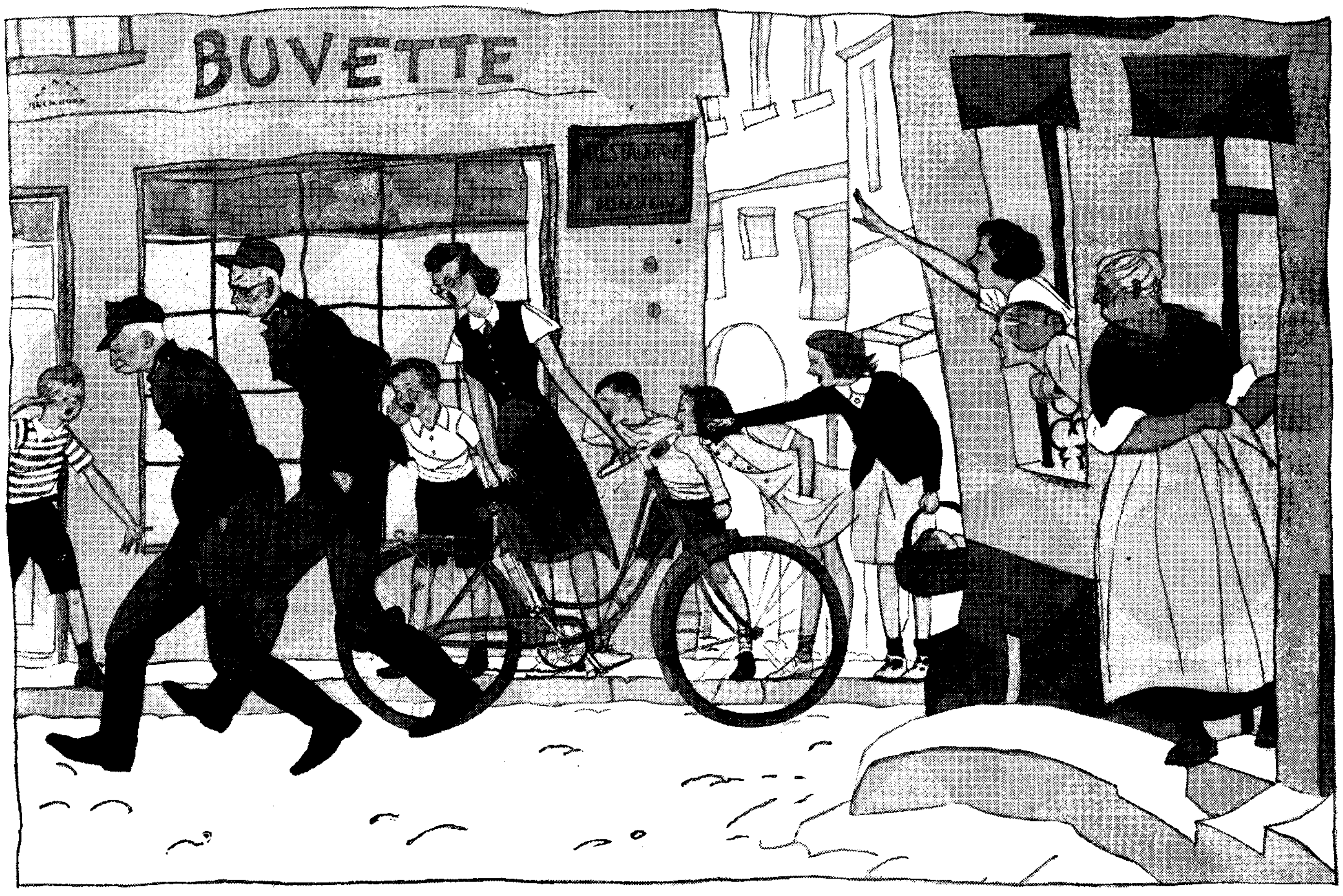
Someone has just told me about how the mountain boys in Bellegarde have taken German prisoners and have put them to work picking potato bugs off the potato plants, the only agricultural activity that every French man, woman and child hates Everybody is delighted.

ARE we excited? Yes, we certainly are. Al around us there is fighting; the conver*sation in the village sounds exactly like the* communiqués of the Yugoslavs in their early days of guerrilla fighting. All day long the Germans rush forward and back through the town. They requisition all the trucks and alas, their French drivers; and then they go first in one direction and then in a very short time back they come with guns sticking out in every direction.

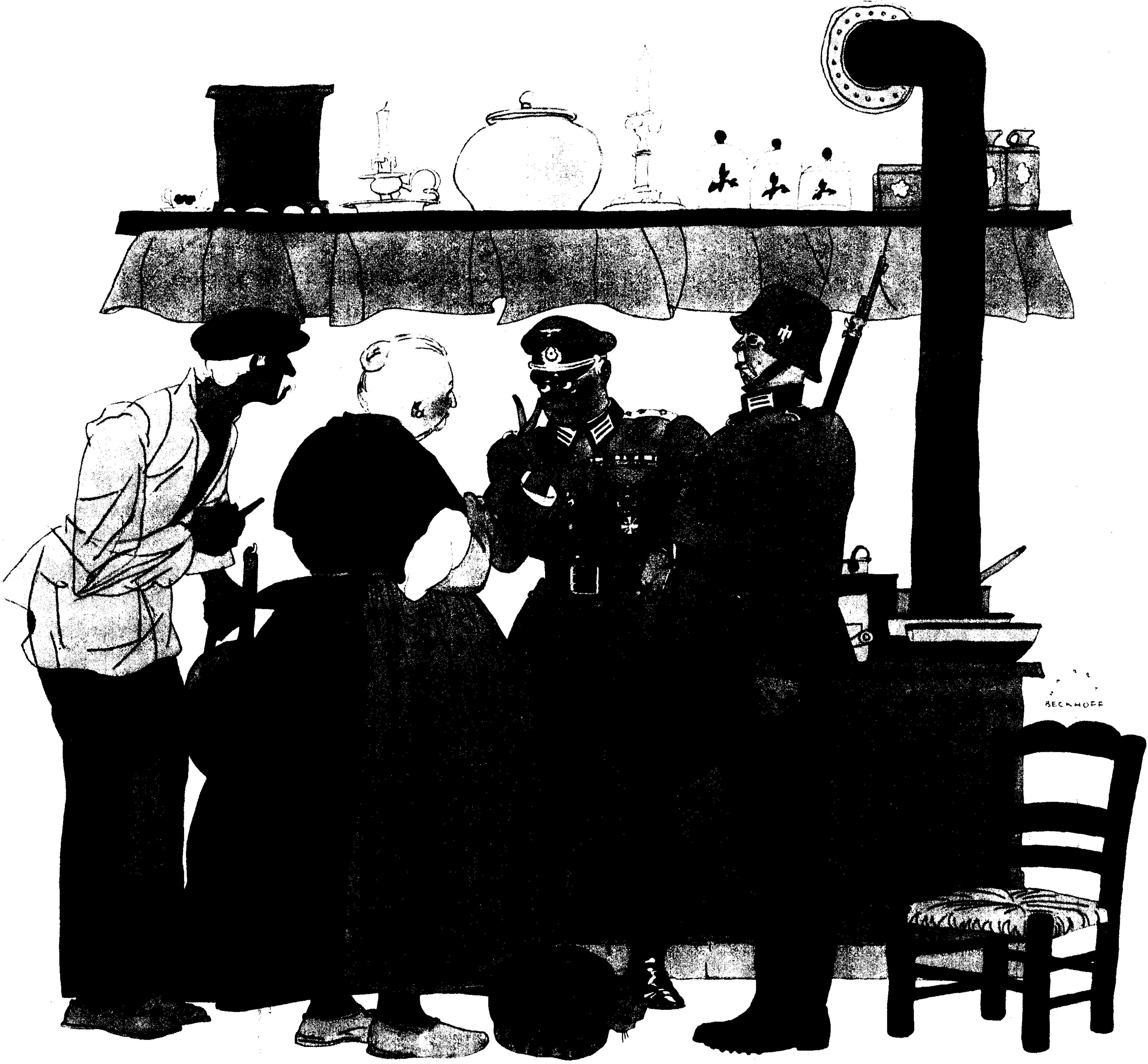
The other day they stationed such cannon as they had everywhere in the village and we all, a little fearfully, went down to look at them. And then, later in the day, they took them all away. There had been no fighting; they had been told when they were elsewhere that the mountain boys were here. But they were not. Of course they were not. That is what wears the Germans out, to be continually going where there is nobody and then having a truck with its German con*tents blown off the road suddenly.*

We are in the high hills, and of course that kind of thing happens easily with everybody against them and helping the others. It must be pretty awful to be surrounded, but completely surrounded, by hate. One German told the baker—who had been a prisoner in the last war and so had learned a little German—that the population had better be a little careful; he himself did not mind very much when the children called him a pig but there were others of them that might, and there might be trouble.

The mountain boys do not stay in the towns, they keep to the hills descending into the towns to barricade all the roads. Then they go back to the hills. They are always up and down; they have cut all the telephone



"What a change! Only the third day of the landing and everybody making fun of the Germans"



The German said he wanted two rooms for officers and mattresses for six men, and he did not want any answering back

and telegraph wires, and so the Germans cannot communicate with one another and they have to go on the road. The other day, just a little farther along, an Italian in the ditch at the side of the road killed two motorcyclists as they were going along, and then he quietly got out of the ditch and went on. It is most exciting. Nobody works except in their gardens, because the railroad and the few factories that are here have stopped working, there being no material and no way of sending things in or out.

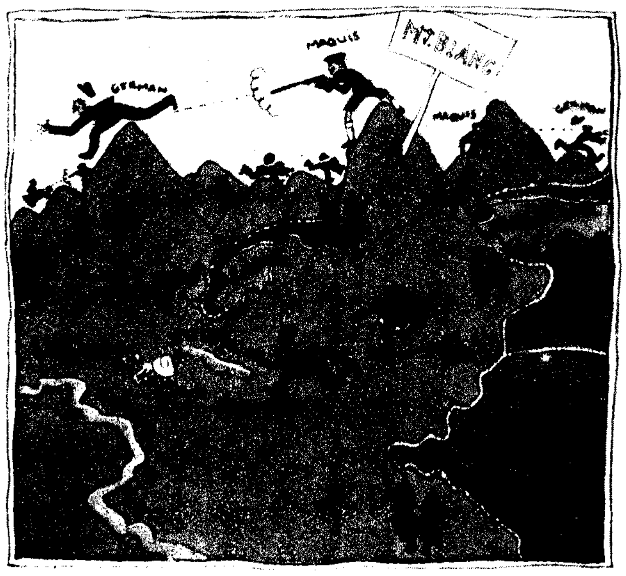
Today for the first time since the landing we had some letters from Lyon. They came from the Swiss consul who has charge of American interests and they solemnly ask us to make out a paper stating if we wish or do not wish to be repatriated. It is a charming thought. Ten days after the landing in France the American authorities seem to be quite certain that as soon as they like they can repatriate all Americans. We giggled. We said that is optimism. Naturally American authorities, not really realizing what it is to live in an occupied country, ask you to put down your religion, your property and its value, as if anybody would as long as the Germans are in the country and in a position to take letters and read them if they want to. . . .

Tonight the Americans have just had a victory and are going to take Cherbourg and that is a pleasure. Everything is quiet around here now. Nobody seems to know just what happened but it is all quiet around here now and we even had letters from Lyon today.

The eagles are carrying off all the baby chickens and ducks. We had seven baby chickens and now we have only two, and the poor hen screams and goes pale, but what is the use? There is no use in screaming or going pale when nobody is allowed to shoot the eagles in the air.

I am cleaning the weeds off the terrace so when the American Army gets here it can sit comfortably on it. Alice Toklas thinks the weeds may get a chance to grow again but I hope not. Anyway, I am making it nice and neat, and as the terrace is not on the road side of the house, I can go on working at it after we have to stay indoors.

In all these years I never had a wrist watch—watches to wear never particularly interested me. But the curfew is at six o'clock, and I am sure to be out on the road somewhere and they do shoot you if you are out. I thought it best to have a wrist watch. And so out I went in our little village and asked the local jeweler lady whether she had a wrist watch. Yes, and a Swiss one, and brand new and made for sport for women and men; and I *(Continued on page 61)*



John Ferraro, tackle, University of Southern California. Home, Bell, Calif. Kingpin of a mighty line, Ferraro stood out above all other Pacific Coast tackles

Donald B. Whitmire, tackle, Navy. Home, Decatur, Ala. A mature, seasoned veteran, an expert "mousetrapper" and the mainstay of the nation's most powerful line

William Hackett, guard, Ohio State. Lives at London, Ohio. A versatile lineman, led interference on quick opening plays and was a marvel at downfield blocking

Collier's All-America

BY GRANTLAND RICE

THE LINE-UP

NAME	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	POSITION	SCHOOL
Phil Tinsley	6-1	188	End	Georgia Tech
Donald B. Whitmire	5-11	215	Tackle	Navy
John F. Green	5-11	190	Guard	Army
Caleb Dan Warrington	6-2	205	Center	Auburn
William Hackett	5-10	199	Guard	Ohio State
John Ferraro	6-3	235	Tackle	So. California
Paul Walker	6-3	200	End	Yale
Edgar D. Kenna	5-11	180	Quarterback	Army
Robert T. Jenkins	6-1	195	Halfback	Navy
Robert Fenimore	6-1	188	Halfback	Okla. A. & M.
Leslie Horvath	5-10	170	Fullback	Ohio State

IF YOU'D said six months ago that in the third year of the war, with so many millions of young Americans in the services, Collier's fifty-fifth All-America Team for 1944 would be one of the strongest ever chosen, scarcely anyone would have believed you. Yet it's true, even if you go for comparison as far back as Walter Camp's first selection in 1889, when such great players as Pudge Heffelfinger and Alonzo Stagg were at their peak.

There are several reasons. One is the brilliance of the Army and Navy teams from West Point and Annapolis, which came into the football scene with stars from all over the country—veterans with three and four years' experience at other colleges, and the pick of the high-school stars. They were the two greatest teams in Army-Navy football history, packed with speed, power, experience, youth, spirit and all-round class. Together they could send more than twenty first-rate backs into play.

Another reason was the unexpected strength of many civilian teams, notably that of Ohio State University. A third was the amazing number of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old kids who faced older and heavier competition with the skill and spirit and cool heads of veterans. For example, there were young Bowen of Georgia Tech, McWilliams of Mississippi State and Fenimore of Oklahoma A. & M.

At the start of the season the experts generally conceded that Army and Navy would dominate the collegiate field, because they had the best players in the country. Army had a rather soft opening schedule, and Navy had a new coach, Commander Oscar Hagberg, just returned from brilliant submarine duty in the Pacific. Commander Hagberg found himself at Annapolis with a flock of stars, but they had all come to the Navy from different schools and had played under different systems. The job of welding them into a team was not easy and that accounts for the fact that the Navy team got away slowly, losing to North Carolina Pre-flight and Georgia Tech. The latter game, at least, Navy should have won by three touchdowns.

But after those upsets, Navy, with a powerful line of veterans and a flock of fine backfield men, came into its own and walloped Notre Dame 32 to 13. Both Army and Navy had suffered much at the hands of Notre Dame. Just a year ago the Irish had piled up a total of 50 points against the cadets and the midshipmen, and that at a time when both Army and Navy were supposed to be better than good. This year the service schools got their revenge, first the Navy beating Notre Dame and then the Army overwhelming the Irish 59 to 0. Incidentally, that was the worst beating ever administered to Notre Dame, exceeding by one point the Wisconsin victory of 1904.

The late-season games again showed the need for rule changes suggested by Lou Little, Asa Bushnell and other experts. There was the out-of-bounds kickoff, for instance, a dull and stupid performance. There was the use of the tee on the kickoff, of running with a recovered fumble, of passing from anywhere back of the line. In different sections of the country different rules were used, resulting in confusion and disagreement. For the good of college football these matters should be remedied.

Another thing that caused some confusion, perhaps unavoidable, was the many Navy V shifts which occurred throughout the season. Cornell lost more than twenty-five men from its squad.

ootball Team

ichigan, thought at first to have one of the coun-’s really great teams, lost Bob Wiese and Bob ıssbaumer, two star backs around whom had en built much of the Michigan attack. Yale st most of the men in its original line, which had omised to be one of the best in the school's his-ry. In many instances stars from one team were ınsferred to rival schools.

Despite all of these handicaps the 1944 season ıs probably the best since the war began, fea-red by larger crowds and increased interest. The turn of Alabama, Auburn, Tennessee and other uthern teams to football helped a lot.

In selecting the 1944 All-America Team we had to ntend with the problem of many stars who were ıable to play more than half a season, having en called to war duty before November. This, course, was a tough break, but there were also any others who might have made the team, but ere unable to play at all because of the pressure war-training schedules. The members of the ad-sory board, therefore, agreed that it would be irer all around to confine the selections to those ho were able to play at least most of the sched-e. In this respect Army and Navy had an ad-ıntage, since neither of these teams lost a man. hio State's fine team also retained almost its en-e personnel throughout the season.

The selection of Collier's 1944 All-America is ot the product of one man's judgment, meaning y own. It is based on the carefully considered oinions of veteran football writers from every ction of the country, most of them with from enty to thirty years of experience. Week by week ey have sent in their reports on the progress of fferent stars, considering as far as possible Walter amp's favorite formula: "the quality of the op-osition." As always in making these selections, ıere has been a scarcity of outstanding linemen, ıd a long list of supposedly All-America backs. or the backs are the ones who catch the public e; they carry the ball and do most of the scoring, nd there are always from forty to fifty of these ıen whom "you simply can't leave off the team."

Stars Who Can't Be Counted In

It should be mentioned again that in selecting ıis 1944 team, many outstanding stars, such as ordon Gray of Southern California, Bob Wiese nd Bob Nussbaumer of Michigan, were unable to lay more than a few games and so could not be onsidered. Also many other fine players, such as ob Kelly of Notre Dame and Willis of Ohio State, ere injured. There was also an abnormal num-er of freshmen and first-year men, among them lanchard of Army and Scott of Navy, who howed great promise and need only a little more xperience to rank among the best. They will be eard from next year or the year after.

After the most careful research we could make, ıere is the 1944 squad of 35 men:

Centers: Warrington, Auburn; Prewitt, Tulsa: Aartin, Navy; Tavener, Indiana.

Guards: Hackett, Ohio State; Green, Army; Ser-ico, Illinois; Smith, Yale; Knotts, Duke.

Tackles: Whitmire, Navy; Ferraro, Southern alifornia; Savitsky, Pennsylvania; Moncrief, Texas ggies; Sullivan, Notre Dame; Coulter, Army.

Ends: Walker, Yale; Tinsley, Georgia Tech; Dug-er, Ohio State; Bechtol, Texas; Walker, Yale; ramlett, Navy.

Backs: Fenimore, Oklahoma A. & M.; Davis, rmy; Jenkins, Navy; Horvath, Ohio State; Duden, Navy; Scott, Navy; Minor, Army; Blanchard, rmy; Kenna, Army; Young, Illinois; Gray, South-rn California; Dimancheff, Purdue; Kelly, Notre Dame; Wiese, Michigan.

It was from this brilliant squad that the All-America was finally selected. As usual, there were nany hard decisions to make. Tex Warrington of uburn, big, fast and experienced, an ex-Marine, as one of the best centers of many seasons. War-ıngton played two years at William and Mary, here he also starred. There were other good enters including Mancha of Alabama.

Hackett of Ohio State and Green of Army were o outstanding guards in two strong lines. Serpico f Illinois was another fine guard who played well ll season.

(Continued on page 27)

Leslie Horvath, fullback, Ohio State. Home, Parma, Ohio. The best all-round back in the strong Western Conference

Caleb Dan Warrington, center, Auburn. Home, Dover, Delaware. Best center in the South. Aggressive, fine backer-up

John F. Green, guard, Army. Home, Shelbyville, Ky. Picked by Army coach as the best man in the rugged cadet line

Paul Walker, end, Yale. Lives at Oak Park, Ill. New Haven experts say he is the best Yale end since Kilpatrick

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ACME

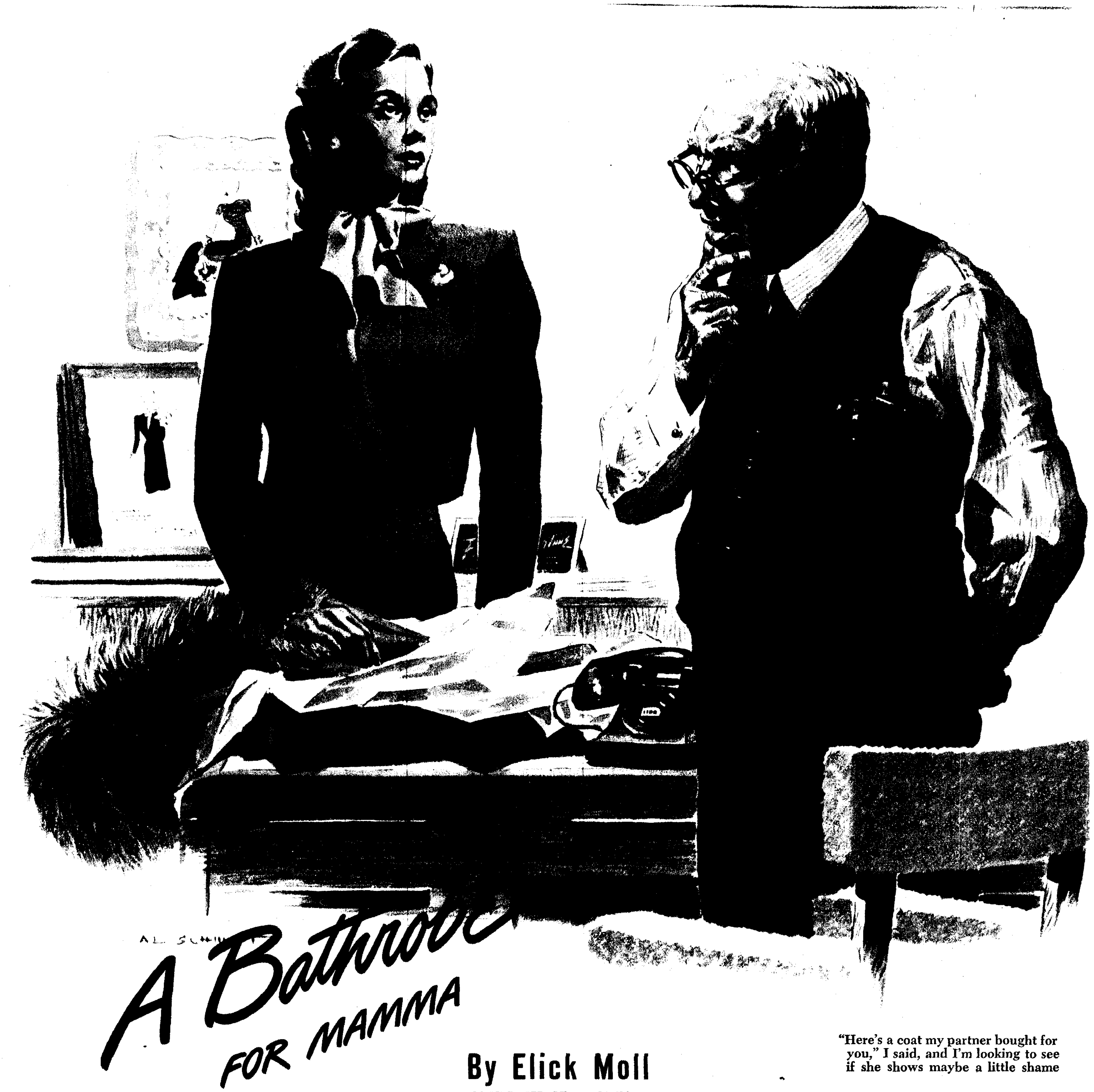
Robert Fenimore, halfback, Oklahoma A. & M. Home, Woodward, Okla. A triple-threat man of tremendous power

Phil Tinsley, end, Georgia Tech. Home, Bessemer, Ala. A strong tackler and chief factor in the early upset of Navy

Robert T. Jenkins, halfback, Navy. A good passer. Tremendous power on off-tackle plays. Home, Talladega, Ala.

Edgar D. Kenna, quarterback, Army. A master of the T formation and a phenomenal kicker. Home, Jackson, Miss.

INTERNATIONAL



"Here's a coat my partner bought for you," I said, and I'm looking to see if she shows maybe a little shame

A Bathrobe FOR MAMMA

By Elick Moll

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Sam was a man who had found Paradise—but he almost lost it when his closest friend got sidetracked by a Serpent with a page-boy bob and slender, beautiful legs

A MAN like me, a manufacturer of dresses, I'm living in a prison. You understand, I'm talking in round numbers. It's not a prison like Sing Sing. It's got steam heat, tile bathrooms, all modern conveniences. In the summer Loon Lake, in the winter sometimes Florida—but still it's a prison. Seventh Avenue, Flatbush. Flatbush, Seventh Avenue.

I'm not complaining, you understand. I got a good business, I'm making a good living. But, sometimes I'm getting a feeling, I don't know how to explain it. But I'm thinking like this: Here I'm living in the biggest city in the world, a city like a fairy tale, and what do I know about it? Things going on every minute, sad things, funny things, crazy things, even Shakespeare couldn't think of them so fast. And me, I'm living in a tunnel, with steam heat.

Can you understand it? What I'm saying? Well, it's a kind of feeling, I don't know what. But when you get it, you got a hunger to talk to somebody. You are not wanting to sit down and say three sixty, three seventy, hundred aces, pay the kitty. So to who should I talk? To my wife? Right away she would give me a look and I'm sitting with a thermometer in my mouth and a teaspoonful of cascara. To my Marvin, or my Ruthie maybe? So they say: "What's the matter, Pop? You been hitting the reefers again?" You understand, they're fine kids, the best, but nowadays it's a theory with the young people they got to talk this way. So who? To my silk man? My button man? My embroidery man? Right away they would run back to their office and talk to the credit manager and one, two, chop off the credit. Goldberg is going broke, they would say. He's making with the double talk already.

You see what I mean? All right, I got friends too. Pinochle friends. Poker friends. Friends they got daughters and they think maybe it could be something with my boy, Marvin. Friends they got sons and my wife thinks it could be something for our Ruthie. Friends they think I got more money in the bank than I got. You know—all kinds of friends. But to talk to, from the heart—you look around, and there's nobody.

Well, I'm trying to explain you how it was when I met Max. Twelve years ago, in April, a Tuesday. I remember it like yesterday. It was the middle of the depression, 1932, maybe you remember, there was plenty headaches in those days. I'm standing in my office —not this one; I had a little office on 36th Street then—there was a window you could see the river, and I'm looking down at the boats, and there's such a feeling in my heart, I can't tell you. I'm thinking, all those people on the ferries, they're riding together every day for years, and now they got troubles, they're maybe even hungry, they're frightened like me and they can't even talk to one another. They just stand and look at the water. Like strangers. Millions of strangers in the world.

Well, all I know is, I'm thinking it's lucky I'm not God. I would throw the whole thing away and start over again. So what should I

(Continued on page 49)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY

BY ARTHUR MANN

Like father, like daughter. Now an outstanding Broadway star in her own right and proving it at the box office, Cornelia Otis Skinner has the last laugh

OF CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER'S many problems, the top dilemma is whether to remain a star in the Broadway firmament at a paltry $1,000 a week, or hit the road with her monologic charades and gross $10,000 weekly for playing all parts. Such is the basic predicament of Otis Skinner's "little girl," who has parlayed a childish penchant for dressing up into big business and an even bigger headache.

Filing cabinets at her Fifth Avenue business office are bulging with fabulous offers and pleas for Miss Skinner's unique type of make-believe. They don't demand or haggle. They merely ask when or if and leave a blank space for price to be filled in by her manager. Since she seldom takes less than a performance guarantee of $2,000 against 70% of the gross, has no author's royalties, no cast or union scale—well, you don't need a pencil to reckon the cost of remaining on the Great White Way.

Of course, Miss Skinner prefers the penury of Broadway stardom, because every successful appearance increases the last laugh she has on her distinguished and departed fun-loving father who used to chide her with public insistence that she couldn't act. Even while she is currently packing them in as star of the Hellman-Shumlin hit, The Searching Wind, and contemplates a brief tour of big cities with the show, she hopes to find a new script in time to forestall another itinerant whirl at the monologues.

"I like the auditoriums and club dates," she confides, with a twinkle of flashing brown eyes. "What really floors me are the social lunches beforehand—always creamed chicken in patty shells!"

But that's only the beginning of her manifold problems, because Miss Skinner has complicated her life by becoming a successful author. In addition to her monologues, she writes books, radio sketches and magazine pieces. Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, which she wrote with the help of Emily Kimbrough, has sold more than 800,000 copies and was recently released as a Paramount picture. Right now she is what editors and publishers call "hot."

Inspiration Comes on the Wheels of Speed

However, writing seems to be torture for Miss Skinner everywhere except on a speeding train. Locked in a compartment beyond reach of phone calls and the endless parade of sweet people who flock to confide that they "saw your father in Kismet," she does her best longhand first drafts in the sublime comfort of dishabille, with her shoeless toes poking into carpet or curling about one another.

But train travel means abandoning Broadway, which she is loath to do at the moment. Unfortunately, though, Miss Skinner has practically mortgaged her intellect with promises of literary gems. She doubts some of the claims, especially those made by editors who insist that their presses are waiting but can't remember what the piece was supposed to say. But Cornelia can't recall not promising, which fills her with the shame of procrastination. She admits that one publisher has a just claim in expecting a gigantic biography of Skinners—father, mother (Maud Durbin) and daughter. She remembers cashing the advance royalty check for $2,500 three years ago.

In addition to her scrivening, Miss Skinner accomplishes eight performances weekly in The Searching Wind. She makes regular guest appearances on the radio, and recently contracted to write and appear in a new series similar to the Mary-and-Bill sketches with which she made a hit last winter. She is vice-president of Actors Equity Association, and interlards her schedule heavily with visits to canteens, camps and hospitals to entertain servicemen.

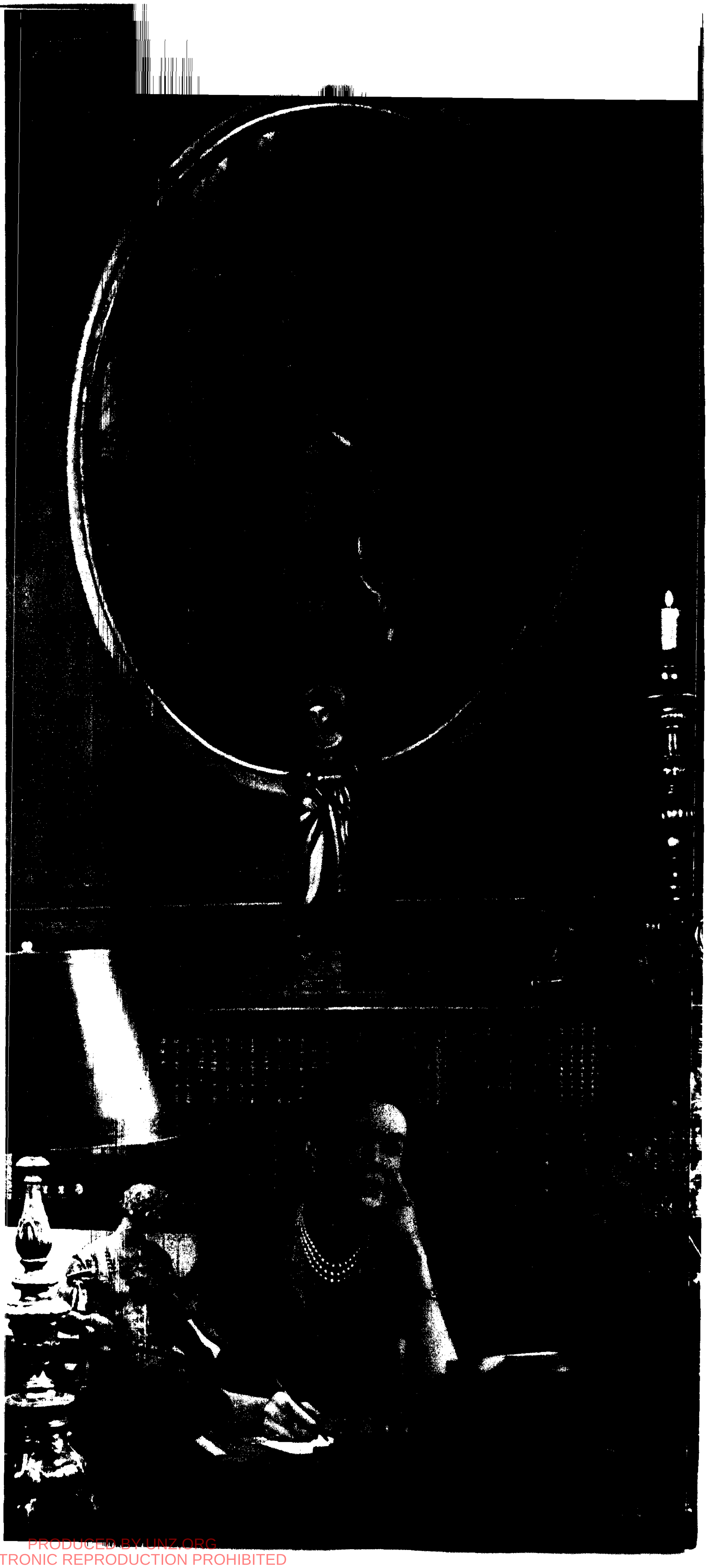
A person so busy is bound to get tangled up now and then, especially one who likes to espouse worthy causes, as Miss Skinner does, to the occasional chagrin and consternation of friends.

As one unsuspecting gentleman meditated at church not long ago, he suddenly stiffened in his pew upon hearing the great Cornelia denounced from the pulpit for permitting her name to be on the letterhead of the Euthanasia Society of America—as a sponsor.

Confronted with the news, Miss Skinner was equally startled and exclaimed, "Was *that* what I indorsed?"

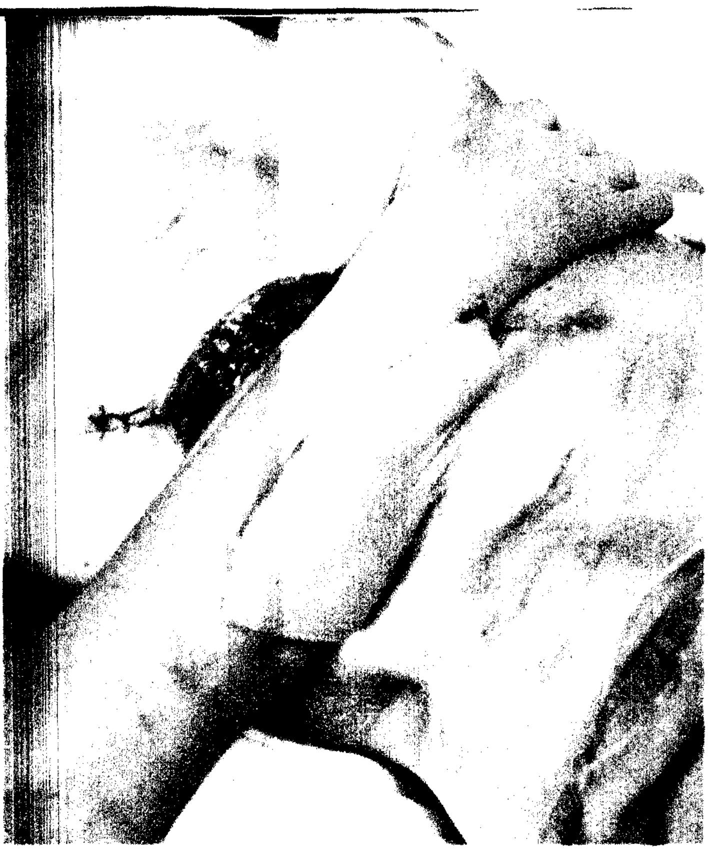
Naturally, a woman of her vocabulary, which includes French, Italian, German, Russian, Latin, Greek and a smattering of English, could fathom the meaning of almost any word if she has time to study its derivation. Unfortunately Miss Skinner never has that much time. Thereafter, however, she was forbidden to indorse any person, movement or product without first consulting her office.

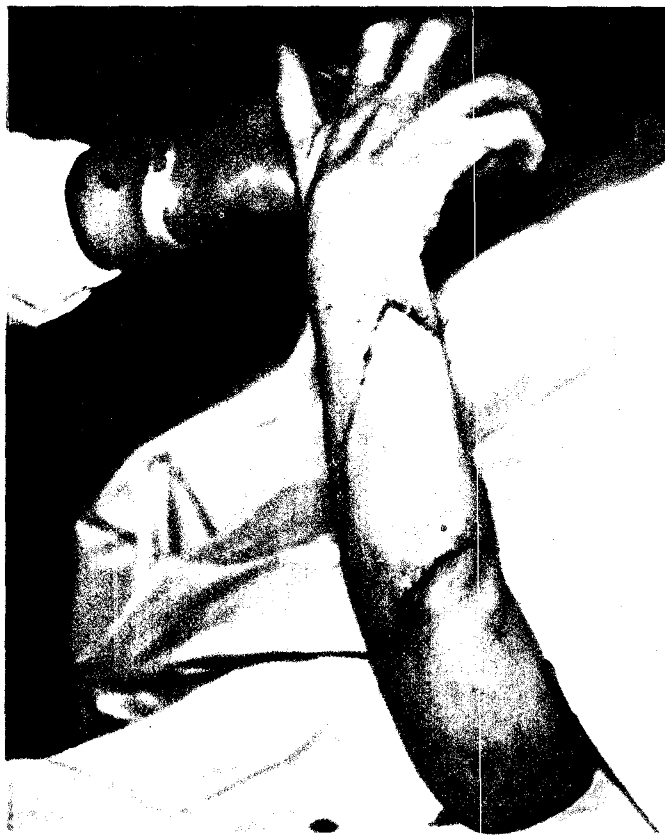
She has guested on Information Please eight times, giving out with enough wisdom to explain a string of honorary degrees from the University of Rochester, Tufts College, Temple, *(Continued on page 88)*



Since Miss Skinner writes best on a train, half-dressed and with her shoes off, it doesn't look as if she's going to get much work done here

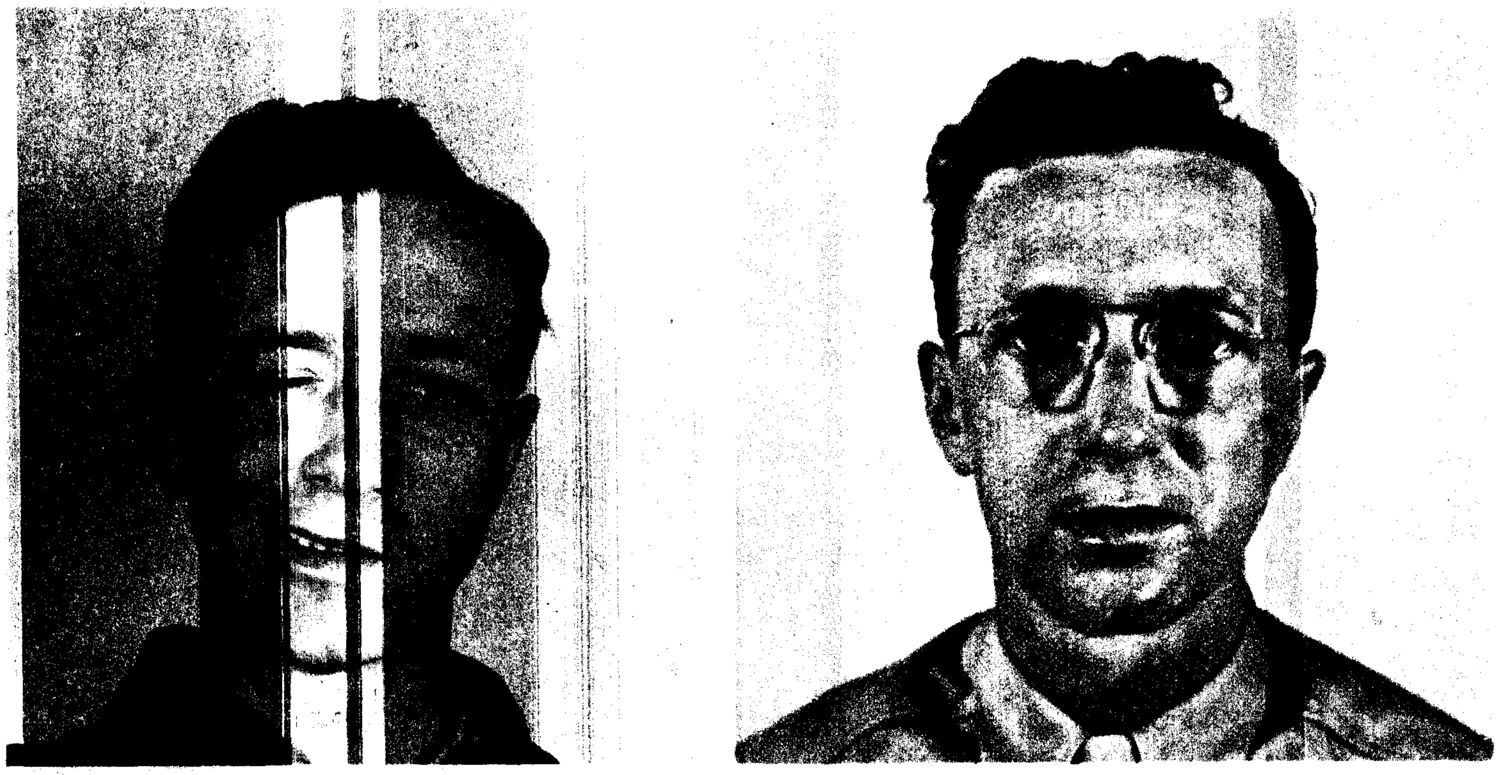
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX





Because there is still use **of the fingers, Pvt.** George R. **McCarthy's arm** is worth **saving. The** Toledo soldier was **wounded during** Italian **campaign. A flap** is cut in his **stomach and** attached to **the arm. Lower** end of flap re**mains attached to** body **until it has fully** grown onto the arm

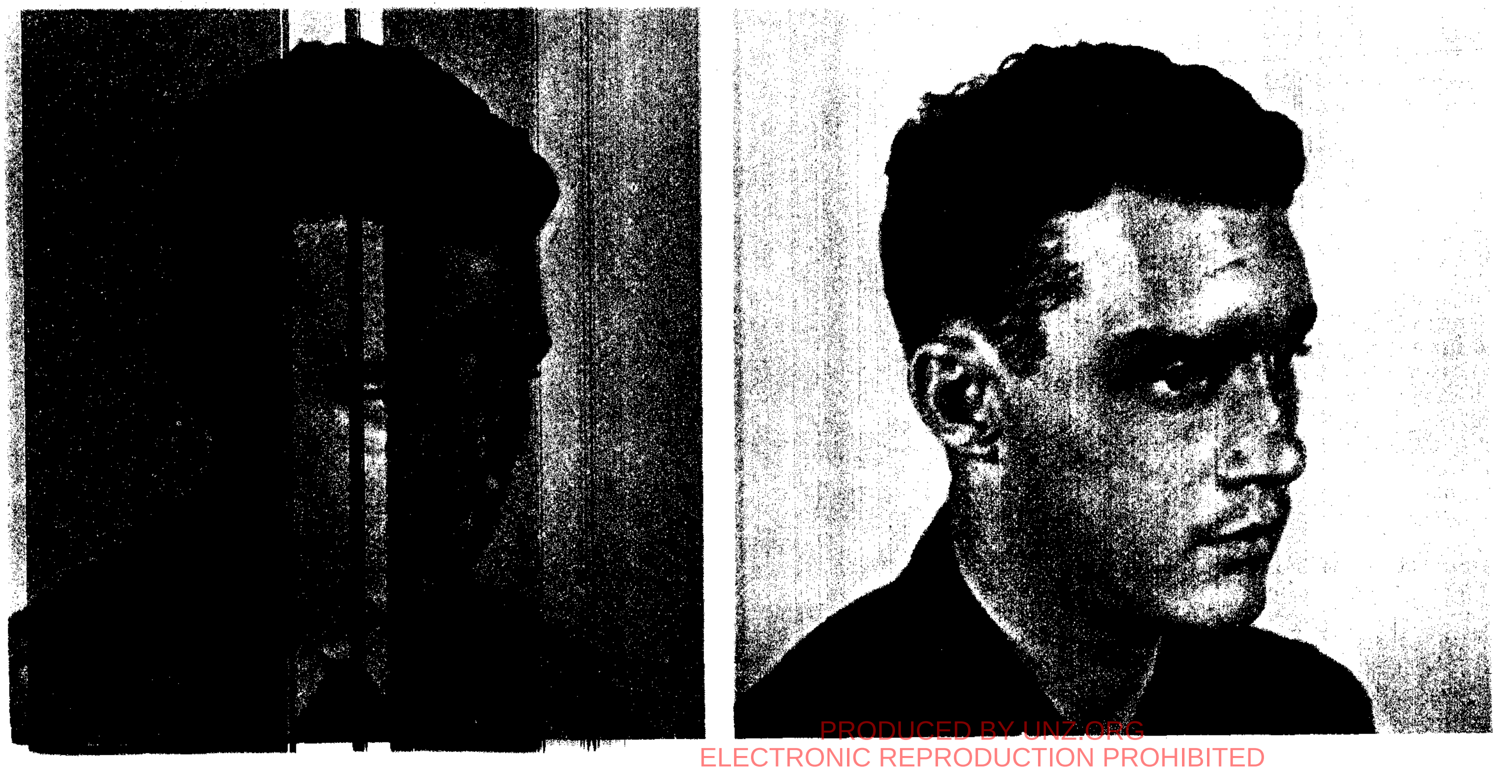
Three weeks later the growth is complete and the portion of the flap that is still attached to the abdominal wall will be severed and sewed to the arm. Instead of a half arm, Private McCarthy now has a full arm, covered with flesh and skin from his own body, and ready for normal use



Facial paralysis struck Tank Corpsman William Walling in Africa. At Valley Forge face was literally rebuilt

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY VALLEY FORGE GENERAL HOSPITAL

Lt. Frank C. Ausband suffered depressed fracture of frontal bone. Fine surgery restored normal appearance



New

What the plastic surgeons are doing to restore the burned and shattered veterans of World War II to health and usefulness

THROUGH the glass in the closed door of the operating room, the surgeon could be seen working on a patient. With a knife he began to carve three sides of an oblong on the man's forehead. The incision was deep and when the skin was drawn back the skull could be seen. One end of the oblong piece was still attached to the forehead; the length of loose skin was now turned and laid carefully over the eye of the patient. The most meticulous care was then taken in sewing this flap into place. That done, the patient was wrapped with a turbanlike mass of bandage and adhesive tape and wheeled out of the operating room.

The surgeon was Lieutenant Colonel James Barrett Brown, chief of plastic surgery at Valley Forge General Hospital at Phoenixville, Pa. What the man on the operating table had gained was a new eyelid. This meant that the eye was protected and another veteran of the war had been saved for active life. Hundreds of men have already been helped by Colonel Brown and his staff, and thousands of others will have that good fortune later. The greatest comfort our wounded can have is the knowledge that the greatest plastic surgeons in the world are available to help them. Seventy per cent of the plastic-surgery cases treated at Valley Forge have been returned to active service—a remarkable record.

Valley Forge General Hospital sits on a hill in the beautiful rolling country of eastern Pennsylvania. Valley Forge itself, the site of the tragic winter encampment of Washington and his ragged troops in the Revolutionary War, is about five miles distant. Convalescent veterans of the present war

Faith AT VALLEY FORGE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

These pictures are grim but they are pictures of hope. They show only a small part of what is being done for our wounded soldiers at Valley Forge. They may not be pleasant to look at but any shock they may give us is slight in comparison with the new faith our plastic surgeons are bringing to men who would otherwise have nothing to look forward to but misery. There are miracles being worked every day at Valley Forge

play croquet between buildings or stroll about the green quadrangles, preparing themselves for the return home or duty that will soon come.

In the popular view, plastic surgery has often centered on beautifying some individual who desires a prettier nose. At Valley Forge it is a matter of a man's future life. Success may mean the difference between desperation and a life that may be short of perfection but will be satisfying.

When a man is given a new jaw, he will not complain if it leaves his face scarred.

"We try to restore function first," says Colonel Brown. "A man must have an open nose so he can breathe; he must have a jaw so he can eat; he must have eyelids as a protection for his eyes, and the movement of his hands must be restored. Besides function, one of the greatest challenges is to take a man with a totally burned face who would be a horror to himself and his family and make him into a man with hope for the future."

The best way of showing what is being done at Valley Forge is to report on a recent visit to the hospital. The first operation was made on a man whose forearm had been half shot away from the elbow to the wrist. He was a thin, energetic man of middle age who had been shot up at Cassino. When being examined by Colonel Brown he seemed to have a sort of pride in the intricacies of his case. By the greatest of luck his hand was intact and he had control of the thumb and two fingers. That made the arm worth saving.

When he reached the operating room, Colonel Brown proceeded with one of the most astonishing operations in the history of plastic surgery. First, all scar tissue was removed from the arm. Then Colonel Brown made a deep incision on the man's chest in the pattern of a square U. The skin was then carefully cut back until there was a free flap approximately a foot square, with the bottom portion still attached to the abdominal wall. The incision had been deep, so that with the skin would come a layer of fat, very necessary in the growing that would soon take place.

The patient's arm was then laid on his chest, the flap was brought up to cover the portion missing from the forearm, and the attachment was made. The arm will lie in that posture until the skin flap grows firmly to it. That will take between two and three weeks, and, at the end of that time, the portion still attached to the abdominal wall will be severed and sewed to the arm. The patient will then possess a new covering for the arm, made from his own body. If it is necessary to build up the arm further by inserting new bone, that can be done later. It will be easily possible because he will now have a foundation to contain the new insertions.

"So far as I know," said Colonel Brown, "that is the largest flap ever made in plastic surgery."

While this was going on, Captain Bradford Cannon of Boston, at another operating table, was building up a nose that had been shattered in action, and Captain Carl Lischer of St. Louis and Lieutenant Parke Scarborough were performing a complicated skin-grafting job on a badly burned leg.

From a picture of the nose patient taken when he first entered the hospital, it would seem to a layman impossible to help him. The nose was entirely shattered, being pushed to one side of the face and clinging to its normal position only by a bit of skin. This soldier was a firmly set-up young man from Wisconsin who had been banged up at Anzio. Captain Cannon was furnishing him with a new nose by building up the ridge from cartilage taken from the man's ribs and by grafting skin from his body to make a new lining for the nose.

This is a tedious operation that takes hours of work by the surgeon, but it is one of the commonest undertaken. Another that furnishes dozens of cases for the surgeons is skin grafting for burns. This often takes months, and the question of finding enough skin on the body to do the job is often extremely difficult.

In most instances it is necessary to use one area over again repeatedly. The surgeons make what are known as "split" grafts, meaning that the skin is shaved off one section of the body (known as the "donor" area) and grafted on to the affected region (known as the "recipient" area). This is done in the simplest way imaginable by slicing the skin off with an instrument that looks like a razor. The skin is really split, with the top layer coming off like a fine bit of shavings and the fat not being touched. The operation is so delicate that the donor area heals rapidly and with little indication that it has given skin. The split grafts can be obtained over and over again from that spot if necessary.

Then we came to the most spectacular case of all. A young fellow of about twenty was brought into Colonel Brown's office. He had his hair clipped in crew fashion, very close to the head, and was one of the most recent casualties from France. When Colonel Brown asked him how he felt, he shook his head and seemed to answer with his eyes. When his bandages were taken off it was seen that his whole lower jaw had been shot away. His tongue, swollen to three times normal size, lay almost on his chest. His mouth could hold no food and naturally he was unable to speak. It was a shocking thing, and when the boy left, we remarked on the hopelessness of his fate.

Reconstruction of a Face

"Wait till you see this one," said the colonel, and a tall, thin young fellow came in with his lower face swathed in bandages. The colonel removed the bandages with care and it could be seen that the man had received at least two operations that had restored his jaw. "Exactly the same kind of injury," said the colonel, "and even a bit worse. How do you feel, son?"

"Fine," said the young man, with only a trace of difficulty.

"That's why that first fellow doesn't feel so bad," said the colonel. "He's been visiting with Tom here."

Tom had a new jaw and a new lower face. His ribs had been used for the jaw, and his face had been taken from his chest in another use of the flap technique. For a time, he will have severe scars on his lower face, but he now speaks naturally and, of course, eats and drinks normally.

Another remarkable patient was a man who had been shot through the mouth by a bullet that had followed an upward course. This had happened at Salerno to a member of the famous Thirty-sixth Division, the Texas outfit that first terrorized all of Cape Cod while training at Camp Edwards and then did an even better job on the Italians and Germans in Italy. The man was a big citizen of the jolly type and he was even

(Continued on page 80)

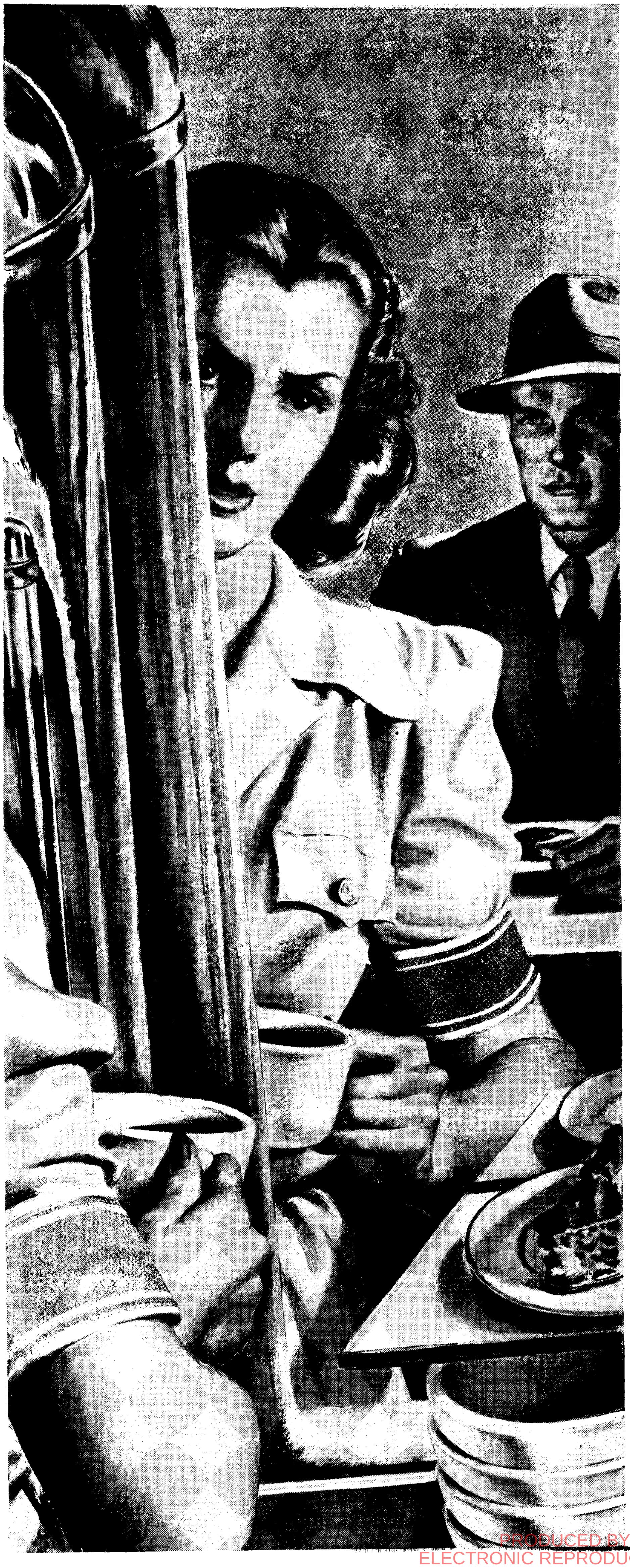
LISETTE MODEL—RAPHO—GUILLUMETTE

Lt. Col. James Barrett Brown, famous plastic surgeon, examines a returned soldier at Valley Forge General Hospital, where miracles are daily occurrences. There's no limit to what surgery can do

DUE PROCESS

BY MORTON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"A fellow gets lonely," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean anything." "That's all right," she said quietly, "but a girl's got her rights, is all"

HER face was a perfect blank. It was hard to tell whether she heard a word said to her. It was as if she wanted to say with her blankness: "I am a waitress and you are a man and you are bound to say things I don't want to hear." It was a beautiful face and she had a trim figure which her uniform displayed in chaste bulgings, but she was as remote and glacial as a girl would be who is sick and tired of men and all their works and anything they had to say.

And the way he looked you couldn't tell whether he was the freshest guy in America or just the loneliest. All he had was this cheap suit, a long scar from his temple to the jaw, and a queer-looking gold button in his lapel. The girl's eyes ruminated over the button a moment. Then they lifted and she looked at the wall back of his head. The look said: Just because you're a discharged soldier doesn't entitle *you* to what you think it does, either.

He looked at the menu. She looked over his head. He looked up squarely at her. He was about to order something and—boy—she looked mighty good, and he forgot what he was going to say and sighed.

"Boy!" he said, finally. "Boy! Am I glad to be back!"

That was his introduction. By it he informed her he had been overseas, now he wasn't a soldier any more, but until very recently he was.

"What is your order, please?" she said.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah." He rubbed his lean jaw. He looked tall even sitting down. He had a kind of sprawl to him. Rawboned, maybe. Didn't talk like a New Yorker, anyway. "Yeah," he said again. "Maybe a hamburger, got good hamburgers here?" He was about to say onion, then he looked at her. Maybe he could get her to go out with him. "No onion, cup of coffee."

"Will that be all?"

"Yeah. Better make it two hamburgers."

SHE went back to the kitchen and gave the order. He watched her every step of the way. She came back and stood a little way away and began to polish up glasses.

"Nice night," he said. She kept on polishing glasses.

"Can't realize I'm really out," he said. "Boy! Got me a job and I'm gonna stay right here in the city."

She put away the glasses and picked up a batch of cups.

"Sure good to see an American girl again," he said.

"I guess you weren't very lonely," she said detachedly, to the cups.

"What do you mean I wasn't lonely! You mean overseas? You mean those French girls? Those Belgian girls?"

"We read the papers over here," she said.

"Oh, that kissing and stuff! Sure, they was excited. Like home, like at a state fair, or something, or a football game. You've seen 'em."

"You probably found out by this time American girls aren't like that. Maybe you forgot."

"You mean on account of me speaking to you? Heck, no. I know American girls aren't like that. Everybody knows that."

"Well, then," she said and started on saucers.

His face reddened. The hamburgers came through the little window just then, and she went over and got them and put them in front of him.

"A girl's got to have a *little* pride," she warned. "Everybody in kingdom come thinking because you're a waitress they got free to pass any remarks they want."

"Look," he said earnestly. "You know, I didn't mean anything when I come in just now. Honest. Back home where I come from, we pass the time of day without thinkin'. I'm farm folks. Guess you don't know about farm folks?" he asked hopefully. He went on, swiftly: "Fellow gets lonely."

"That's all right," she said quietly. "A girl's got her rights, is all."

He didn't pick up his hamburger. He just sighed.

"Wish I was back in old Missou'." He shook his head.

The girl had turned away. Now she came slowly back. She looked him over very carefully. A sprawly, good-looking kid who was healthy and, no matter what you said, kind of damned nice.

"What part of Missouri?" she asked in a low voice.

The boy squeezed up to the counter. "Nothing you city folks'd know about," he said humbly. "Arkadelphia. Arkadelphia, Missouri!"

The girl's face reddened. She hesitated. She looked at him warily.

"Arkadelphia!" she echoed. "*You* come from Arkadelphia?"

He dropped his fork with a clatter. "Hey!" he said. "You ever been there?"

The girl searched his face. Then she permitted herself a reluctant, grudging smile.

"Been there!" she echoed. She looked at his plate. "Eat your hamburgers."

He wolfed an obedient mouthful.

"You know the Jameses?" he choked eagerly.

The girl smiled. It was lovely all of a sudden. Everything about the place was warm and lovely. Down the counter the other waitress briefed the situation and took over a new customer.

"Do you know the Porters?" the girl countered.

"Sure!" the boy cried jubilantly. He swallowed noisily. "Live three blocks from them. Old J. B. Porter! Jeepers! You know the Elliots? And the Stanhopes?"

The girl was grinning now. "Who doesn't know the Elliots? Were they living there after the courthouse fire?"

He stared at her. "You know something?" His eyes goggled wide. "Had a letter from Mom whilst I was in France. You know what? They never did rebuild that burned-out wing! Did you know that?"

They stared at each other.

"Look!" he said urgently. "I'm okay, see? And the thing is, I'm lonesome. I know a girl like you isn't the kind of a girl who—but the thing is—" He began to stammer helplessly.

The girl put her hand up to her back hair. She looked primly over his head.

"Well—" she began doubtfully.

"I mean, well, we're introduced practically, we both come from the same place, know the same people. And—and—well, what do you say? What time do you get off?"

"Nine-thirty," the girl answered automatically. "But—oh, a girl gets lonesome, too, don't forget. There's every Tom, Dick and Harry a girl's got to think about *Still*—"

The boy had slipped off his stool. In almost the same motion he had laid a half dollar on the counter and put his hat on.

"Nine-thirty," he echoed. He backed away swiftly before she could change her mind. "Nine-thirty, then . . ."

And before she could say another word, he was gone.

THERE was a soft look about the girl's mouth. There was a far look about her eyes as she went back to tending the customers. She went straight to the coffee urn. The other waitress was already there.

"Kind of cute," said the other one meaningly.

"Yes," said the girl, and she looked at the other girl meaningly, right back. "He looked like a nice guy."

"Well," said the other one, "watch your step, dearie. And what was that stuff you were giving him about Arkadelphia? And all those names? When did you ever live in Missouri and know about any courthouse fire that wasn't under the front burner?"

The girl giggled. "Ho-ho," she said. "Every town has those names. Every town has a fire! J'ever hear of a town without a courthouse fire?"

She had the grace to blush, the way a nice girl should, a girl with a mind of her own, but still a girl who knows a propriety when she sees one.

a short short story complete on this page

Trouble Chuters

BY DALE WHITE

ooking like a cross between fencing master and a com- at pilot, members of aerial e-fighting and crash-rescue juads drop into the tall tim- er of the Northwest to com- at forest fires and save the ves of plane-wreck victims

THE plane circled the flaming bull's-eye of burning timber and swirling smoke, flew wide to gain altitude in the in mountain air, and came in again. The noke jumpers, crouched in the open door the plane, signaled for the motors to be it before they stepped off above a sea of nse timber. Their parachutes bloomed.

The lines of one chute fouled behind the mper's head. He fought to straighten them it as he plummeted toward the tall timber. y the time the lines were in order, he was nashing through a network of branches. he canopy crowned on a treetop, slamming e man against its trunk. Before he stopped vinging, he was fumbling in a pocket on his ght pants leg. A hundred-foot rope snaked the ground and the man slid down it.

Earl Cooley had just completed the first ganized fire jump in the United States, but was too busy retrieving the fire-fighting juipment being dropped from the plane and ining forces with Rufus Robinson to think bout anything more than getting this fire in ie Idaho back country under control.

A few days later, another smoke jumper iade the first air-crash rescue jump to a lane which had cracked up while dropping argo to a fire camp in the same region. het Derry landed close to the crash, found ie pilot dead and the cargo dropper seriusly injured. He radioed for medicine, food nd bedding. Two days later a pack string hich had fought dense timber and some of ie toughest country in the Rocky Mounains to reach the injured man found him omfortable, well tended and physically able stand the rugged trip out to civilization. f Derry had not been able to give him uick first aid, the man probably would not ow be completely recovered.

The consequences of these two jumps were ar-reaching. The first meant an added means f saving valuable timberlands from destrucion by fire. The second forecast greater afety in postwar air travel with air-rescue quads spotted throughout the inaccessible and mountainous areas of the Northwest.

For a plane crash in rugged country means indescribable hardship and suffering for those who escape sudden death. They have their injuries to care for with only the most primitive medical facilities, and they face the disheartening task of plunging into an uncharted wilderness to seek aid. Ground-rescue parties must wait to move until the crack-up is located, until they are organized, and then they must hack a tortuous path to the scene of the crash. In the winter, it's worse. Often a crack-up cannot be reached until late spring weather has melted away the barriers of snow and ice.

Paradoctors — parachuting doctors — and air-rescue squads have changed the picture to this: As soon as a plane is reported missing, the rescue squad takes off to search by plane. When the wreck is spotted, a trained doctor or first-aid man is dropped on the spot with sufficient supplies to treat the crash victims and insure their safety and comfort until ground rescue is possible.

There are six such paradoctors now stationed west of the Mississippi, who have rescued 79 men in less than a year's work. Recently one of them, Lieutenant Amos Little, a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, '42, put into practice the precision jumping he had learned at the U.S. Forest Service parachuting fire-fighter training school at Seeley Lake, Montana, by jumping on a bomber crash in the Colorado mountains. He had the survivors treated long before a ground crew arrived.

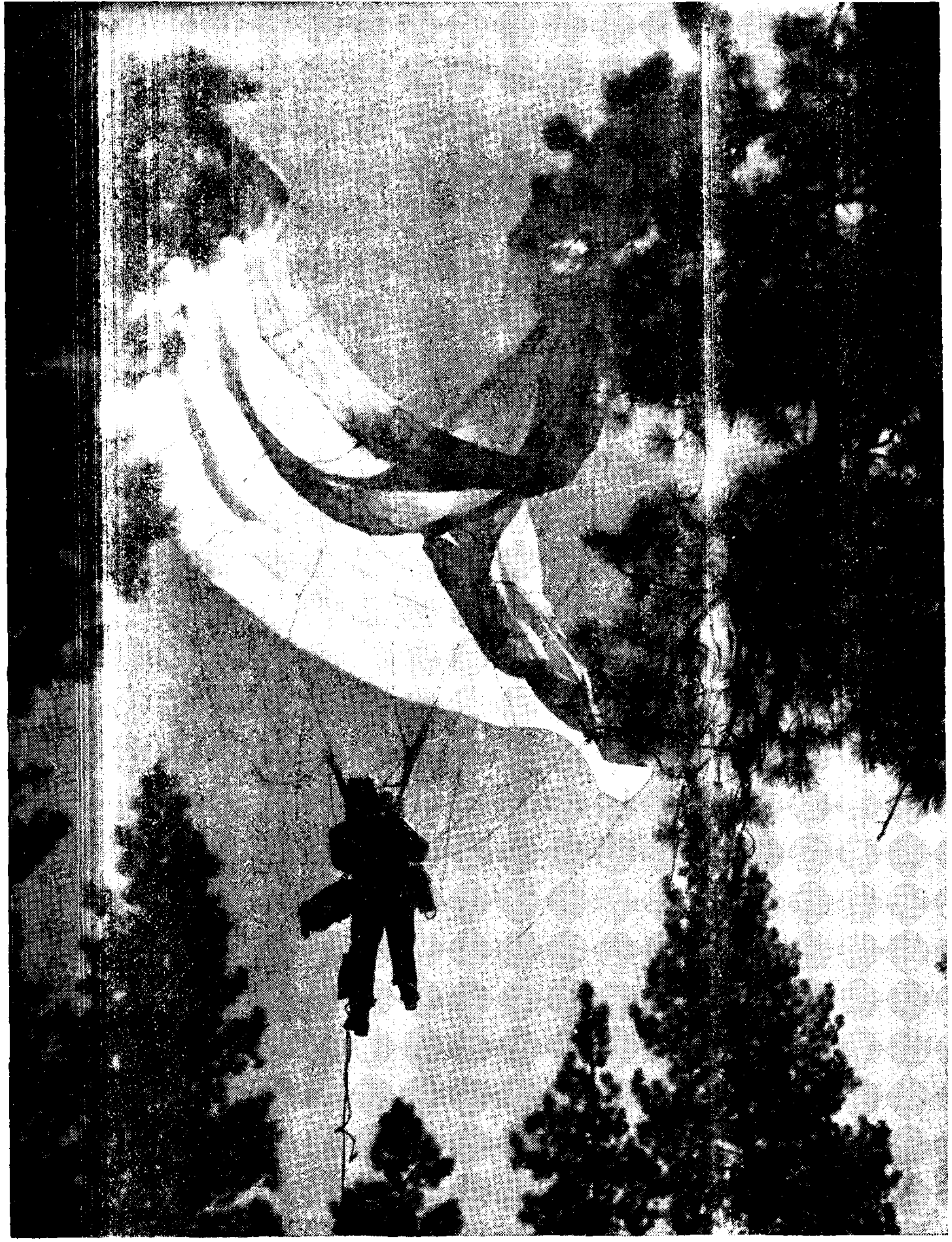
The toughest part of both air-crash rescue work and smoke jumping is precision jumping at high altitudes into dense timberland and rugged back country without killing the jumper. The special training required for this work was originated by the U.S. Forest Service in its efforts to perfect aerial fire fighting. As the need for air-crash rescue work developed, Army Air Forces and U.S. Coast Guard officers sent enlisted medical men to train under Forest Service instructors.

As far back as 1942, Captain (now Major) Frank Wiley, of the Division of Flying Safety for the AAF, was commissioned to organize an air-search and rescue section and to perfect air-rescue squadron technique. A former pilot with the Johnson Flying Service of Missoula, Montana, which contracts its planes for smoke-jumper training and fire calls, Wiley chose to work with the Forest Service.

As a result, six medical officers, from the Second Air Force and seven from the Second and Third Arctic Rescue squadrons based on Buckley Field, Colorado, arrived at Seeley Lake in the fall of 1943 to take the smoke-jumper training.

In the meantime Lieutenant A. H. Hook of the U.S. Coast Guard arrived from Ketchikan, Alaska, saw what was going on and immediately planned to send nine enlisted Coast Guard men to take the training course and to adapt Coast Guard equipment to air-rescue requirements. Canadian air officials were the next to ask that a group of their men be trained to operate in the wilderness that underlies the air routes of northern and western Canada.

(Continued on page 82)

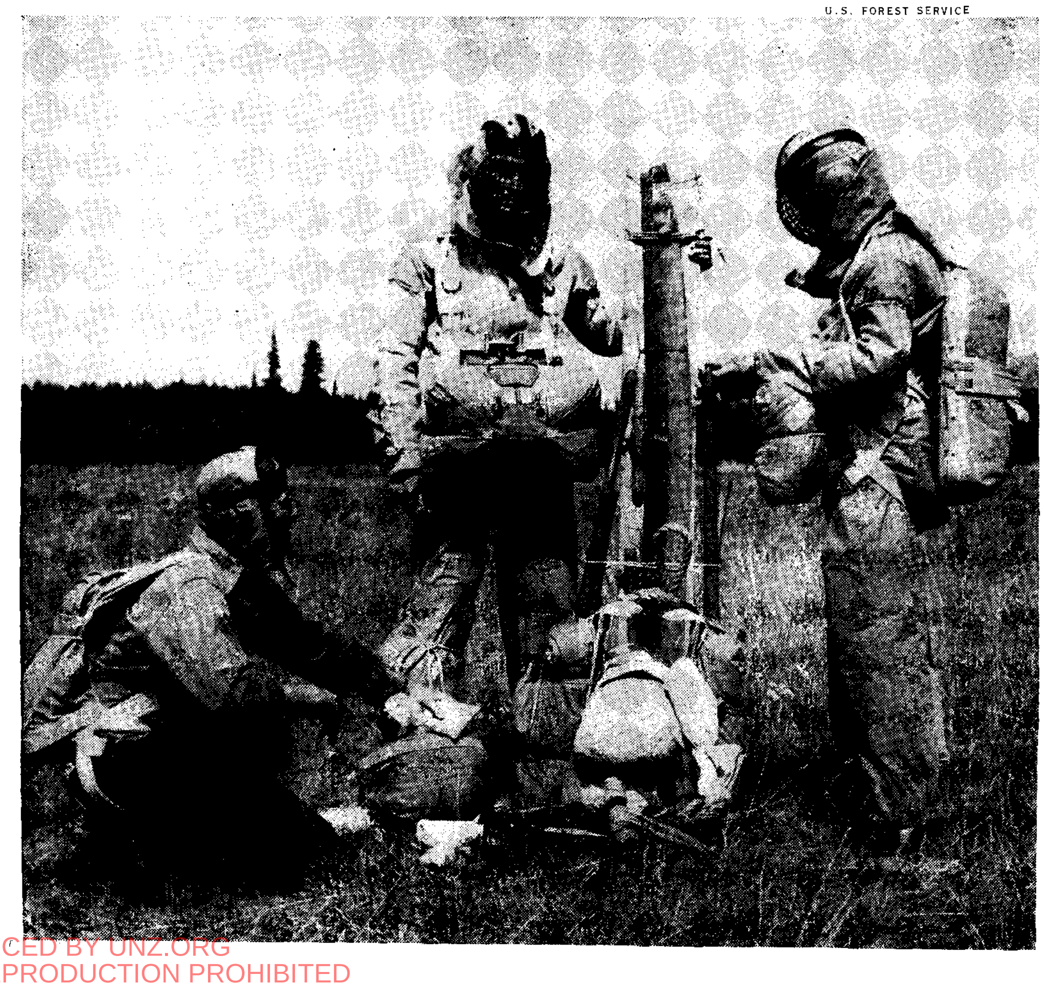


U.S. FOREST SERVICE

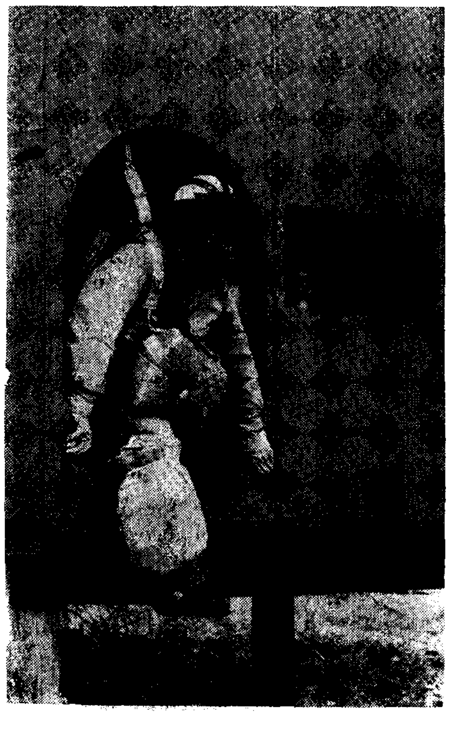
Smoke jumpers and paradoctors aim to have tall trees snag their chutes, then lower themselves to the ground with a long rope as the jumper above is about to do

Chutists carry bedding, cooking utensils, two days' K rations, saw, lineman's climbers, sometimes a radio, an emergency parachute. Suits are padded canvas, with high collar to protect neck, football helmet, face guard like a fencing mask but heavier, gloves and boots. Heavy webbing strap runs under instep, up inside of leg, across and down other leg to protect jumper if he lands astride limb

U.S. FOREST SERVICE



.S. FOREST SERVICE



"Mock-up" teaches trainees the jumping routine. In model of plane cabin he learns signals from the spotter who crouches beside him and directs pilot to "release point" over spot the jumper will hit, calculates wind and drift, orders the engine killed to prevent propwash, slaps jumper as signal to step off

Gourmet à la Maryland

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF–PIX

It is of the first importance, says Arthur H. Deute, president of the Society of Gentlemen Chefs, that when you boil a lobster you be gentle and do not hurt his feelings

TO GET along nicely with Mr. Arthur H. Deute of Baltimore, Maryland, all you have to do is to say nothing whatever about dietetics, nutrition, caloric values, carbohydrates and similar terms so dear to the scientific eater. He is a large, vigorous fellow, Mr. Deute, with a great passion for prime vittles prepared under his own direction, or by his own expert hand.

It is said of him in Baltimore that, given a skillet and a few herbs, he could make a sensational soufflé out of the telephone directory. And once while reading Mother Goose to his small son, Bill, he quit in the middle of Sing a Song of Sixpence and almost performed a miracle.

He rushed to the telephone and thence to a kitchen. There were guests coming to dinner. He locked the doors and through them Mrs. Deute and young Bill could hear him singing to the accompaniment of a joyous carillon of pots and pans. That evening when his guests were seated, he bore in, holding it high, as triumphs should be borne—four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. Actually they were 28-day-old squabs. But why quibble? When the pie was opened the birds did not, he confesses, sing. But, says he, the guests did.

Mr. Deute (pronounced Doity—as in Brooklyn) is fifty-three years old, president of the Society of Gentlemen Chefs, founder and inspiration of Les Amis d'Escoffier, a group of Baltimore male epicureans, and a successful businessman whose talents are now being devoted to a high-class brewery. He does not care to have it said that cooking is his hobby; it is his art. He would as lief be caught with a kit of burglar tools as with the average cookbook—liefer, in fact, because it is his contention that more good food is ruined in the pages of the ordinary cookbook than on the stove.

He creates sauces as Chopin compos preludes, soups as Debussy wrote nocturn produces roasts as Wagner ennobled ope and there is all the touch of the master in desserts that there is in the songs of Hu Wolf and Franz Schubert. He comes of long line of amateur cooks, all with o exception (his mother) males.

His father's Sunday morning breakfas frequently served to from twenty to twent five people, are among the enduring legen of Portland, Oregon, where Mr. Deute w born. These breakfasts were so devotion that few if any of the participants got to to church, making, instead, a joyful noi unto the lard right in the Deute kitchen.

He says that his father could do more wi calves' brains than vast numbers of men c do with their own. Before luncheon in h Baltimore home Mr. Deute talked to us f two hours about food, not once repeati himself. Under the influence of this Barm cide feast, our mouth dissolved and we eve emitted several lusty burps. He continued talk about viands throughout a midday me that would have made Anthelme Brilla Savarin hand his medals back, and then f a couple more hours he got right down brass tacks.

Men, says Mr. Deute, are better coo than women for the same reason that they a better composers of music and music ma ers, better sculptors and painters. They a better cooks because, with women, cookin is not an art or a specialty but rather a cho incidental to housewifery. Of course, h went on, there are women cooks who h perfection smack on the button but th doesn't alter the fact. On his fingers he ticke off the names of some universally celebrate chefs—Auguste Escoffier, Beauvilliers, Ver Henneveu, Beleine, Robert, Maincave. Not woman in the lot. This clearly proves some thing. Hah! It proves that men are th creators, are quicker to depart from rule an rote, have imagination, have more of th competitive spirit than women.

Rare Gifts from Those Who Dared

For a single example, who was it gave th world fillets of mutton with crayfish sauc beef cooked in Kümmel, bananas wit Gruyère cheese, herring soup with curra jelly? Bur-r-r-r-rp. Pardon. It was Jules Mai cave of Paris. And while Frederick the Gre was not celebrated as a cook, who but a ma of his stature could have thought of makin coffee with champagne instead of water an adding thereto a spoonful of mustard? Th was known as Hot Howitzer, but the point that only a man would have dared.

Mr. Deute is of German descent on h father's side and Swiss-Russian on his mot er's. In the kitchen and elsewhere, the eld Deute did nothing by halves, and the su ject of this piece was christened no less tha Arthur August Wilhelm Leopold Deutte waldt von der Mulde und Deute. This w a little hard to remember. Therefore whe its owner went to school and the teach asked him his name, he thought hard for few moments, took a good look around at t rest of the kids and said, "Arthur H. Deut ma'am." The "H," incidently, stands f Herman.

In Mr. Deute's house there is a typewrit in almost every room. This is a convenienc not an extravagance, because there is no w

(Continued on page 70)

Usually Deute's recipe for a first-cla meal is no alcohol, tobacco or wome but sometimes he lets Mrs. Deute mak with the advice in preparing it—as he

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted—a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

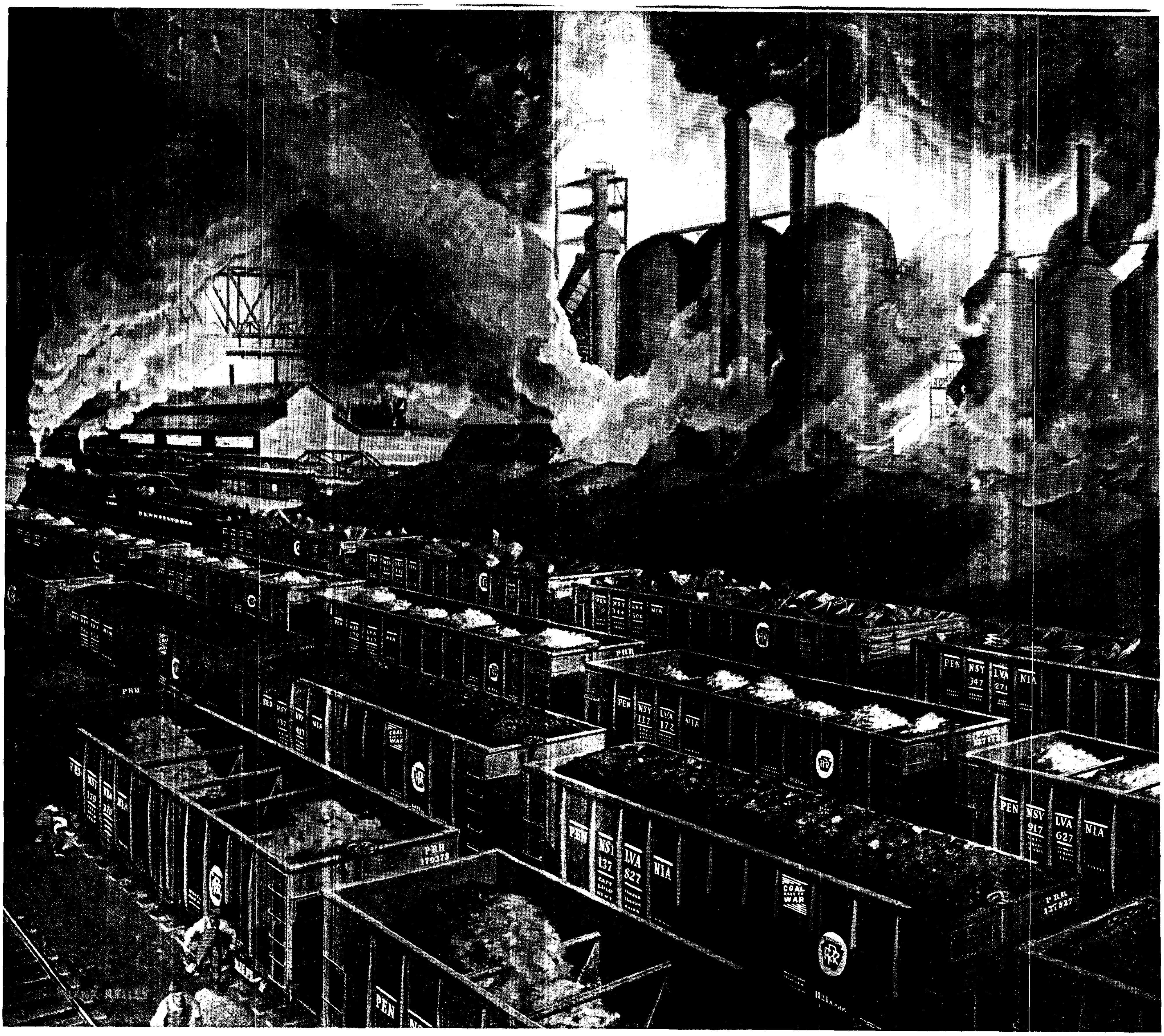
The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup . . . a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer and to the matchless flavor of that magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

—the same today as before the war



STEEL—*and what it takes to haul it!*

THE American steel industry, under the stimulus of war, turned out last year a tonnage never before attained—almost 90,000,000 tons.

For the production of 90,000,000 tons of steel, the railroads moved altogether to steel plants about six and a quarter million carloads of raw materials, such as iron ore, coal, limestone, "scrap," manganese, chromite and other special ores.

Two million cars were provided to haul the finished steel away.

Altogether, the railroads moved more than 8,000,000 carloads of material to and from the steel mills!

Yet that is only one of the major wartime jobs being done by the railroads. Any wonder then that traffic on the rails, at times, has been so heavy as to cause delay and inconvenience to passengers? The Pennsylvania Railroad, however, has found traveling Americans very cooperative—they realize the magnitude of the job railroads are doing.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ *49,625 entered the Armed Forces* ★ *408 have given their lives for their Country*

Collier's All-America Football Team

Continued from page 17

Among the leading tackles were Ferraro of Southern California and Lazetich of Michigan. But the star of the lot is big Whitmire of Navy, one of the best linemen who has appeared in the last ten years. Whitmire and Ferraro were placed on top because of heir consistently fine play throughout the eason.

The selection of the two ends was a harder ob, since the season's end production was a rifle below par. Among the leaders were Tinsley of Georgia Tech, Walker of Yale and Bramlett of Navy, all extremely able wing men. Tinsley was one of the major factors n Georgia Tech's win over a much stronger Navy team. Walker, the big Yale star, was one of the main reasons for the best campaign Yale has known in a decade. Big and fast, he was a Blue power from start to finish.

But of all the jobs tackled by the Advisory Board, the most difficult was naming the backfield. A partial list of behind-the-line stars includes Kenna, Davis and Blanchard of Army, Jenkins and Scott of Navy, McWilliams of Mississippi State, Fenimore of Oklahoma A. and M., Gray of Southern California, Kelly of Notre Dame (who was njured), Young of Illinois, Dimancheff of Purdue (one of the best), Bowen of Georgia Tech, and Bud Jones of Tulane.

Army Backs Rank with Greats

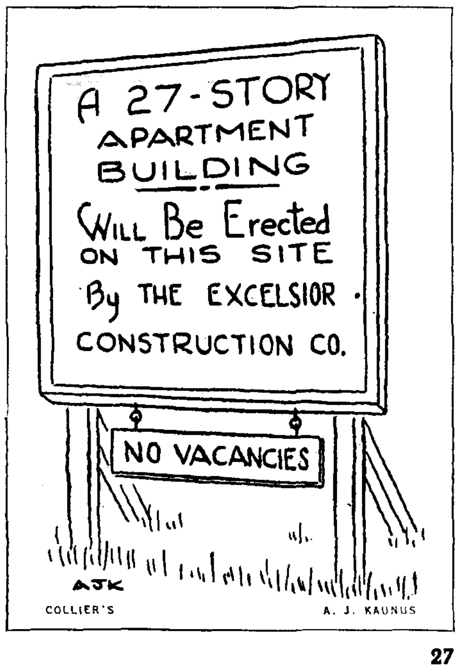
These were all in the All-America class, as fine a collection of backs as any All-America group has shown in other and more peaceful years. Kenna, Davis and Blanchard of Army alone could be classed as one of the best backfield groups ever seen in action on any field.

Big Bob Jenkins has been a star back for the last three years, including his play at Alabama. He is one of the hardest hitting ball carriers football has seen. Fenimore of Oklahoma A. and M. is big, fast and versatile, a real triple threat—passer, kicker and ball carrier—and extremely able at all three. Fenimore is rated among the best backs the Southwest has ever sent into action.

Horvath of Ohio State was by all odds the best all-round back from the strong Middle West. Like Fenimore, this Buckeye athlete did everything well.

Glenn Davis of Army has been a fine back for two seasons. He is among the fastest of the lot in a year of swift-moving halfbacks. But it was generally agreed that Kenna, passer, kicker and ball carrier, was Army's most valuable all-round back. Coach Blaik was more than enthusiastic over the way Kenna handled and directed the T-attack. So Kenna got the call for his all-round worth.

THE END



COLLIER'S A. J. KAUNUS

POSTGRAD ALL-AMERICAS—PACIFIC CHAPTER

Varsity football players are now starring in a bigger game—the Pacific war. When these men were gridiron heroes a few years ago, nobody knew they would someday be making touchdowns in PT boats

RADIOED FROM THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

WE WERE jammed into the small wardroom of the PT-boat tender, all perspiring through our shirts in the muggy Philippines atmosphere. The tense briefing for the night's torpedo patrol had just ended. The maps, with their red and blue arrows jabbing at enemy positions in the southern Philippine bays, were being rolled up.

These young Americans—most of them only a year or so out of college—were about to lead a papier-mâché speedboat attack against the hard armor plate of Hirohito's southern Imperial Fleet. Yet to hear the banter that was going on, you'd think they were going out on the field to play a game of football. In fact, most of the major college football squads I've seen in dressing-room briefings before a game have been more serious. But don't let that fool you. Part of the quipping was due to excitement and anticipation of the kind of action for which these hard-hitting athletes had been aching since they volunteered for this service; and part to cover the terrific impact of the revelation job facing them in the next few hours from sunset to dawn.

Many of these youthful PT-boat skippers are former college football stars. For example, I was talking with Frank Tappan, now a lieutenant commander in the squadron I was accompanying that night. He made All-America history at the University of Southern California just as he was making PT-boat All-America in this war, running ends and knifing through Jap protecting screens to nab Jap troop transports and large Jap troop barges behind the sea battle line. Tonight he faced the biggest job of all—to help delay the Jap fleet itself from attacking MacArthur's Philippines invasion beachhead just established.

Tappan is only one of several hundred of these footballers and other youths who have been harassing and stinging the Japs since Bulkeley's dwindling squadron began the job here in the Philippines when the war broke out in 1941. I've asked Tappan why it seemed that there are so many football men in PT boats.

Brain as Necessary as Brawn

"When PTs were first planned," he said, "one requirement was that a good physique was a 'must,' and another requirement preferred athletes with brain as well as brawn—and we just seemed to draw the footballers, though many others now are former basketball, track and baseball players."

A few minutes after this conversation, our squadron, refueled and refed after the former night's run and a daylight engine overhaul, started out in single file to face Hirohito's All-South Jap team in the season's Far East Rice Bowl classic. You know the result. Our PTs got in among the rakish, black-looming hulls of the Jap cans, let go with a few fish and 37-millimeter shells. These 40-knot line smashers and end runners banged up against a heavier squad than they could handle that night. But the first short brush, devastating as it was to our lightweight opening squad, delayed the entire Jap action enough to permit Coach Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet cruisers and battleships to get into position to meet the Jap fleet, and that's all we were supposed to do that pitch-black night.

We had a few injuries. We lost a few PTs. My boat got rammed early in the business by one of our own craft. But the next morning the All-Americas were ready for another game.

The stories of these footballers in PTs, all the way from the original Philippines fighting to Port Moresby, Oro Bay, Wewak, Aitape, Morotai and now back to the Philippines, would make a Hollywood producer hang onto the floodlight in desperation to pick out the most usable story. Most of these twelve-man PT crews have had between ten and forty missions, and nearly every mission puts them in contact with the Nip. Ferreting out barge troop traffic has become the major job. The Nips move their troops by barges at night up and down the coast and from island to island—hiding out by day. American planes spot the barge hideouts in daylight reconnaissance flights, and the PTs go out at night, their triple-screw engines muffled to a mere purr.

Take the night Ensign Ed McNamara, of Holy Cross football fame, took his boat on a night patrol only to run afoul of a Jap warship. He was pretty sure he could put a fish into the ship, so he tossed a few shells at the Jap and then let the Nip think the PT had been hit. His boat limped along with much shouting and excitement aboard just outside the Jap ship commander's range. Naturally the ship followed to make the kill, but McNamara craftily led the Jap into a mine-field area where the ship struck a mine and was sunk.

A Most Welcome Invader

But Mac has the best story of the New Guinea coast, which I was definitely skeptical of until a brother officer, Hap Azarigian of Hartford, former engineering student at M.I.T., confirmed it. The incident occurred in the course of a night's give-and-take fighting, in which a pretty heavy school of fish were disturbed by the roaring, swerving PTs. During the melee, a forty-inch king mackerel jumped or was blown onto the deck of the PT and fell through the hatch over the tiny galley.

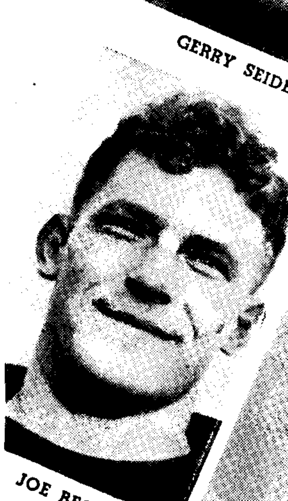
When the fighting was over, "Cookie" went down to brew some coffee, found the fish and cut it up into twenty-four delicious mackerel steaks for the crew's Victory Dinner—and you can believe it or not.

Other PT-boat skippers, footballers and nonfootballers, have pulled off some of the most sensational action in the Pacific war. These Southwest Pacific islands are perfect for PT operation. It is hard for the Japs to see the PTs as they keep close in to shore under cover of the black silhouette of the islands. When the Japs hear the PTs, they throw spotlights on them and fire on them. They also use a blinker system of lights along the coast to follow the PTs' course, warning Japs farther along. One favorite Jap trick is to camouflage an old barge some hundred yards offshore and train shore guns on it. PTs come nosing around, and Jap shore batteries open up. But once wised up, the PTs don't fall for that any more.

One night just at sunset, Lieutenant J. Gordon Caldis of North Dakota State College, with whom I made one Philippines patrol, was called to spot a Jap plane thought shot down inside a tiny cove. In he went, full throttle. He didn't see the Jap plane but he spotted Japs building a new seaplane base—and got sievelike holes along one side of his craft even though he was traveling over thirty-five knots. He shelled the Jap installation and got away safely to report the camouflaged operation which even our planes had failed to spot.

The rescue of downed airmen is one of the commonest but most helpful activities of the PTs. A skipper must maneuver his boat as close as possible to the coral reef but dare not touch it because of the paperlike hull. Then a crew member—or often the skipper himself—swims ashore with a rope attached to get the pilot or airman off the beach. Usually the man has been in the water or in the jungle so long that he is unable to swim.

GERRY SEIDEL



JOE BECKMAN

TOM MORAN

ED WAKELIN

EDGAR MANSKE

No, indeed, it isn't always moonlight motorboating in the southern seas. Those PT men are picked for their ability to think quickly and act instantaneously. They are actually less secure at sea than are aircraftsmen in the air. They sometimes operate like air squadrons, sometimes in close proximity to the other members of their squadrons, but the similarity ends there, since PT combat crews are also ground and repair crews—fighting at night, repairing and tuning up the boat by day. Theirs is a rugged life.

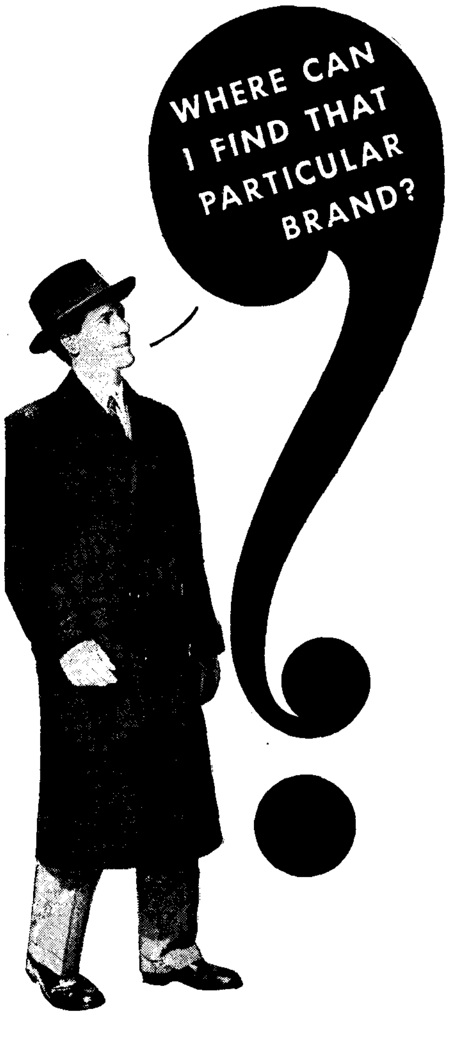
That's why we need the strongest physical types. For instance, take this PT gang of former football players picked at random from several Southwest Pacific squadrons and you'll see what I mean.

Ensign Ed McNamara, Holy Cross; Ensign Tom Moran, Boston College; Ensign Walt McDonald, Tulane; Lieutenant (jg) Ed Wakelin, Dartmouth; Ensign Pete West, Georgia Tech; Wilson R. Schwenk, George Washington University; Joe Beckman, Washington State; Lieutenant (jg) R. L. Stephenson, Purdue; Lieutenant (jg) Ed Manske, Northwestern and Chicago Bears; Lieutenant (jg) Gerry Seidel, Columbia; and Lieutenant Commander Frank Tappan, University of Southern California.

They may not all have been All-Americas on the home gridiron, but out here they are given All-America ratings plus all the superlatives the Navy and Army can throw their way. These and hundreds of their PT motor torpedo boat teammates have made Hirohito, Tojo and Koiso, the Jap coaches, realize for the past three seasons that Uncle Sam's All-Americas are permanently undefeatable. . . .

ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., AND INTERNATIONAL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The FLOOR of HEAVEN

Continued from page 13

The man to whom she had been so briefly and tragically married? Man? But he had been a boy, as shy and inexperienced of love as he had been of death, meeting them both with courage but without understanding. Childhood friends they had been, playing together in the woods and fields and gardens of an English countryside in peace, riding side by side in the lanes of England.

How shy the boy must have been, even upon the night of that battle which only God's grace could have turned from pure disaster to incredible victory. How shy and in what desperate haste he must have taken her, aware already of his rendezvous with death. Only one moon they had spent together as man and wife, and that they had ever been lovers D'Aubigne Guise did not believe. Gwen Argyll's tears had been for a playmate still, tears of an English girl for a boy who died for England.

As for himself, Obi Guise did not believe in friendship between men and women. A friend, he said to himself in those first weeks, a friend to Gwen Argyll he would not be. Too ignominious, that. Of necessity they were much together while he taught her the job at which she was to assist him. Under her gravity, her reserve, the fevered tension which stretched her nerves and her emotions was plain to him.

"This," she had said once, lifting her eyes to his, "this business with papers and pencils is not my idea. I have flown; I am no Amy Mollison, but I have flown and I should like to have gone on flying."

"With all respect for the women who fly," D'Aubigne Guise had said, "in these days it is something many young women can learn to do. Whereas to speak French so that even I, who have an ear of great sensitiveness, would swear you were born in the Faubourg St. Germaine instead of in—"

"Warwickshire," Gwen Argyll told him. "A place called Wantage Hall. A very nice place it was, too, and quiet. But we were in Paris a lot when I was a child and I had a French governess, though that doesn't explain it, for so did many other girls. Perhaps I was born with it, the way I always think those men must be born with the gift to juggle things, the ones you used to see in the music halls."

NO, I will not be her friend, Obi had determined in those early days. So—I will be her uncle, he decided. One could be an uncle without admitting one's own inadequacies. "I will be your uncle, the one chosen as your godfather," he said one day to Mrs. Argyll over luncheon at the Claridge. "Or do you have already an uncle who is a satisfactory godfather?"

"But of course I have an uncle who is my godfather," Mrs. Argyll said. "What do you take me for? As to whether he is satisfactory I can only say that it is not at all in your way, if he is. He is fond of me, but he does not approve of me. But then there is almost nothing, in these days, of which my Uncle Townsend does approve. He liked Things The Way They Were, so I do not take his disapproval personally. He gave me away when I was married, and since my marriage was one of the things of which he did approve, he is shocked that I did not at least remain a proper widow.

"But is there any law which says a girl cannot have two uncles and two godfathers? You and Uncle Townsend—there would be no occasion in life about which I could not consult one or the other of you."

So D'Aubigne Guise had become Gwen Argyll's adopted uncle, and a good many of Mrs. Argyll's friends also lunching at Claridge's that day drank a toast to the event.

In the months since then, as side by side they treaded their way through the tortured labyrinths of French policy, the tangled webs of French diplomacy, the intricate difficulties of unsnarling the true from the false in the masses of information that came from Vichy, from Africa, from the tunnels of the French underground in the occupied areas, he had become reconciled.

So that now, upon this dark, quiet night, Uncle Obi knew that he was indeed her devoted godfather and, in spite of himself, her friend. No other woman had ever done that to him, but Gwen Argyll somehow had earned it. How could a man deny friendship to a comrade who worked so well, who in danger, in exhaustion, in strain and stress and suspense, could retain that grave good humor and deal so ruthlessly and unscrupulously with the problems that confronted them night and day and day and night?

"Come along, darling," Gwen Argyll said, and flung a fur coat about her shoulders with a gesture that concealed its worn patches.

Outside the old house where were maintained their little-known headquarters, the street was darker than one remembered it would be. The buildings with their peaked roofs and huge chimney pots shut out the starlight which, in the country, bravely assures man that the world has not been entirely cut off from the light God ordered.

The guard at the door saluted as he said good night and an air-raid warden said, "Everything all right, sir?" and Mrs. Argyll slipped her hand under his arm as they began to walk down the street.

They walked carefully, but he noticed that she held herself completely erect. Many people were inclined to crouch in the blackness, to seek comfort close to the walls from long habit of bombings. But Gwen Argyll might have been walking the links; like a thoroughbred horse she put her feet down carefully, reaching daintily for safe footing, but she held her head high.

A taxi crawled up beside them and they got in. A very noisy and decrepit taxi it was, but inside a silence fell. He could feel that she had thrown her head back against the frayed cushion in complete abandon; her body had gone slack and from the faint sound of her breathing he knew that she was almost asleep.

Suddenly, quite loudly, Gwen Argyll said, "Why is he always so serious, so formal, your man who sends me that article tonight?" She sat up. Her voice was very wide awake. "I admire him and I wish to like him but he will not let me."

"He suffers," Obi Guise said slowly.

"Pooh," said Gwen Argyll. "Everybody suffers. It is not necessary to do it in public twenty-four hours in the day. If he has greatness, why must he be unkind? And rude. To me, the great should be great enough to rise above pain and suffering and defeat with a kindness that is bigger than that of little people."

"You are too young," Obi Guise said, "to know that nobody is all of a piece. When you are as old as I am, you will come to understand that. Once it amazed me how the human soul can be tenanted at the same time with generosity and greed, self-sacrifice and ambition, love and hate. Perhaps life is just that, the struggle within each of us to see which gains by however narrow a margin the victory so that—afterward—we shall be judged ready for promotion or sent back to kindergarten to learn all over again."

Her hand touched his in the darkness and it was icy cold. "I know," she said, "it frightens me. Sometimes I am afraid that I shall be too tired to go on that next step—and the next. That I shall be willing to compromise when the terrible test that is ahead comes, that I shall be too weary to—to stand. For that in which I believe—only now I do not know what I believe. I want to Be—not to Have. I think that is the answer."

THE silence fell again. Then Mrs. Argyll said, "My mother—being Scotch—is something that people call psychic. I am not. Yet I know that something is ahead of me. I feel it. Some burning thing that keeps me awake nights and I am afraid of it."

"Always," Obi said, "each of us have times when we have the temptation to quit. You must not think you are alone in that."

"It is something more than that," Gwen Argyll said.

"You are thinking of your American friend, Mr. Barnes," Uncle Obi said.

The taxi shook itself to the curb, shivered violently, took a moment to decide whether to fall apart, and then was still.

"Do you like him?" Gwen Argyll said.

"It would be impossible," Uncle Obi said, "not to like Mr. Barnes."

That, of course, was true. It was by no means the first time he had considered the tall American as a possible husband for Gwen Argyll, and his practical French mind, with its shrewd common sense and racial greed, could not but regard him as eligible. The mere fact that he was an American made him eligible. It was apparent to any man of sense that America was more than ever the land of promise, the storehouse for the naked and the icebox for the hungry and the home for the roofless, and that, being America, she would be prodigal of her luck and her riches.

Above and beyond all that, this particular American, this Shephard Barnes, belonged as any eye could see to that class of wealthy and successful and well-bred Americans who, since an accident of geography had permitted them to escape destruction and devastation at home, must become lords of creation.

"When the war is over," Obi said carefully, "the United States will be the only country that is fit to live in."

"I know," said Gwen Argyll, cheerfully. "Westward the course of empire wends its way and all that."

"Mr. Barnes—he will be here tonight?" Obi wanted to know.

"He will," Gwen said. "He's waiting for

LIST OF INVENTORS

THE FAULT	THE EXCUSE	THE INVENTOR
Speeding	**A heavy tail wind pushed him along.**	**Santa Clara motorist**
Shoplifting	**She tried a hat on, and it was so small she forgot she had it on her head.**	**Buffalo lady**
Not reporting for induction	**The notice didn't say "what year."**	**Chicago youth**
Stealing	**He needed money to repay $10 he had stolen.**	**Windsor, North Carolina, resident**
Driving without driver's license	**He couldn't get a license even if he applied for one because he was getting a blind pension from the state.**	**Chicago motorist**

—W. E. Farbstein

"How in the world did you ever flunk your physical?" marveled Elsie

"For the 11th time," shouted Elmer, the bull, "I did *not* flunk my physical! I just got excited! Then some idiot in a white coat claimed I had high blood pressure! He said I should stay home and buy War Bonds."

"He couldn't have been an idiot if he said that," Elsie pointed out. "Right now is the very time that all of us need to buy War Bonds and more War Bonds. Many big battles are still ahead. Buying War Bonds provides money for the equipment our men will need in those battles. If you buy War Bonds till it really hurts to lend, you can have a small part in those battles yourself."

"But I don't want a small part," objected Elmer. "I want to shoot Japs . . . lots of Japs!"

A PURE DELIGHT TO DRINK—BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"Well, there's no use worrying over what can't be helped," soothed Elsie. "I suspect those Army and Navy physicals are almost as strict as those the Borden experts give me, and that's saying a lot. For the tests I take are what keep *Borden's Milk* so extremely pure and wholesome . . . but, tell me, Elmer, why did the man think you had high blood pressure?"

"It was all another doctor's fault," grumbled Elmer. "He called me 'Fatso.' That raised my blood pressure. But he would have changed his mind if those six MP's hadn't held me."

"I was afraid you wouldn't keep cool," sighed Elsie. "I sometimes wish you were more like those glorious *Borden's Ice Cream* or *Sherbets*. They're always cool—nutritious dairy foods as well as cooling treats."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAMS AND SHERBETS — COOLING TREATS, GREAT FOODS!

Elmer wasn't listening. "At any rate," he boasted, "those six MP's had to admit I had plenty of zip."

"Darling," laughed Elsie, "you have almost as much *zip* as *Borden's None Such Mince Meat!* It makes the fruitiest, spiciest mince pie ever!"

SO SPICY AND FRUITY—BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT!
Borden None Such Mince Meat

"I handled those MP's as if they were babies," bragged Elmer.

"One of the very best ways I know to handle a baby," enthused Elsie, "is to see that he's fed my wonderful *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* That's the evaporated milk so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that hordes of doctors approve it for infant feeding."

DOCTORS APPROVE BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK FOR BABIES!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"How can you go on talking about Borden's as if nothing had happened?" spluttered Elmer. "How can you ignore my misery? Don't you know how to treat a husband?"

"El-mer, what a silly question," chuckled Elsie. "I know loads of ways to treat a husband. One of the very best is to serve him tasty sandwiches made with *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* They're *protein-rich!*"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES MAKE A SANDWICH A FEAST!
Borden's

"I'd expect more sympathy from a top sergeant," stormed Elmer. "Must you always think of those precious Borden products of yours?"

"Ordinarily," smiled Elsie, "I'd say yes. But with the 6th War Loan Drive on, it's different. About all I can think about now is how we can buy more War Bonds and bring our boys back sooner."

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

HEAR ED WYNN on "HAPPY ISLAND"! With Evelyn Knight, Jerry Wayne, Mark Warnow—and Elsie, Elmer, Beulah! Friday nights over Blue Network. See local papers for time and station.

© The Borden Company

Her daddy and Ansco are both proud of this picture.

Double, double-decker...and the thrill is saved by Ansco.

How many out of 8 do you average?

IF YOU'RE like me (or rather, like I *used* to be)... many's the time you've snapped a whole roll of pictures, and wound up with only two or three really good ones.

Batting average way up

But since I discovered *Ansco film,* my batting average is way up.

And I give most of the credit to Ansco, the film that remembers I'm human.

Not that I've become an expert overnight. I still make the same little mistakes of speed and exposure. But *now* . . . Ansco film helps cover up for me. And because Ansco sort of offsets my errors, I get swell, heart-warming snapshots darn near every time.

I read somewhere that this quality in a film is known as *latitude.* Whatever it's called, Ansco has plenty of it.

Lots of professionals use Ansco film because of its latitude . . . so you can imagine how important it is to average shutter snappers like you and me.

Seems to me that Ansco film ought to boost *your* batting average just as it did mine.

So why don't you try a roll today? Ansco doesn't cost a penny extra. And besides, every roll is guaranteed . . .

"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free."

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CAMERA NEWS! Postwar editions of our famous cameras like the PIONEER, the CLIPPER, the CADET will be better than ever. And we're planning some very important camera *surprises.* Keep your eye on Ansco!

Ansco film · cameras

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FAST ORTHOCHROMATIC
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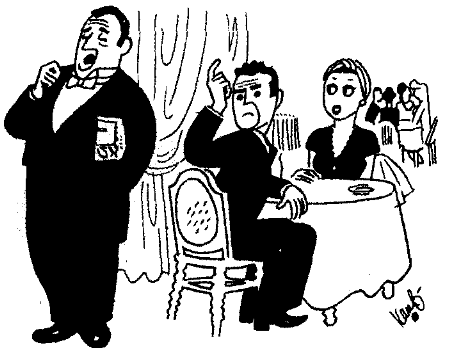
Formerly Agfa Ansco

THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS YOU'RE HUMAN

Ansco makes this Christmas scene last the year round.

Lucky break...for a guy with Ansco in his camera.



G. FRANCIS KAUFMAN

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

me now. Wonderful man, Uncle. I mean he really is. So kind and safe."

"Of that I am very sure," Obi said. "You have given him no answer?"

"I haven't even allowed him to ask me a question," Gwen said, sensibly. "He will soon, though. He is used to getting what he wants, too, bless him."

I wish, Obi Guise thought, that I could believe a woman really values kindness in a lover. My experience has been otherwise. Still, these are cruel days; it may be that the value of kindness is up.

Well, if she married Shep Barnes she would have safety and protection and all the beautiful things which had mattered to women since Eve accepted a nice red apple. No getting away from the fact that Gwen Hamilton had been born to ease and great possession, bred to luxury and beauty, taught to accept the best as a matter of course. All that had been swept away from her by the brutal tide of war and she had shown no flaw in endurance nor sacrifice nor courage. But when the crisis was over and the desperate days were done?

AS THOUGH she spoke in answer to his thoughts, Gwen Argyll said, "We must get what we can out of what is left."

"Beyond question," said M. Guise.

"You won't come in with me?" she said. "Not even to behold Dek Tarnowski? Lottie said the Air Marshal had to telephone and invite him in person."

"I do not know," Uncle Obi said sharply, "how you can keep open your eyes, but as for mine they would not, even to see the archangel Michael. Mr. Barnes no doubt will carry you safely home if you fall asleep publicly in Lottie's justly famous salon."

He helped her out of the taxi and kissed her hand and stood watching while the door opened and closed. But he might as well have gone in with his niece-by-adoption as far as any sleeping he was to do that night was concerned. For no sooner had he lain down upon his monastic bed, in the modest flat he maintained on Gloucester Place, than he suddenly remembered what Dek Tarnowski had looked like at sixteen; in a fleeting spotlight of memory he saw a slim, graceful youth with satin-black hair and sea-gray eyes under black brows.

Even an ordinary Polish flier, Uncle Obi knew, had a strange and potent fascination for English girls. And that dark boy was now the winged creature of whose mad and mythological exploits in Poland, in France, with the Royal Air Force, outnumbered beyond belief, other pilots spoke with awe.

Inevitable, he thought, if they meet, those two.

The very thought drove the last vestige of sleep from Uncle Obi's tired eyes.

The house which Mrs. Argyll had entered was tall and narrow, flush with the street and unimpaired except for the graceful iron railing which had gone to war. There were, of course, many houses like it amid the craters and chasms and wrecks of London, giving that brave, serene air of continuing existence. But No. 19 belonged to Lottie Parker and so the passers-by were pleased to see it was still going strong and were sometimes moved to stop and give a slight cheer or to linger in hope of seeing Lottie herself issue forth.

For Lottie Parker, though she was as American as Oklahoma or the Eighth Avenue subway, had excited that particular brand of affection and loyalty which the Londoner gives only to those who can make him laugh. Many and many a night they had listened to Lottie as long as BBC stayed on the air, chuckling to the last at her ribald and lusty humor, hearing her shouts die out as the sirens sounded and feeling somehow comforted and ready for anything. American she might be, they would tell you, but she was out of the same piece of goods as those old-time favorites of the London Music Halls, Marie Lloyd and Vesta Victoria and Gracie Fields.

Lottie had been there in September, 1939, and there she'd stayed, until now she had no rival except Two-Ton Tessie herself.

In the camps of England they knew her, too, knew her strong, squat figure, her round face and bright red hair, and the things she said about the jerries when they came overhead were as much a part of the language as Gracie's Yorkshire or Tessie's cockney double-talk.

Some said she had stayed on when the bad days came because of the little man with the gimlet eyes and the last of the Better 'Ole mustaches, who had been one of the few who had known what was coming. A great name and rank he had, but the R.A.F. and the citizens of London honored him with the affectionate name of Buck, some said because his plans for the Air Force had seemed like something out of the 25th century. But he'd made them stick.

If all that talk about him and Lottie happened to be true that was all right with them. They might not understand exactly what it meant for a leader who had had to send his terribly outnumbered pilots to certain death night after night and day after day in order to gain a few days or hours or minutes of grace for England to creep home to Lottie—to her vast solid bosom and her warm, senseless, idiotic, unshaken faith and humor. But they understood enough to be glad if he could do himself a bit of good.

MRS. ARGYLL went quietly up a flight of stairs and stood for a moment in the hallway. When she was a little girl she had been brought to call upon Lady Woods-Shanklin, a dowager of the old school, in that very drawing room which now lay before her, its blackout curtains drawn tight to shut in the blazing lights. She always stopped, just there, to think what Lady Woods-Shanklin, fortunately now safe in her grave, would have thought—and said in her own Victorian vocabulary—concerning the decorative changes Lottie Parker had made.

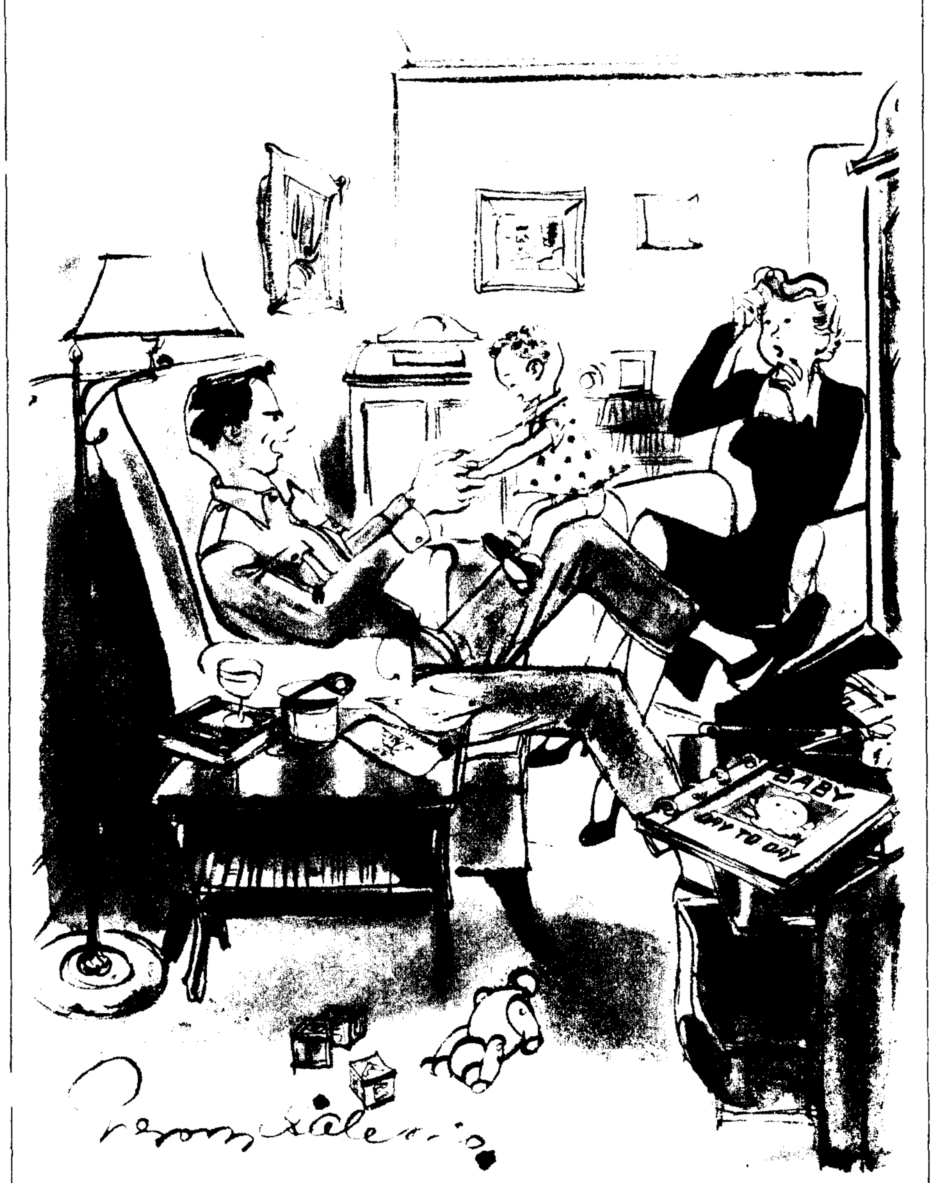
"I like things cheerful," Lottie had said.

Parquetry floor. High, carved mantel. Fine Tudor paneling. Glittering chandeliers of the regency. Those were the same. But the concert grand piano was vermilion, to match the long draperies splashed with green. At one end was a round table with a green felt top and here and there were scattered other small, low tables whose black enamel glittered menacingly. The worn, rich velvet of the big chairs had disappeared beneath slip covers whereon parrots and peacocks strutted against arbors of flowers which had grown only in the mind of some designer's impassioned protest against nature's dullness.

"And," said Lottie, "I like ROOM." So she had cheerfully knocked out walls and gaily shoved back partitions until the drawing room was only slightly smaller than the lobby of the Claridge, and at one end she had installed a bright red bar festooned with the skins of several zebras. That nothing of all this might be lost, the bar was backed with mirrors which repeated it again and again.

From her vantage point at the head of the stairs Mrs. Argyll could never quite believe it and yet there it was and somehow in spite of its vulgarity it was cheerful; it had cour-

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Yes, yes, go on! Then what did he do when he was twelve and a half weeks old?"

COLLIER'S

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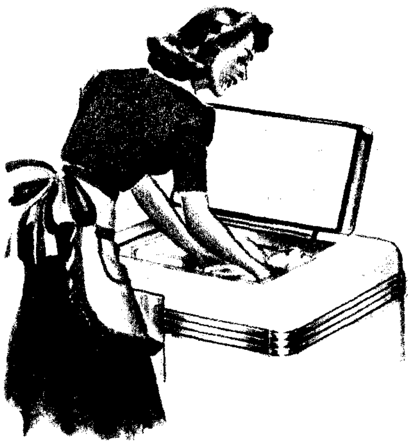
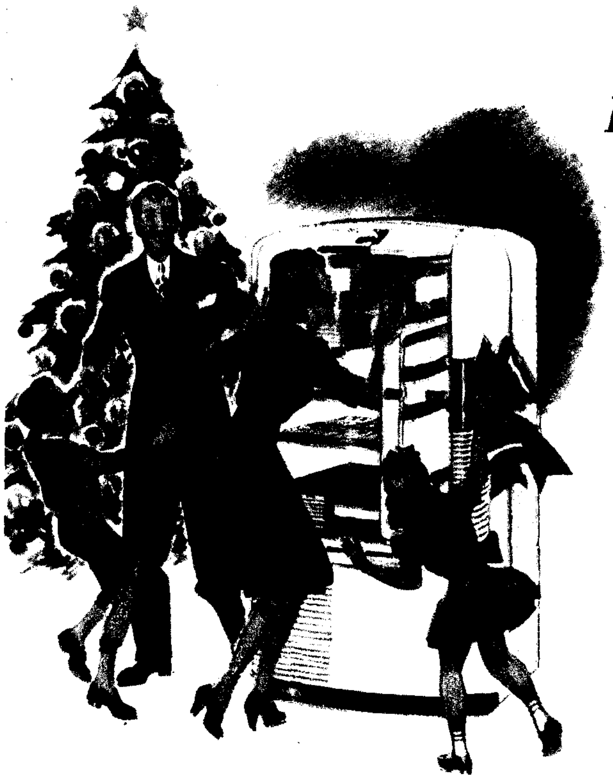


Frozen Foods and Frozen Storage

Frozen storage is the new utility on the horizon of the modern kitchen. It opens up an entirely new world of convenience, economy and good living for your family. In every home it means the ample Frozen Food Compartment of the Philco Refrigerator. In many homes, it means also the Philco FREEZER CHEST of tomorrow.

Yes, a complete cabinet designed exclusively for food freezing and frozen storage and built to fit your kitchen. It permits you to freeze and store meats, vegetables and fruits *in season*, at their best flavor and price, and enjoy them months later at their full freshness. Strawberries and asparagus in January . . . tender spring fryers in winter . . . your favorite foods stored away for any mood or emergency.

The Philco FREEZER CHEST is coming . . . to help you live better and save money.



In a world at Peace, new and modern ideas for good living will be the legacy of Philco war research in the

PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

"GOOD LIVING IN A WORLD AT PEACE". Yes, as the tides of war recede and nations strive to perpetuate the ideals of peace on earth and good will to men, we in our homes dare to think once more of the Christmas of tomorrow.

We yearn for small and simple things in the measure of world affairs. The right to live peaceably with our friends. The opportunity to provide happiness and security for our homes. *Good living* . . . comfort, convenience and pleasure for those we love . . the Christmas spirit of days gone by . . . these we ask in return for our struggle, our sacrifice and our sorrows.

★

For many a Christmas of the past, Philco has been the means of bringing good cheer and good living to millions of American homes. Today, a new refrigerator is high on the list of the peacetime products which America is waiting to own. And the Philco laboratories are at work to bring you new and modern ideas for good living in the Philco Refrigerator of tomorrow.

In its tradition of leadership in engineering and design, Philco brought a new kind of refrigerator to the market, offering services never before combined in a single refrigerator. One of these was a full size, separate freezing compartment, in addition to the regular ice cube chamber, where foods of all kinds can be stored for weeks. Wartime living has proved the importance of frozen storage in the home and confirmed the forward thinking of Philco engineers. This is a hint of the Philco Refrigerator to come. It will be the legacy of war research, built for modern living, born of new ideas and new skills. And bearing the Philco name, it will be a product of quality . . . *and value!*

And now the day draws nearer. Within the framework of production for final and complete Victory, the government has requested American industry to plan and prepare for peace. Jobs must be ready for fighters returned from the front. Work must be provided for those released from war production. So, Philco is getting ready for the day when the signal is given and the new Philco Refrigerator may speed for unveiling to your Philco dealer's floor.

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NEXT SUNDAY, ENJOY A FULL HOUR OF STAR ENTERTAINMENT

RADIO HALL OF FAME, 6 P. M., EWT, BLUE NETWORK

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PHILCO

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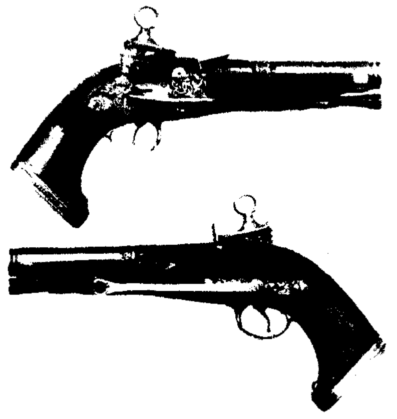
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD • BUY WAR BONDS THIS CHRISTMAS

COLLECTORS' CORNER



Here is a brace of exquisitely wrought XVIIIth century Spanish pistols with Miquelet locks and barrels signed by Aldazabal. Acquired originally by Giovanni P. Morosini, this brace is part of the collection presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by his daughter Giulia.

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Fine Arts is *all* whiskey. 5-year-old whiskies are selected for outstanding characteristics ... aroma ... deep body ... full-rounded flavor. These are then superbly blended into one — a whiskey of matchless perfection.

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BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

age and impudence and personality and certainly it had space.

There was a party going on all right, though whether the guest of honor, of whom she had heard so much, had appeared, Mrs. Argyll could not tell. Lottie was throwing a party. In every way this attempted to be the same kind of a party which Lottie had made famous before the war, when even Royalty popped in after Lottie's show to hear Carroll Gibbons' divine melodies at the piano or to chat with Noel Coward over a glass of wine.

Perhaps the company tonight was a little more feverish in its gaiety than it had been of yore. It went without saying that there were faces missing and so nobody said it, ever. The big, drawling, hard-boiled, sentimental war correspondent, who had shirked nothing and told what he saw in inspired words dragged from his very guts, was there tonight, but his pal Cobber Kane was not nor would ever be again. The small, beloved clown wouldn't come in tonight, wearing his air-raid warden's helmet, to give so generously of his genius, but his dancing daughter still danced and her raven-black hair looked very nice against the olive-drab of the United States Marine Corps. There was a vacant chair at the poker table beside a redheaded kid who wore "Canada" upon the arm of his Air Force blue. But he had just arrived in England so he did not know how often Tip Argyll used to sit in that chair.

There was a sudden shout and roar of laughter and three sofa cushions came wildly through the wide doors and across the slick parquetry floor and upon the cushions were three widely dissimilar figures who turned out to be Lottie and Buck and Shep Barnes. In spite of the ferocious knot into which he had screwed his face, Buck did not look in the least like an Air Marshal, but then it is only once in two or three centuries that nature is able to produce an Iron Duke who looks like an Iron Duke and it was not Buck's job to lead men, it was just his job to sit back and spin a web of battle with guile and craft and cold, ruthless fury against the enemies of England.

Lottie was laughing so hard that she fell over sideways and couldn't move and Shep Barnes skidded to a stop and set her upright.

Then he saw Gwen Argyll.

IT WAS always like that. Every time he saw her she happened to him all over again. There she was. No matter how you added her up, she came to the sum total of everything he had ever wanted. At first he used to think that some of the things couldn't be true and so he would look for one certain thing the next time he saw her; her ankles couldn't be so slim and fragile, surely he had only imagined that her blue eyes could have that oddly sensible look, or he had been wrong in thinking so low a voice could be so distinct and many-colored.

But there she was and around her was that same clean, cool space in which she always seemed to stand, and the same grave unawareness of the many eyes that had turned upon her in welcome, the many admiring, speculative, curious eyes.

At his side Lottie Parker said, "Take it easy, buddy. I know how you feel, but take it easy. Ever since she was six, guys have been falling on their faces. Sometimes I'd think a new technique would be mighty welcome."

"Don't you like her?" Shep Barnes asked.

Lottie said, "I've known her longer than you have and I'm one of two women in England who aren't jealous of her. The other's her mother. I'm just trying to tell you—men make it too easy for her. You're looking at her the same way Tip Argyll used to look at her right in this room and you're not listening to me and I don't know what it is about her makes a smart man lose control of every brain cell he's got, so you're on your own, boy."

She was talking to herself. Shep Barnes had left her. He was striding swiftly across the room toward Mrs. Argyll's side.

Just for that second the room was quiet, as though everybody had paused to contemplate this tableau. The tall young American with his fine shoulders and easy charm, his favorite-of-the-gods good cheer—and the slight, grave English lady in the fur coat which had seen better days.

"Come and have a drink," Shep Barnes said. Which wasn't at all what he had meant to say. Every once in a while when he saw her again after several days he got rattled, and Shep Barnes was a young man who was not easily rattled by anything in life.

They went over to the zebra bar and the very black man in the very white coat who stood behind it mixed the two Scotches-and-plain-water for which they asked.

"Now that we're alone," Shep Barnes said, "can I tell you that I've been waiting for you, I thought you'd never come, nothing means anything any more unless you're there?"

"I am sure that is one of the prettiest speeches I've ever heard," Gwen Argyll said, sipping her drink slowly; "I find that I have been sadly deceived about Americans. People gave me to understand that they were strong, silent men who were inclined to step on their own feet when complimenting a lady —and now listen to you."

"Maybe you're responsible," Shep Barnes said, with a grin. "Not even a guy from Brooklyn could say Hi, Babe, to you—"

"You discourage me," Mrs. Argyll said. "I have lived in the fond hope that someday someone would say Hi, Babe, to me. In case they ever do, what is the answer?"

Shep Barnes threw back his head and laughed. His laugh was big and free and masculine and joyous, and heads turned in his direction, and Lottie beamed. As an American, she thought, Shep Barnes was something to be proud of.

At her elbow, the Air Marshal said, "That young man is serious about Gwen."

"He's sunk," Lottie said. "It'd be another British-American alliance," she went on dreamily, "and I like that kind, they're more lasting, alliances of the heart."

He patted her broad back, at that, but his voice was cold. "I've worked with Shep Barnes," he said; "I've seen him make airplanes fly by putting one part of one kind of an engine into an altogether different kind of an engine, or messing about with bits of old alarm clocks and the insides of a motor bike. In that kind of thing, nothing stops him."

"Well," Lottie said, "that's very nice I'm sure, but there aren't any parts of Gwen missing that I can see. He won't have to put her back together."

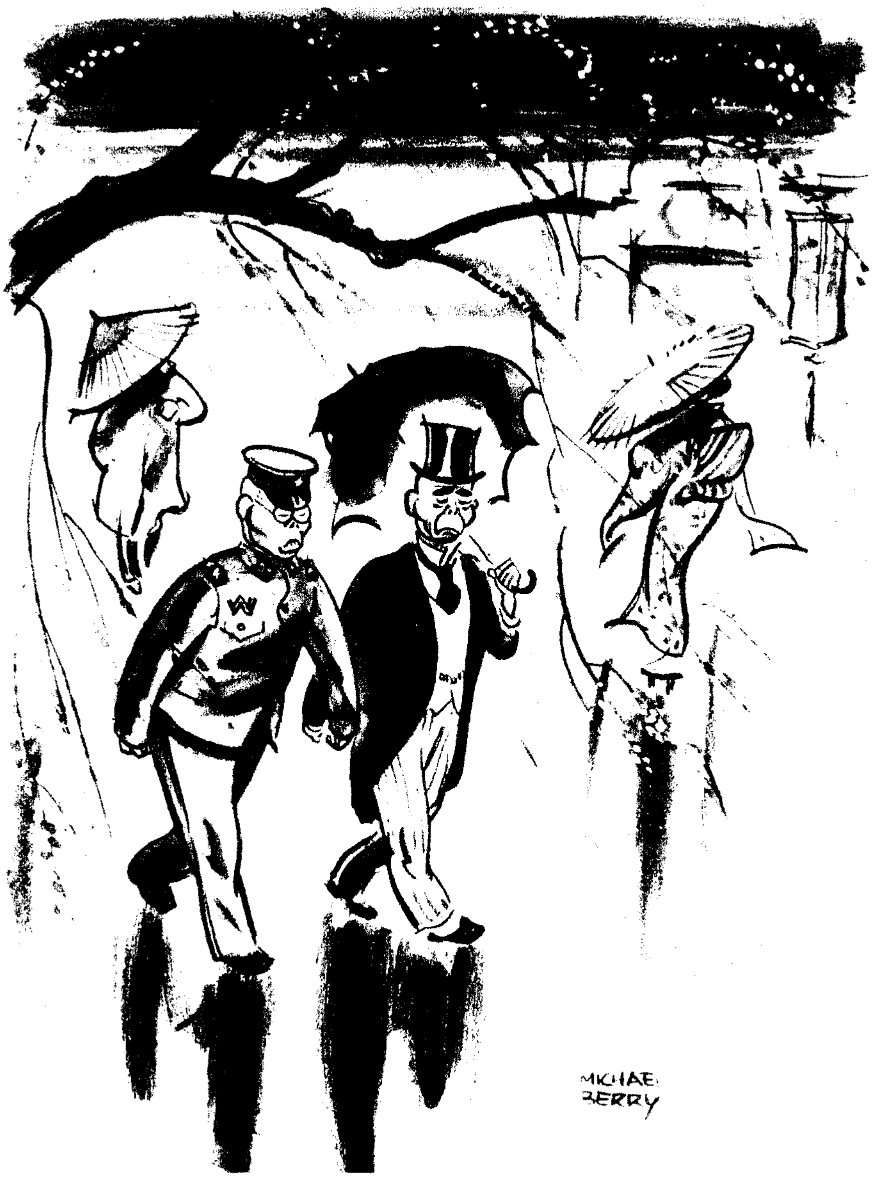
"I saw him when he came back from Lisbon," Buck said.

His crafty little eyes narrowed and he was seeing Shep Barnes upon a morning in September, 1939, seeing him very clearly. Shep Barnes, who should have been on his way back to the safety and quiet of America, who on orders from the company for which he worked should have been aboard the clipper and far out over the Atlantic. Instead there he was, walking into the minister's office, saying good-naturedly, "Look here, I just had an idea—they told me to come home but somehow I don't seem to want to. I've cabled them asking them to let me stay, but if they don't and I'm on my own, could you use me?"

THAT was what Buck was seeing as he watched Shep Barnes standing beside young Mrs. Argyll. That, and days and nights upon the airfields of England when Shep Barnes, like a surgeon, had performed operations that meant something toward that hideously thin margin between life and death. In those days even one more engine working could be the very essence of that margin, one more gasp for breath when each breath seemed the last.

"What are you looking at them like that for?" Lottie said crossly.

Buck did not answer her. How could he explain that suddenly he felt forlorn, old, bewildered, incompetent to deal with or understand the way the new generations of this war thought. Something was troubling him, something was nagging at his brain, something that disturbed him with this conviction of



"Americans very hard to figure out—you never know what they believe we're thinking!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

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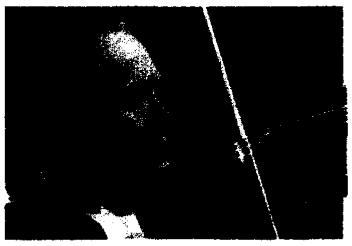

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AN' YOU KNOW WHAT? I GOT THE BRUSH FROM EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM – THAT'S WHAT!
BETTER SIGNAL YOUR DENTIST, BUTCH! NO FOOLIN'– A BRUSH-OFF LIKE THAT CALLS FOR BRUSHIN' UP ON YOUR BREATH TECHNIQUE!
HERE'S WHAT BUTCH'S DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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LATER – THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HI, BUTCH! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ESCORT FOR THAT CONVOY?
NO THANKS, PAL! I MAY BE LISTING, BUT I'M GETTIN' SOMEPLACE – AT LAST! NO HELP WANTED!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

unfamiliarity in a world he thought he knew so well.

"Wonder where Tarnowski is," Buck said testily. No pilot, not even the Polish squadron leader, should play tiddlywinks with an invitation from the Air Marshal.

"He'll be along," Lottie said comfortably. "It's early."

"Probably won't come at all," the Air Marshal said. "Those Poles go their own way. They're great fliers, but they're not like us; they're foreigners." He paused. It was more than that, everybody said so; nobody seemed to know exactly what it was about the Poles. "Still—" he said, "one must try to be civil. I'm not ashamed to say they're the bravest men we've got. Wild men and hard to discipline, though to be fair it's not always their fault about women—the way Englishwomen behave sometimes—"

"It's the war," Lottie said.

"Look at her!" Buck said, in a thin, high, nasty voice that made Lottie jump.

AT THE piano, someone was playing one of the melodies that had finally made its way across the Atlantic. A little Jew, with sad eyes like a spaniel's, had picked up the saxophone from the top of the piano, the sax began to call plaintively for its mate as it had been calling for years without success, and then marched the low, irresistible throb of the drums. The drums were steady and arrogant, they drove the piano and the saxophone faster and faster toward ultimate disaster.

The redheaded boy from Texas, who wore Canada on his arm, had looked up. He looked astounded to see a lady sitting behind those swift, steady drums. He was surprised to see that her white, heart-shaped face wore that grave, blank, unreadable look which is worn only by drummers and good poker players. But he was the only person in the room who was surprised; all the others at Lottie's were well aware of Gwen Argyll's uncanny talent with the drums. Nostalgia came up in the redheaded boy's throat; he thought of a dive in Juarez and a girl with liquid dark eyes and a dove's voice; he thought of the spaces and the stars and the smell of Texas, and he laid down aces and deuces, forgetting it was the dead man's hand as every Texan knew, and moved over toward the drums.

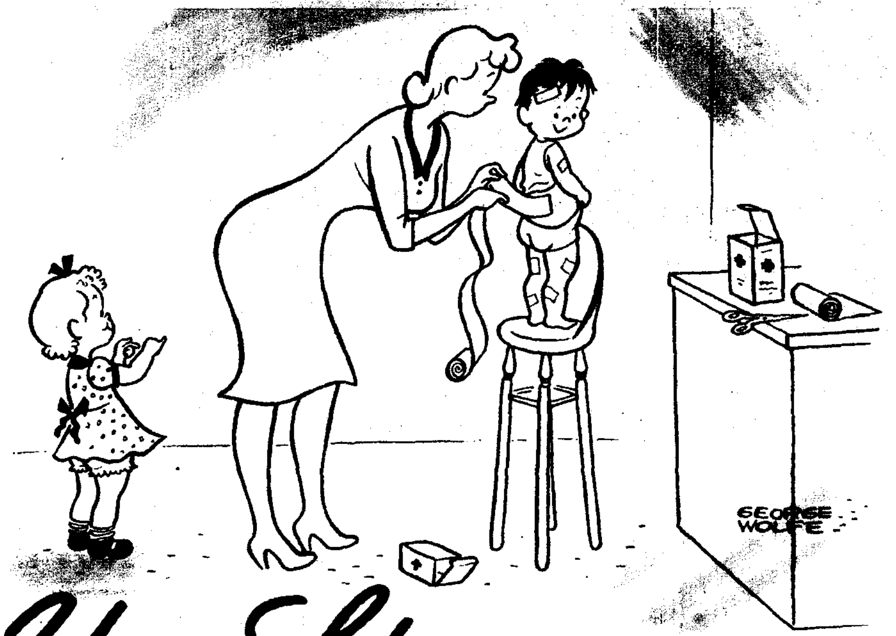
"Look at her!" Buck said again.

"I think she's wonderful," Lottie said.

"Playing drums like a drunk in a night club," the Air Marshal said.

"It's not like that at all," Lottie said slowly. "You don't understand. It's her humility, actually, that makes her want to give everything. Lots of women have that kind of humility. Whatever we do is so little. Sometimes it keeps you awake nights, trying to think of something more to do."

Buck wished Lottie wouldn't say things like that. They embarrassed him frightfully. Between the two of them, Gwen sitting there so gravely behind the drums and Lottie talk-


GEORGE WOLFE

GEORGE WOLFE

Your Life Tomorrow

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Bandages De Luxe

A new kind of cotton bandage will soon be available that will not catch in the wound and yet will stay in place without being bound so tight as to be painful. Difficult injuries to dress, such as wounds on the head, knees and elbows, can be given a complete covering without exerting pressure and without preventing the movement of the limbs. The trick is simple: a chemical treatment for the cotton thread used for hospital gauze that makes it elastic and at the same time slightly rough, so that it will adhere to itself and not slip as present bandaging gauze does.

The new gauze, already in wide use in naval hospitals, will be a boon to mothers who have to do a quick bandaging job at home without experience.

Rival for Gasoline?

Gasoline is virtually unknown in civilian Europe, yet trucks, busses and tractors are still running. The answer is charcoal gas, produced by the "gasogene" system in a bulky apparatus carried around by the vehicle. Lavish America still enjoys its occasional tankful of high-test even for pleasure driving. But if petroleum supplies dwindle, as they well may after the war, the European system may suddenly become attractive. Anticipating this, a smart inventor has recently perfected a gas-producing unit so compact and convenient that the government is making intensive studies of it. The device promises a new concept of economy for heavy fuel-users such as trucking concerns and farmers.

A light metal container about as big as an icebox is installed on the side of the truck or tractor and piped through a suction blower to the engine manifold. The container is filled with charcoal and supplied with a slow drip of water. Air drawn by the blower through a fire pit near the bottom supplies oxygen for partial combustion of the charcoal, which turns out a combustible gas almost as powerful as the standard mixture of gasoline and air. A single filling of charcoal will run the heaviest truck for hundreds of miles, allowing the engine to idle, to accelerate rapidly or pull smoothly on a hill.

ing like a cheap campaign orator, his skin crawled with embarrassment.

His mind swung back to Tip Argyll. Young Tip had flown for him; he had been as familiar with the map of Tip's creed as he was with the map of England. Until he married Gwen Hamilton and Buck discovered that Tip loved his wife with the sort of love Buck considered no really decent woman—no woman a man married and expected to have as the mother of his heirs—should be able to arouse in a man. A sort of blind, dazed, lost love, extravagant and mad.

THOUGH he had never voiced it even to Lottie, Buck believed in his heart that Tip might have lived another day, even another week, but for that lovelorn madness. But then his pilots would tell you that good old Bucky was a bit potty on that subject; to him love was something a combat pilot was better off without.

Now, plainly, here was Shep Barnes generating the same kind of love that had bewitched Tip Argyll, and right here and now under the Air Marshal's very nose. As though a man couldn't fall in love with Gwen in an ordinary sort of way, but must leap into the honeypot and buzz and struggle like a fly.

That, no doubt, was because Gwen Argyll was the sort of woman she was, which was not, thank God, the way of any of the women of Buck's family. Nor did he see anything inconsistent in this with his own feeling for the woman at his side. Lottie had not been born an English lady and what she did could not betray her own caste.

And just then, across the room, his narrow, crafty eyes met Gwen Argyll's, and her eyes widened, but she bore his gaze unflinchingly, her eyes stood to attention and awaited his judgment. They were alone in the room. All these others were strangers, they were friends and lovers and heroes who fought and worked for England, but they were strangers. Whereas the Air Marshal and Mrs. Argyll were England; they had been England when great Elizabeth strode the beaches and shouted commands to the men who destroyed the Spanish Armada; they had been England when Wellington fought his way up the Iberian Peninsula toward Waterloo; when the Guards charged at Fontenoy and the thin red lines held at Mons as the gray hordes rolled back before some unseen power.

That was why it was so terribly important to Buck that Gwen Argyll should not betray those things which alone could matter, why it was important that his ally, Shep Barnes of America, should look up to her and respect her and not simply fall madly in love with her. Those two young people represented something. Gwen Argyll was English and Shep Barnes was American and, in their different ways, they stood for all that was best of their countries. The past of one, the fu-

(Continued on page 39)

Starts are made on gasoline with the usual carburetor. Once suction through the gas producer is established, the charcoal is lighted with burning paper and is ready to run the engine in about two minutes. A dash-operated valve on the manifold makes the change-over easy.

The beauty of the system for postwar heavy traffic is that it will show large economies in country districts where gasoline is expensive. On farms and wilderness construction jobs, charcoal can be made from scrap wood by unskilled labor in the most primitive apparatus, or even bought at a price advantage over gasoline often as great as two to one. The average farmer, using some $200 worth of gasoline in his tractors every year, can save the whole bill by making his charcoal himself. A bus, using 10 gallons of fuel per 100 miles, can save half its bill by burning commercial charcoal.

New Rubber to Kill Static Electricity

Rubber and glass have always been the world's best electrical insulators. But in the future, a special rubber will be available that will actually conduct current. Result: an end to explosions and much of the inconvenience caused by static electric sparks.

In dry weather, a moving vehicle insulated from the ground is like a miniature thundercloud, accumulating a heavy charge of static on itself, which takes the first opportunity to jump to earth. Trucks, automobiles and airplanes, using ordinary rubber tires, may easily build up dangerous charges that finally flash over to ground and may touch off a devastating explosion. Pedestrians themselves generate a lot of static as they walk along heavy carpets. All hotel guests remember the jolts they have received from the knobs and locks of their room doors.

To give protection against static, all fuel-tank trucks trail a chain on the highway to dissipate the charges. At most bridge and tunnel entrances, flexible contacts are installed in the roadways to eliminate the static from every vehicle and to prevent the toll collector from being knocked down by stray shocks when he collects your money. But chains wear out, and grease insulates the spring contacts. Moreover, every person alighting from his car is charged and often receives a nasty jolt. The way to meet the situation is to prevent static from forming by permanently destroying the insulation.

The new rubber will contain a sufficient amount of carbon black to make it a fairly good electrical conductor. Tires will have small strips of this material built in radially so as to complete the circuit between rims and roadway at all times. This will permanently eliminate the static menace. It will also quiet down your car radio, since most of the noise in it is caused by homemade electric charges.

Hotel carpets and rugs will have strands of the new rubber woven into them to keep your personal charges always below the shocking point. In factories where explosive materials make static a serious menace, gloves and shoe soles of conducting rubber will make the present clumsy metal-protecting devices unnecessary. And in hospital operating rooms, surgeons and nurses will gain complete protection from the ether explosion which occasionally blows the patient and his attendants into eternity.

A Future Opens for Gold

If it hadn't been for the ingenuity of a production engineer caught in a war jam, the future of gold faced a discouraging blackout—most of the yellow metal permanently buried in government vaults and the rest gradually giving way to less costly elements that were just as good. But gold is smooth, soft and practically indestructible. Its sudden pinch-hitting job in war industry gives it a future in the vast new field of plastics.

Production engineers were faced with a triple-A priority order for a complicated plastic casting. The job was impossible in the time available because the plastic objects stuck fast in the steel molds after casting. The only way to prevent this was to paint every mold by hand before each operation with a lubricating compound—a procedure that knocked the production schedule flat. One engineer made a quick survey of substances that might protect the molds permanently, never wearing out and never sticking to the plastic. Only one thing was satisfactory—gold. But to plate hundreds of molds this way would cost a small fortune. Nevertheless, the emergency demanded that the idea be tried. Results were amazing.

By eliminating the handwork, the plastic product was actually turned out *sixty times as fast* as by the old method—a better, cleaner, smoother object. The costly gold-plated molds ended by saving $100,000 on the final bill.

This simple discovery has enormous possibilities for tomorrow in the molding of plastics for everything from toys to furniture and thousands of gadgets for every kind of use. Gold-plated molds, high in first cost, may be applied everywhere for speeding up production and thus cutting the price of finished goods. One result: Production-line economies to bring down the cost of plastic dishes, cameras, clocks, fishing reels—and what-have-you. ★★★

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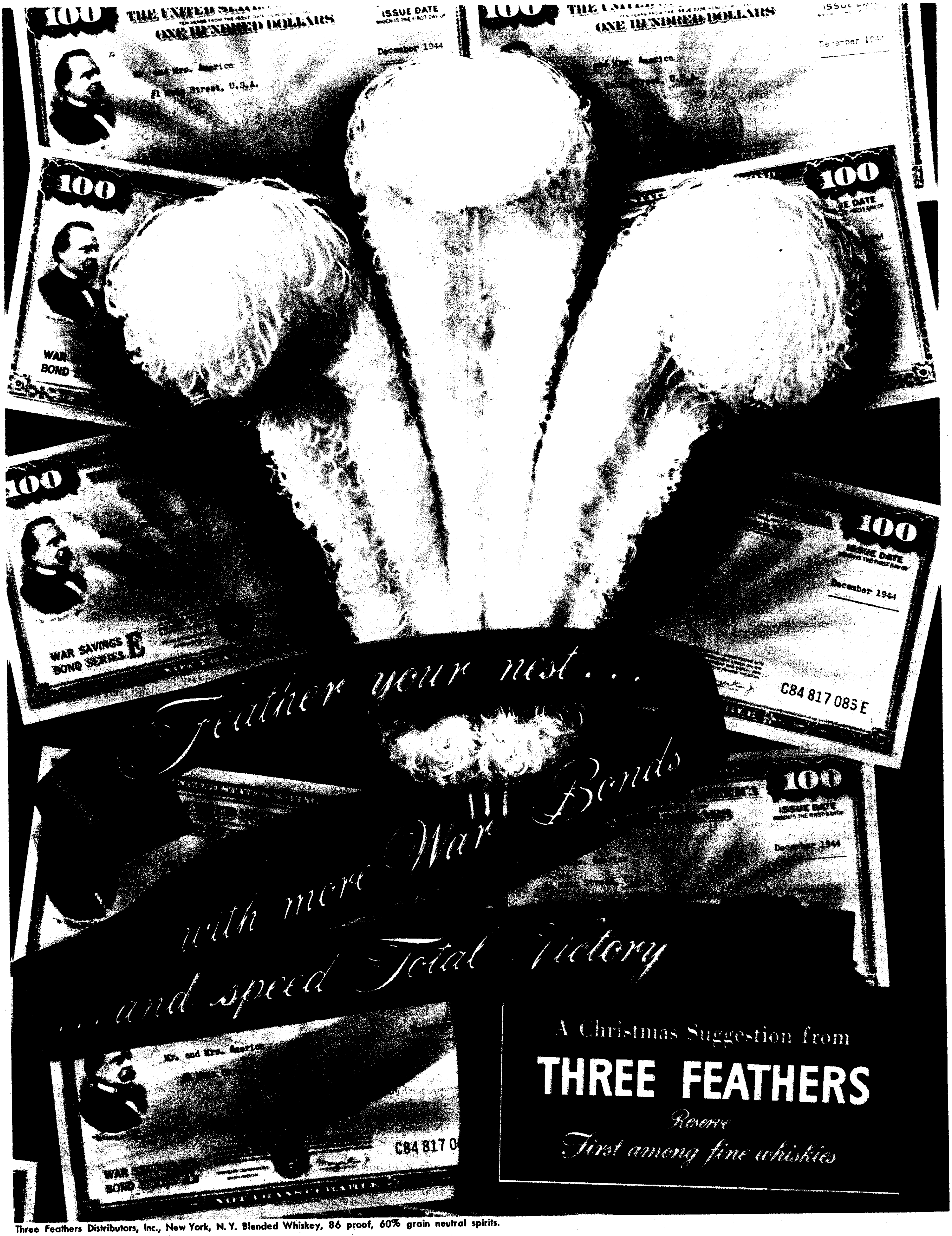
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The FLOOR *of* HEAVEN

Continued from page 37

ture of the other. There must be nothing shoddy about Gwen Argyll, if she was to win marriage and not just some kind of war-mad love affair from this American, if she was to help build the bridge which would help to unite more than just one man and one woman.

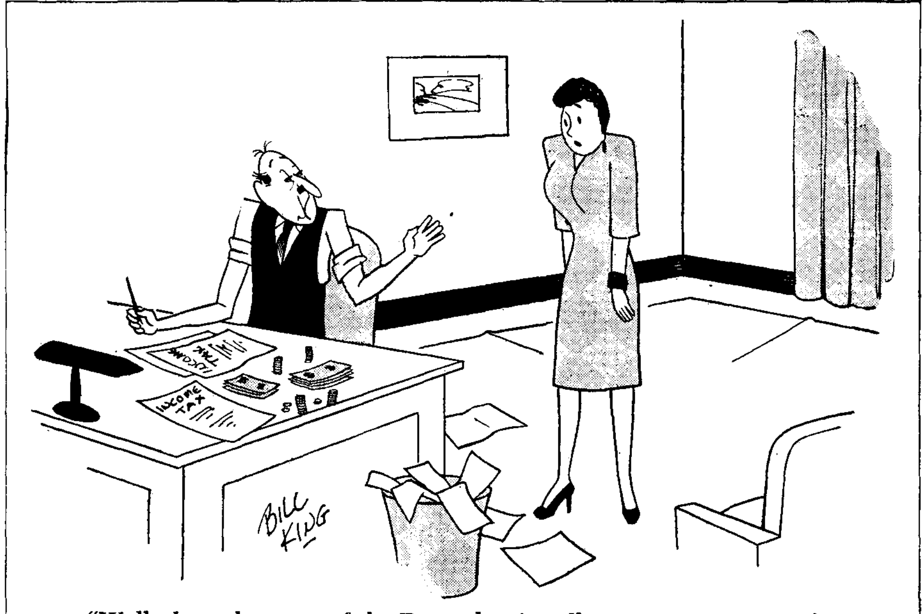
This gave him the right to judge her and so Gwen Argyll waited, muffling the drums, for his verdict.

But it never came.

The piano and the saxophone had switched to an old song, a song Lottie Parker had made famous in the old Kit Kat Club upon her first sensational visit to London when she was very young. Almost twenty years ago that had been, and when she shouted, "Put your arms around me, honey, hold me tight," the patrons of the exclusive Kit Kat had stood upon tables and even a prince of the blood had been wont to join in the chorus.

Flinging back her head, Lottie began to sing it once again and her inexhaustible vitality flooded the room and shook the walls and everybody began unconsciously to smile.

When it was over, Gwen Argyll put down the drumsticks very carefully and went over to Shep Barnes. "I want to go home now, please," she said. "Will you find my coat?"



"Well, that takes care of the December installment. I suppose now's as good a time as any to disillusion the kids about Santa Claus"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

At her elbow Lottie Parker said, "But you can't go now. It's so early. And I want you to see this here Tarnowski. I mean that's something."

"Uncle Obi warned me," Gwen Argyll told her. "He said if I wasn't careful I would be caught sound asleep in your salon. I did want to meet him, but I cannot—I cannot—stay awake one more second. I feel the disgrace deeply but there it is."

"I don't know," Lottie said. "Somehow I just wanted you to meet him and you may never get another chance."

"The stars won't fall if she doesn't," the Air Marshal said grimly. "If she's got sense enough to go home, let her." He saw Shep Barnes making his way through the crowd, and said, "There's a fine lad. We owe him a great deal. A great debt."

Unexpectedly, Gwen Argyll gave him the warmest, most disarming smile. She said, so low that even Lottie could not hear, "You don't care what happens to me, do you? You only care what happens to men. To Tip. To Shep Barnes."

"No woman's important right now," Buck said.

"Lottie is important to you," Mrs. Argyll said, gently.

Buck felt it was the most insolent thing that had ever been said to him in his entire life. Anger chilled him, yet he was a fair man, and Buck knew he had asked for this. "She's on the stage," he said simply. "Shep's from Boston. He's more like us than most Americans. Same ideas about a lot of things. I shouldn't like him to get the wrong impression. His mother's people came from Devonshire. He's devoted to her and I've an idea—he's thirty-four and he hasn't married; they marry rather young over there as a rule."

"I don't think you need to worry," Mrs. Argyll said. "In spite of my playing the drums, his intentions are strictly honorable."

Shep Barnes came up with her coat, and she patted Lottie's cheek and then dropped her hand graciously upon Shep's arms. They went together across the hall and toward the stairs.

THEY were halfway down when the front door opened and a man came in. He did not seem to be aware of anyone else upon the broad and stately stairs as they curved above him. He mounted as though he were alone upon a high mountainside.

He wore the Air Force blue, the familiar and beloved blue of all England's airmen. Only upon him it was no longer familiar; it had something different about it. Small letters upon his left arm, near the shoulder, spelled POLAND and upon his left breast lay such medals as the king of England and others had been glad to bestow upon him.

Slight he was, yet the mere way he moved had a sort of electric power. There was, the woman above him saw with widening eyes, something so utterly animal in that grace with which he moved that the uniform became a skin for the glorious body that was like a tiger's body, rippling in perfect, controlled, smooth co-ordination, and though he walked up curving dark red velvet to the sound of distant music he moved alert to danger and ready to strike, to kill.

Above the stairwell hung one more of those chandeliers for which this London house had long been famous and the light of it fell now upon black hair with a steel-blue tinge, and as he lifted his face the light showed it very dark and clear, with an arrogant, arched nose, a little hawklike to Gwen Argyll's fascinated eyes. His eyebrows were black and peaked to match the close-set faun ears, but the eyes under them were sea-gray and thickly rimmed about the iris with black, and they were set very wide apart in the lean dark face.

Before he became aware of her, they were almost face to face, he and the lady who held her furs hard about her with one small hand pressed against her breast. They stood with their faces level, for she was a step or two above him, so that their eyes and their lips were almost level.

An unsure smile touched the lady's face for a moment, a tiny grimace, the mere habit of that courtesy which any lady would give a stranger met upon the stairs of a friend's house. Then it faded and she was very still.

She was so still that her heart shook her and she put one hand upon the wall for support.

For that space he looked at her blankly, as upon an obstruction in his path. His eyes passed over her as though she were not a human being at all, had no reactions, no rights against that strange, impersonal stare.

When his eyes saw her he began to smile, and the eyes changed color with the light that flooded into them, but that smile was not like any other she had ever seen, and under the little black mustache she saw the flash of white, even teeth.

The smile was an invitation, an impertinence, an insult.

No other man had ever smiled at her so intimately, not in the moments of greatest intimacy. Not only her body was stripped naked but her whole being and all those customs and habits and moves which civilization had built up for a thousand, thousand years were swept away.

They held each other so for a moment while he appraised her as a Roman might have appraised a Sabine woman, and then he made a little bow and with a murmured word swung to the right and went on past them.

Gwen Argyll turned and made a step to follow him.

But she must follow him, her hands must reach out and clutch him or he would escape her. Hold him back, she must hold him back and not let him go. Time had been desperately short for so long that she could not remember anything else, but it had never been so short as this. Something seemed to drag her after him by her hair, her hands, her feet and she could taste and smell dust.

She knew that if she followed him she would be burned by the flaming sword of the cherubim who barred the gate to the east of Eden, or she might go down like Proserpine into the dark hell where no light enters.

It did not matter.

An almost unbearable joy took possession of her, it twisted at her heart and clawed painfully through her body and she knew that this was what she had always wanted, this strange, willing, glorious surrender, this shining delight.

She took two steps, upward, her face lifted, and then she felt Shep Barnes' hand upon her arm. His big arm about her, gently, strongly, pulling her back from the very edge of some pit that had yawned.

"Or—do you want to go back for a while, darling?" he said slowly. "That was Dek Tarnowski."

Her eyes were quite blind. It took her a full second to focus them upon him, to see his kind, solicitous face above hers, his warm, gay, safe smile.

"No," she said. "No, no. I don't want to go back. Why should I?"

But on the way home she did not speak at all, and Shep Barnes thought only that she was very tired, as she often was, poor darling. In the blackness he could not see that she was weeping bitterly.

A WEEK after that night, Uncle Obi issued an order.

"If you collapse, what good will you be to me then?" he said. "You are too white; you need a few days in the country."

"I never collapse," Mrs. Argyll said furiously.

"Moreover," said Uncle Obi, "your temper is like that of a naughty cat; you spit and you scratch and at the moment I can do very well without you."

He stared at her across their usual luncheon table. It was upon the tip of his tongue to ask her if she had met Dek Tarnowski upon the night of Lottie Parker's party, but she had not mentioned him and so he knew somehow that she had not. He was glad that the fates had so decided, yet he could not rid himself of a feeling that the fates are never cheated of anything and when at last she smiled at him and said, "I'll go, darling, though what you will do I can't imagine," he smiled back gladly.

When she told Shep Barnes over the telephone that she was going home for the week end, he said, "Splendid. I'll drive you down. I've got to go in that general direction

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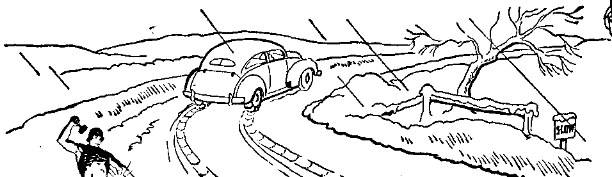


anyway. What time do you want to start?"

Very early they started, but it was Mrs. Argyll who drove. "Let me," she said. "It is so long since I have driven an elegant car like this."

"I wouldn't go so far as to call it elegant," Shep said deprecatingly, "but I'm glad if you like it and of course you can drive if you want to."

The car was an American car, not new by any means, but it had once been a very superior car, with long, low lines and a shining paint job. The engine, as became an engine belonging to Shep Barnes, purred so low that one could not hear it at all and it was doubtful if that could be said of any other car abroad in England that morning.

"Not so much as a squeak," Mrs. Argyll said, like a pleased child. "Not so much as the tiniest rattle. A miracle, I call it."

A great sense of well-being came over Shep Barnes at her words of praise and at the simple, sweet way she spoke. He got that inner conviction that something good was going to happen which often used to come to him, and he stretched out his long legs and relaxed, turning his head a little so that he could see Gwen Argyll's lovely profile. This was all right, this was the way things should be and would be again, if he had anything to say about it.

AS THEY left London behind, they seemed to leave the war as well and to come out into a world of peace. We can forget the war, Shep thought. People cannot think of the war all the time, they would go crazy. They cannot ignore or refuse to see what remains of the beauty of the seasons, of the hedgerows and the trees newly green, or any other of those things which have made life worth living, or they would cease to fight. As they drove there were reminders of the war, great camps and airfields and unhealed wounds upon the breast of England, but somehow they were hidden, they were enchanted by the spring sunshine, they had lost their real meaning.

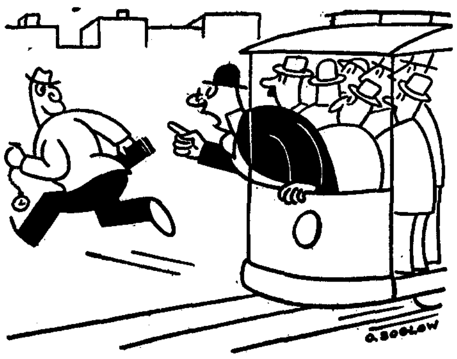
"This is heavenly," Gwen Argyll said. She seemed to breathe it upon a little sigh of satisfaction.

He lit a cigarette for her and one for himself, and after a moment she said, "Shep, tell me about America. Tell me about penthouses and electric—what is it you call them?—gadgets. Tell me about dinners in New York restaurants and cafés, where they have thick steaks and ice-cold melons and oysters and sweets with chocolate and whipped cream and hot toast with butter dripping so that it comes off on your fingers. What is your favorite restaurant?"

All this was a delightful game, it was a game you could play only with Shep Barnes.

"But I've only been back once in five years," Shep Barnes said, "and then I just went to the plant and home. Boston's very different from New York, though it isn't actually very far."

"How far?" Mrs. Argyll said.



O. SOGLOW

"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

"Overnight by train, a few hours by car," Shep said; "my mother lives just outside of Boston. Rather a pleasant sort of place."

"I hope it's not an old house," Mrs. Argyll said. "I know you admire them, I know how picturesque they are, but I am very tired of them. All the houses I know are old and you would be tired of them, too, if you knew as much about them as I do."

"Ours is rather old as they figure things in America," Shep Barnes said, and laughed at her, "but it would be new to you. Anyhow, I'm going to build a house of my own and that will be brand-new."

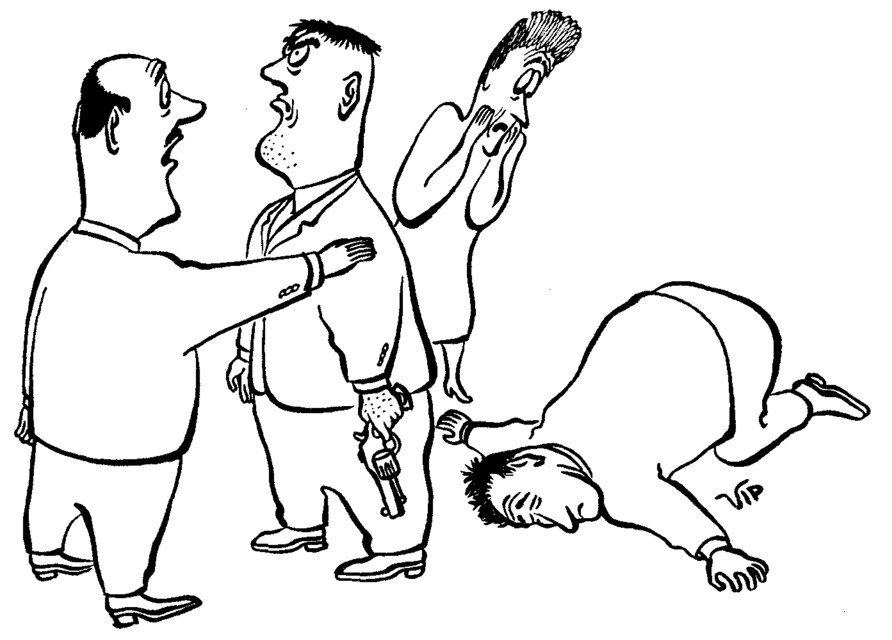
"With garbage-disposal units," said Gwen solemnly, "and electric refrigerators. It sounds too good to be true."

"Nothing is ever too good to be true," Shep said confidently.

He spoke confidently because he felt confident. In his mind he beheld the new house, smooth and shining and spotless as his own engines. As far as Shep was concerned, the future was more glorious than the past; that was his credo, that was in his blood. And his past had been pretty darn' fine, at that. Laurenceville and Princeton and M.I.T. Swift, successful years at the plant, just about everything he wanted. And then being sent to Europe as maintenance chief.

Of course he'd seen a good deal of the war and of what it had done to civilian England. He wouldn't, he realized, have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes. But Shep Barnes had the engineer's ability to concentrate, to live in the dimensions of mechanical creation. Relief came from his engines and he could forget the war a hell of a lot oftener than most men—at least, the horrible, bloody, human part. Besides, he was going home.

How long it would be before he could go, he didn't know. He was free to go any time he wanted. Only somehow he was never quite able to turn his back while the going was so tough. There was always one more engine that had come back crippled. Not that anybody would say anything if he left. They'd be polite, they'd say thanks-very-



COLLIER'S "But that attitude will just land you in trouble, Sam" VIRGIL PARTCH

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much-old-man, they'd concede largely and fairly that he had every right to go home.

Only in those early days his pride couldn't quite bear to have them remember him as the vanishing American.

Then he met Gwen Argyll.

Inevitably, inevitably now the day would come when he could go. If he could take Gwen with him. . . .

While they ate a sketchy lunch at an old inn, confidence grew in him, for Gwen was in a shy, quiet mood. Her face had that sensible look that encouraged him to more than hope, and when they got back in the car he sat sideways so he could stare at her. The blue scarf which she had bound about her head had slipped back and the wind whipped her hair so that rebellious little curls were having a field day upon her smooth forehead. A sense of exultation in all that he had to offer took complete possession of him.

"Gwen—Gwen—" he said loudly, and would have offered it then, all that he was and all that he owned, but that the road curved and ahead of them were the gates of Wantage Hall. Gwen took one hand off the wheel and put it over his and then, he thought, she forgot he was there, she seemed to withdraw from him altogether as the car swept through the gates. She did not stop at the lodge but touched the throttle hard, and the car plunged and bucked and went up the rutted drive through the woods.

Here, perhaps, it would always be that way. The past would claim her and leave him outside, feeling lonely and deserted, but it would be different when he took her home to America.

The beauty of it had its enchantment for him, too. Everything here had changed and nothing had changed, nothing must ever change. Indestructible, that's what it was. Along the untended drive, bluebells were little fallen pieces of the blue sky above, and the silver trunks of the beeches shone through the darker green of old trees that met above them in a sun-spangled vault. Bedraggled rhododendrons made patches of pale pink in the shadows and here and there the ground was carpeted with little yellow flowers whose name Shep did not know, like bright rugs flung upon the dark floor of moss and leaves and ferns.

"I used to put my letters to the fairies in those trees," Gwen said, "and get very flattering answers, I may tell you."

For a moment when they swung out of the woods and came upon the open space, the house was whole and welcoming; there was a moment's illusion of rose bricks and mullioned windows and a wide terrace which spread above the slope that went down to a lawn and to stately gardens. Magic and memory held it so for a moment and Gwen's face gave back a sweet, proud smile. The smile faded with the illusion and left no expression at all. Her eyes stared at the house but they did not seem to see it now at all; a shutter had fallen to shut out the revealed reality of shattered windows and crumbled walls and gaping roof.

There must be something I can say, Shep Barnes thought. Oh my little darling, I will build you the most beautiful house in all the world, I will buy you rose bricks and mullioned windows and a terrace twice as big as that one. Though it may not have the ghosts of knights and ladies to walk upon it, it will be twice as big and it will be new—all new. And safe forever. It will be so new and shining that you will forget all this.

None of these things did he say because Mrs. Argyll permitted the motor to idle but for a breath and then she sent it racing away, leaving the house behind them, circling until they came back once more to the lodge, where now her mother lived.

"They were not very good shots, were they?" Mrs. Argyll said, "to aim at the airfield and hit an old, old house with nobody left in it but a few old people and some old furniture and a picture or two. I am sure our men aim better than that."

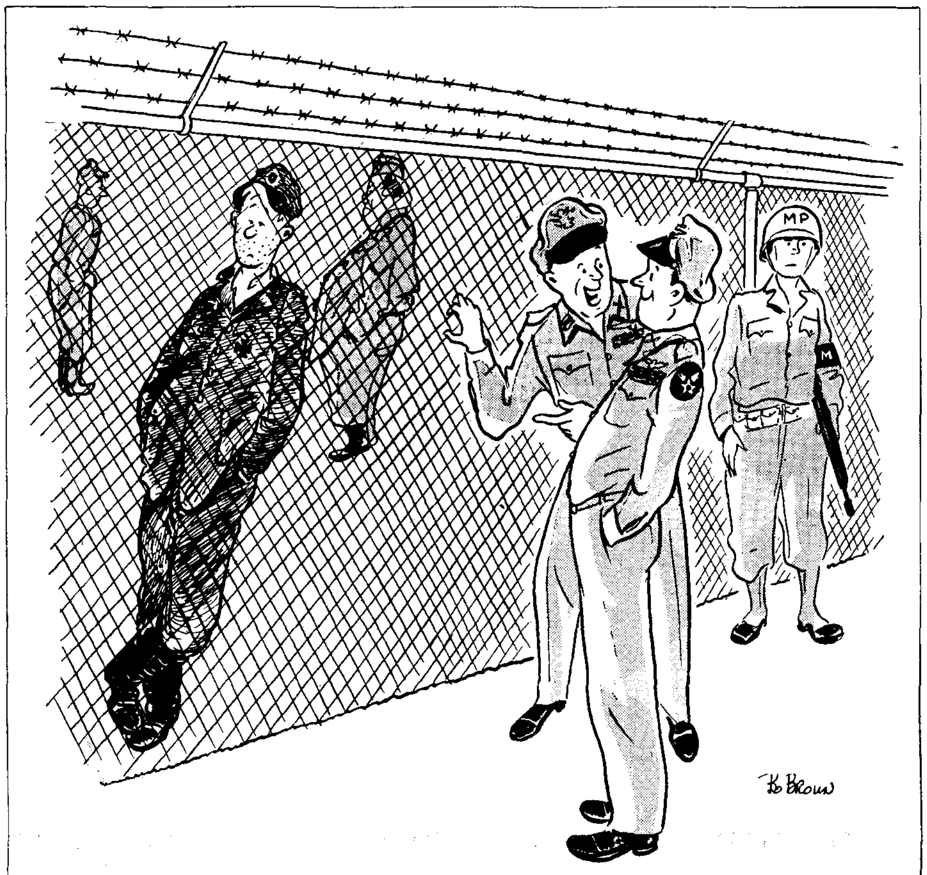
THE lodge, it turned out, was empty. "Mamma is at the hospital," Gwen said, "or at some meeting—she always is—and I wasn't able to get through on the telephone to tell her I was coming. So we will be a very pleasant surprise for her."

Here in the old room, Mrs. Argyll was younger, softer, than he had ever seen her in London. The somber pain that had visited her before the bombed ruins of Wantage Hall had fled, and now he knew that for all her poise, all her odd stateliness, she was little more than a girl. Because the years had held so much, it was easy to forget that she was still in her twenties.

"I will make you some tea," she said, folding the blue scarf, dropping the old leather jacket, "if there is any tea. A friend of Mamma's sends her some now and then from America. Or would you rather have a highball, if there is any Scotch? I don't want to sound grand, but Mamma is great friends with the man who owns the pub in our village and sometimes there actually is Scotch."

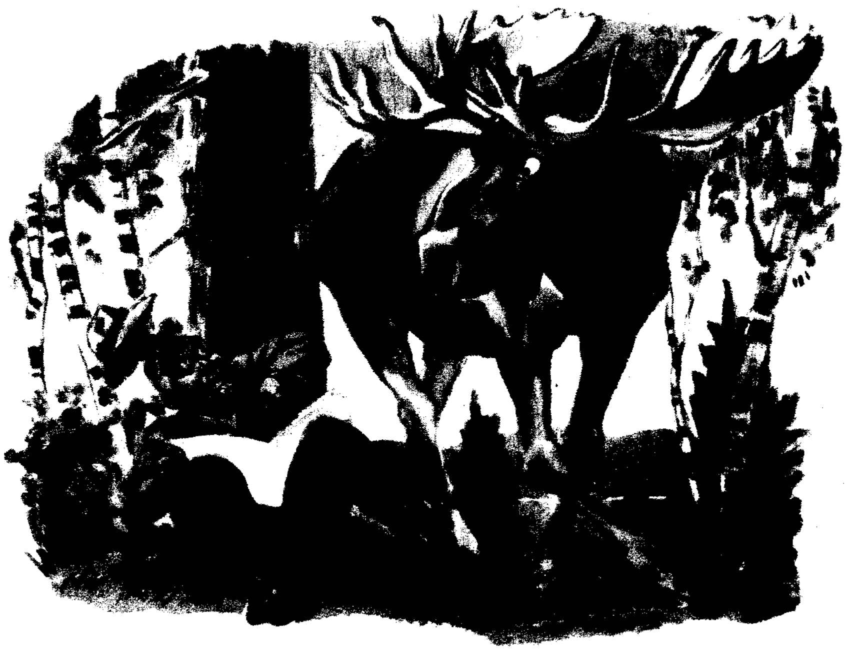
"I should like tea," Shep said. "Can I help? I'm handy around a kitchen."

"No," Gwen said, "I do not like men in

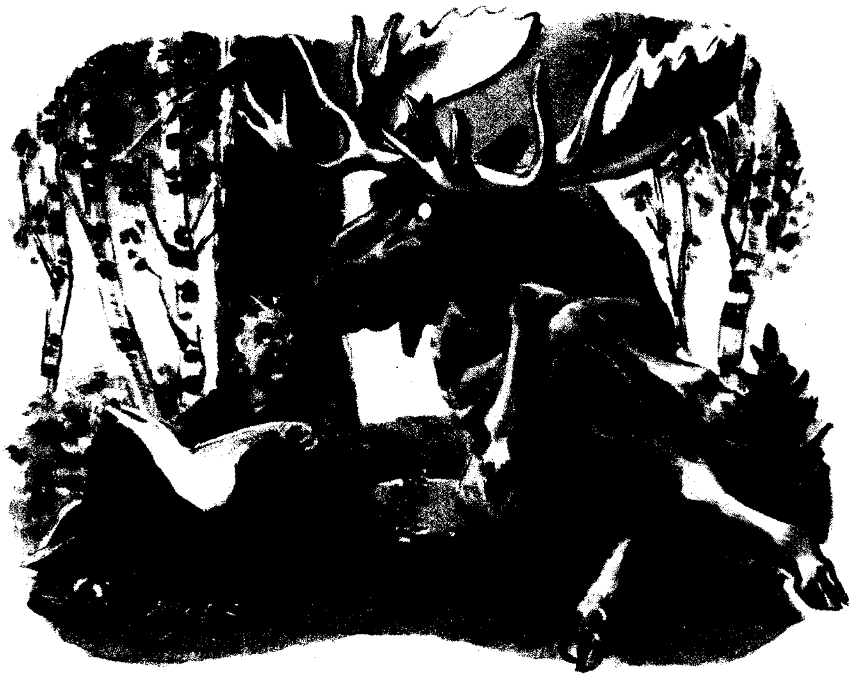


COLLIER'S "He's homesick for Berlin. Shall we tell him?" BO BROWN

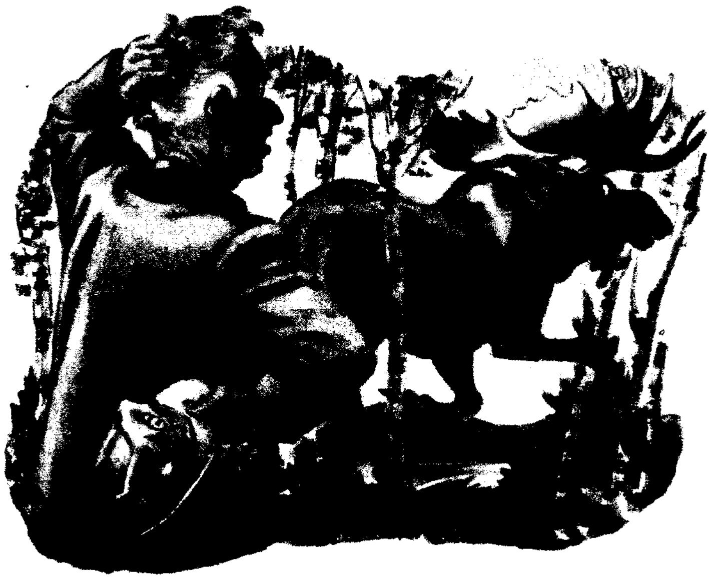
Bob Foreman and the Talking Moose



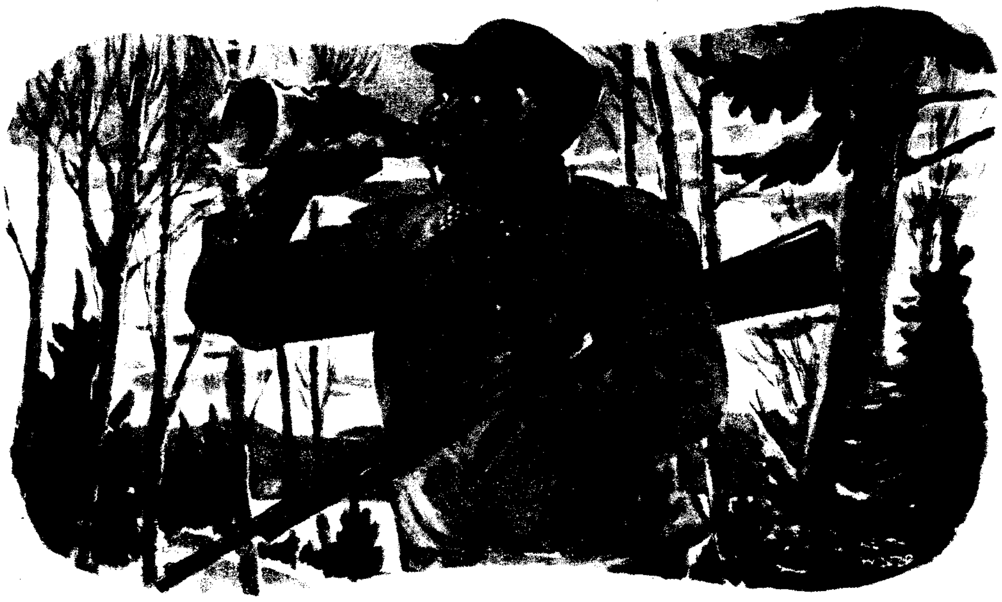
1. ONE SUMMER DAY up in the north country Bob Foreman was sitting under a tree reading, when suddenly a deep voice cleared its throat behind him. "Howdy," the voice said. It was a moose.



2. "MY NAME'S ED," said the moose sociably. "What's yours?" "Why, it's Bob," said Bob. "Whatcha reading?" Ed asked. "Well —" Bob began uneasily, "it's a bit embarrassing to say—" But Ed had craned his neck to look at the open Remington catalog.

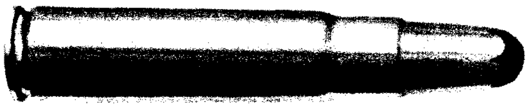


3. "GOSH!" ED MURMURED. "Remington cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets for big game. (Golly, that's me!) And it goes on to say . . . Hmmm. . . . Well, nice to meet you, Bob—out of season—and no hard feelings. But this stuff gives me the creeps, so I'll be going." And Ed loped off. "A rather unusual animal," Bob mused. "Why, that head must have at least a 56-inch spread!"



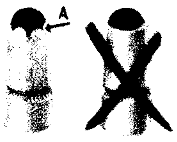
4. THE FIRST HUNTING SEASON when guns and ammunition are plentiful again, Bob Foreman will be happily up north in big game country—this time with his favorite Remington Model 141 Gamemaster rifle and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. And if Ed, the moose, sees him *then*—you can bet that he, remembering his one glance at that Remington catalog, won't be quite so sociable. In fact, he'll wisely va*moose!*

COMPARE REMINGTON SOFT-POINT "CORE-LOKT" WITH OLD-STYLE BULLETS:



1. Here's a typical Remington big game cartridge. A modern, accurate cartridge that scores vital hits with smashing power, yet costs no more. It has a solid brass case, oil-proofing, progressive burning powder, and exclusive Kleanbore non-corrosive priming.

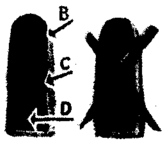
2. Here's the Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet that assures instant, controlled expansion. Specially notched non-fouling metal jacket (A) provides directional spreading lines for uniform expansion.



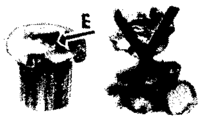
3. The thin metal jacket here (B) starts mushrooming *at once* on impact.

4. Heavy jacket here (C) keeps bullet from breaking up as old-style bullets often do.

5. Bullet core (D) is locked inside heavy jacket.



6. Finally, here's how the Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet mushrooms evenly to almost twice its original caliber (E)—staying in one piece!



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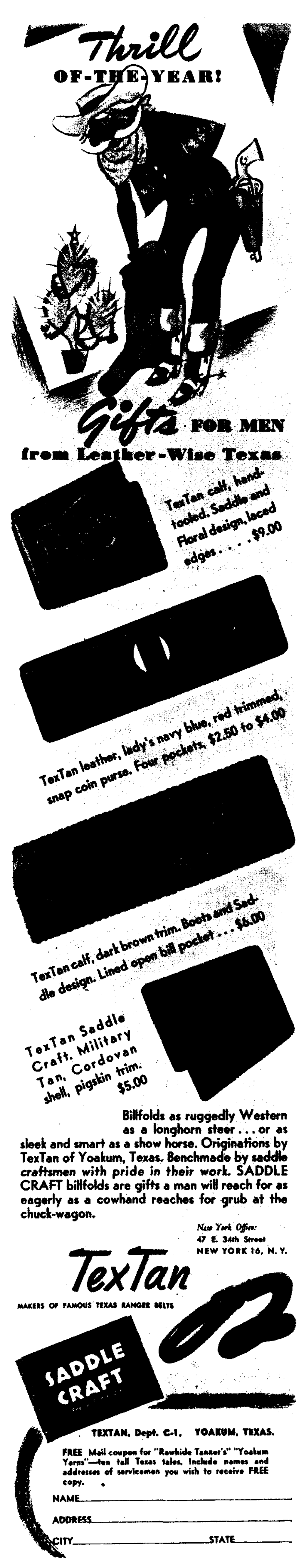
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kitchens. I cannot tell you why, but I don't. Sit in that chair by the window, where you can see the sun through the trees, and I won't be long."

She came back with a great silver tray and a huge silver teapot and a very small saucer of jam and slices of bread without butter.

"You must be content with jam on your bread," she said. "If there is any butter Mamma has hidden it."

"Did you always live here when you were a little girl?" Shep said, taking the teacup in his big, graceful hands.

"Except when we were in Scotland," Gwen Argyll said. "You know my mother is Scotch? I warn you, for it is literally impossible to imagine how Scotch my mother is until you meet her. Not that she talks like Harry Lauder or that wonderful man in your American stories—Glencannon—but she is Scotch in her heart and her head. Tell me, instantly, do you love Glencannon?"

They talked, then, about books, and she adored Mark Twain but thought O. Henry overrated. "He is a trickster," she said, "but Mark Twain was a god—he created people." She giggled a little over Siegfried Sassoon's Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man, because, she said, it reminded her of a horse she used to own when she was small. He asked her if she liked poetry and at that she gave him a bleak little look and said, "Not now. You see, my dear, I am old-fashioned. I am a reactionary in that I like my poetry to rhyme and my music to have melody and sometimes one cannot bear it. Someday I shall be able to love it again but now I can only love Mozart, and that is because he always makes me believe in God."

QUIETLY she sat in the old chair, her lovely legs stretched out before her, the slim ankles crossed, and her face had a heartbreaking sweetness. Shep was engulfed by some enchantment that had to do with boyhood dreams, with Elaine the Lily Maid, and his first sweetheart. There was a Puritan streak in Shep Barnes, though of course he had, as they say, been around, and it had kept him faithful to an ideal, it had kept him waiting a very long time for a woman he could love passionately and legally at the same time.

Much in love as he was, his head continued to work, to rule. The sight of Gwen Argyll in this old room, sitting so quietly behind the tea tray, gave him a sense of safety to go with the enchantment. And he felt that the moment had come and he got to his feet and stood looking down at her, a long way down for he was very tall, and then there was a loud knock at the door, and Mrs. Argyll raised surprised eyes from her teacup.

In the doorway stood two young men, wearing the uniform of the United States Army Air Force. One of them was very tall and thin and had a wide, humorous mouth, and the other was little and square and his face was as impassive as a philosopher's except for dancing dark eyes, which opened very wide at the sight of Mrs. Argyll.

The tall boy said, "We came to call on Mrs. Hamilton."

"I am sorry," Mrs. Argyll said, "but Mrs. Hamilton is not at home. I am her daughter, Mrs. Argyll."

The two young men stared at her and then they stared at each other. The tall boy said, in a voice that Shep Barnes knew at once had learned its speech somewhere south of what had been the Mason-Dixon line, "She's been holding out on us, Mrs. Hamilton has. She did mention she had a daughter and that's as far as she went. I wouldn't have thought she'd play us a dirty trick like that, would you, Bake?"

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," the other boy said, "I would not have believed it."

"Will you come in?" Mrs. Argyll said.

"Lady, try and keep us out," the tall boy said, a grin spreading all over his funny, muddled face. Once in, he said, "I'm Captain Van Every, ma'am, and this is a guy I know slightly, name of Baker, first name Humphrey. This is kind of you, asking us in. We're pretty good friends of your mamma's. We brought her a present."

His eyes upon Mrs. Argyll still had that pleased surprise as he produced from somewhere about his uniform four oranges and a bottle of catsup. He set them down on the table and regarded them fondly. "I bet she's going to like those," he said. "She's got a drag down at the pub and sometimes she gets the guy to let us stay with her after closing. We were hoping to get a box from home so we could bring her something."

Introduced to Shep Barnes they shook hands rather solemnly. "I know about you, sir," Lieutenant Baker said. "You're the maintenance wizard. I was R.C.A.F. before I transferred."

They both stared at him with a sort of paternal admiration, and something warmed inside Shep Barnes. No use kidding himself, he always had a stark second of awkwardness when he met young men in uniform, when his every instinct protested that they must despise him because he was not. Reason reasserted itself, of course, and he rehearsed all the true and poignant arguments which gave him back his self-respect, including the fact which everybody in England knew that it took more stamina to work for the minister than to fight.

"Will you have tea?" Mrs Argyll said and they shifted their admiration to her with no pain.

The L"ine"-Up

In the left column you will find a number of English words that all end in "ine." Each of these words refers to one of the animals, birds or insects listed in the right column. Your task is to match both columns. A score of 18-20 is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average. Answers on page 86.

1. **Bovine**
2. **Aquiline**
3. **Serpentine**
4. **Ovine**
5. **Lupine**
6. **Feline**
7. **Formicine**
8. **Ursine**
9. **Hircine**
10. **Anopheline**
11. **Canine**
12. **Equine**
13. **Avine**
14. **Lacertine**
15. **Porcine**
16. **Ciconine**
17. **Leporine**
18. **Falconine**
19. **Asinine**
20. **Vulpine**

Bear
Bird
Stork
Goat
Dog
Hare
Wolf
Eagle
Snake
Ant
Donkey
Sheep
Cow
Mosquito
Fox
Swine
Cat
Hawk
Lizard
Horse

—Gerard Mosler

"Your mamma does better than that for us," the tall boy said. "She usually gives us a drink. She's promised to come to Fort Worth after the war and meet my mother. That's *something* I just got to see."

They had, plainly, no time to lose. They must have been operating for quite a while on the obvious premise that there was never any time to lose, they made it instantly obvious that Mrs. Argyll could have either or both of them whenever and for whatever she wanted, yet they were so respectfully shy about it, and so entirely without guile, that Shep Barnes saw Gwen shaken with helpless laughter.

So that it amazed him to find a touch of sweat on his forehead. They were so young, so merry, and Mrs. Argyll's blue eyes upon them were almost maternal, and yet this cold sensation crept over him and a little cold sweat touched his forehead. Jealousy was an emotion to which he was stranger; there had never in his entire life been anything for him to be jealous of, but whenever another man was near Gwen Argyll, he felt fear. Another *man close to her—it gave him a sense of some* flaw in a love he wanted to be flawless, he who loved flawless things.

The tall boy was saying, "You going to be around these parts for a while?"

Only a couple of days," Gwen Argyll said. "I have a job in London."

"Oh, sure," the lieutenant said, "everybody's got a job. Maybe we can get over again before you go."

"I hope you will indeed," Mrs. Argyll said prettily.

"We got a Polish squadron over to our station right now," the tall boy said, "so in the meantime you be careful, you stay away from those Poles, you hear me?"

"It sure makes it tough about women, having a Polish squadron at your station," Baker said resignedly. "I never did see anything quite like the way women go for Poles. I can't see myself what they've got we haven't got, but whatever it is, they've got it."

"Even if they discontinue Poland after the war," the captain said with his muddled grin, "the race sure won't die out altogether. We even got Dek Tarnowski over at our place. You've heard of him, haven't you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Argyll said, "yes, I've heard of him."

"You get on Tarnowski and we'll never get back," the lieutenant said. "We better shove off now."

"I guess we had at that," the captain said. "It's seven miles and Baker's got such short legs it takes us twice as long."

"I'll drive you over," Shep Barnes said quickly.

They regarded him with amazement. "That's swell of you, sir," Baker said, "but we wouldn't do that to you. I expect you'd like to be alone and we cut in on your time enough as it is. We're used to walking, we got bikes but some fellows borrowed them on account of going into the next county—where maybe there aren't any Poles."

"Don't get us wrong," the tall boy said; "we think Poles are great, especially when you know Tarnowski. We're just sore on account of they beat our time and they don't even seem to be trying. Well—give our love to your mamma."

Their fresh young voices echoed and then the room was very quiet and the shadows were friendly. Outside the chirp of birds seeking their nests was intimate and tender.

GWEN ARGYLL walked over to the window and her loveliness was part of that friendliness, that tender intimacy. When he stood beside her, Shep put his arm around her and at first she did not move at all, she did not seem to be conscious of his arm or of his big strong body close to hers. Then her head tilted back and rested against his shoulder; he could see the top of it shining faintly and the delicate scent of her hair filled him with bliss.

"I love you," he said.

No new words, he did not even want new words. These had all the meaning he needed.

He waited, but she did not say anything. Her head lay against his shoulder as still and sweet and silent as a flower.

"You must know," he said, "that I want you to marry me. I want to take you home with me when peace comes."

At that she stirred and drew a quick breath. There was no way to tell what she was thinking but he could feel that she was deeply moved. Perhaps, just then, it was as though *peace had come and it would be possible to* think of happiness and build for tomorrow.

A nightingale called softly, heralding the stars and the slim spring moon.

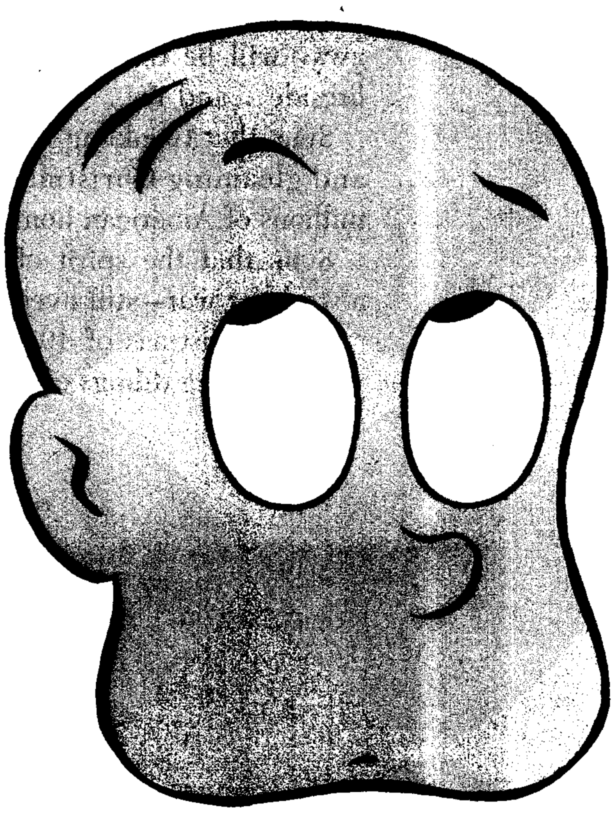
Her lips were gentle and her eyes were veiled when she turned her face up to him. In his pride he thought that a girl should always keep her eyes at such a moment.

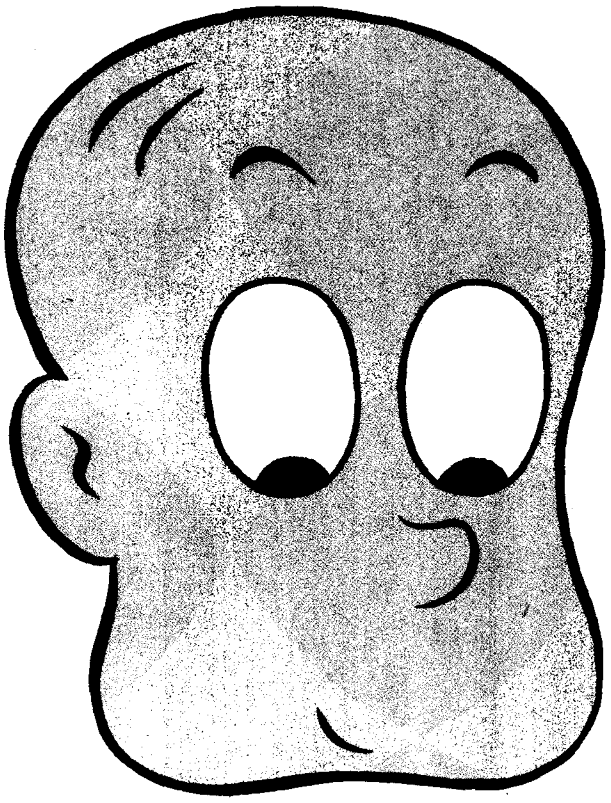
"I will marry you," she said.

Perhaps he had not expected her to say that she loved him. The old room, the soft coif of her hair, the sweet eyelids, gave her the look just then of a maiden from another of the centuries that had passed this way. So that he took her carefully in his arms and kissed her gently, and was many miles upon his road to Liverpool before it came to him that there was something missing. A fleeting thought, grooved by his mother's reminders through the years that many a girl would be glad to marry him for those worldly advantages which he undoubtedly possessed, made him wonder about a number of things.

He put them from him, resolutely. Grand, if she had said she loved him, nice to think about driving through the blacked-out night,

The high cost of living





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LOOK at the cost of living — *up* 25.4% since 1939.* Or would you rather not?

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Of course, the reduction is a nation-wide average, and partly due to increased usage, which earns lower rates. But it continues a long-time trend.

In fact, the average American family gets about *twice* as much electricity for its money today as it did 15 years ago!

(So why isn't your bill cut in half? Because you have more electric servants now. Kilowatt-hours are much cheaper — but you're *using* a lot more of 'em!)

Will you pardon us a moment while we point with pride to our wartime record? *Production up — price down — no rationing — no shortages.*

Thanks to far-sighted *business* management, every war plant making weapons has had plenty of electric power. *And so will every peacetime factory making jobs!*

- *Hear* NELSON EDDY *every Wednesday evening in the brilliant new musical show,* "The Electric Hour," *with Robert Armbruster's Orchestra, 10:30 PM, EWT, CBS network.*

Both figures from U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★Names on request from this magazine.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP AND ISN'T RATIONED!

YOU'RE SURE

"CHRIS

Sure that, on that hallowed day, loved ones far away will be thinking of their family... their fireside... and You.

Sure that twinkling lights and holly wreaths and gleaming Christmas trees will brighten millions of American homes.

Sure that the spirit of "good will"—despite a world at war—still lives in the hearts of men.

This Christmas of 1944 is the first in many years to bring tidings of "Peace On Earth"—not

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BLENDED WHISKEY
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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN: America's greatest whiskey value. Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

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TMAS"

ɾet complete—but not far off. To celebrate it noderately, thoughtfully and gratefully... to ɡive gifts modestly, carefully and wisely—is in ɩeeping with the spirit of the times.

If fine whiskey is on your list of "Things to ɔe Bought", may we offer you this sound sugɡestion: "Only the finest is fine enough for Ɔhristmas". When you say Seagram's—you're ꞩure of the Finest—*Sure that the whiskey you* ɔ*uy is true Pre-War Quality.*

Building, New York City

ONLY THE FINEST IS FINE ENOUGH FOR CHRISTMAS

and be Sure.... of Pre-War Quality

Can YOUR cigarette match CHELSEA?
Chelsea is the new cigarette that's got everything. Just compare [illegible] hear so much talk about Chelsea these days
CHELSEA Better Cigarettes
CHELSEA CIGARETTES

Only the Finest Tobaccos of
100% PRE-WAR QUALITY

FOR MELLOWNESS, *tobaccos from Virginia...*
FOR BRILLIANCE, *from North and South Carolina...*
FOR NUT-LIKE SWEETNESS, *from Georgia and Florida...*
FOR RICHNESS AND FLAVOR, *from Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and West Virginia...*
FOR FREE BURNING, *from Maryland...*
FOR AROMA, *from the Mediterranean Countries...*

MELLOWED WITH DEXTROSE—a *patented* Chelsea process that makes the smoke even richer, smoother and *less* irritating to nose and throat.

67 YEARS OF TOBACCO "KNOW-HOW"—

Made by the makers of famous Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, a company that has specialized in only the finest quality tobaccos since 1877. Chelsea is your password... to the BEST in cigarettes!

CHELSEA
invites you to
listen to
GUY
LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians in
"MUSICAL AUTOGRAPHS"
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
BLUE NETWORK, 10 P.M. EWT

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

for in that part of England it had begun to rain a little. Not that it really mattered. Being in love, he was reasonably humble. On the other hand, there was everything in his favor, everything. He was just the right age for her, not exactly bad-looking, tall—women preferred tall men—and certainly successful.

People would call it a good match, even for Gwen Argyll. And, in a way, Gwen Argyll was rather like some of the girls in the South after the Civil War.

Sure, everything was in his favor, everything. If she didn't love him already as much as he loved her, she would.

When it began, the nameless magnetism of the unseen night outside the curtained windows, it may be that Gwen Argyll herself did not know.

The American motor car had disappeared from before her door and that might seem unusual and restive, since it was driven away by the man who had only just become her future husband. But this was wartime England and the most eager lover might not tarry when ships had arrived in a great port having safely eluded the enemy and brought new engines which were so badly, so immediately, needed.

Her mother must have stopped for dinner in the village, with the rector and his wife perhaps, or old Lady Frestle, or even at the pub with some of her new young friends. And when the tea things were put away, the Lodge grew lonely and still. Only once the stillness was broken by the sound of many engines in the sky, hundreds of engines. But they were friendly, one could tell; they were outward bound.

But the loneliness was merging into restlessness, which was very unusual for Gwen Argyll. Seldom enough now she was alone, and it had occurred to her as the dinner hour passed without sound of her mother's bicycle clattering against the wall, that an evening alone, a long, quiet evening, would be charming.

I will sit and meditate, Mrs. Argyll thought, for there must be a great many things that I have not thought about, a great many things I have not resolved and this surely will be a good time to do it.

I will even try to pray. Though to exactly what god I will pray, I cannot tell. I must find a god who can have allowed all this to happen and yet whom I can still, without hypocrisy, address as My Father. That is a difficult thing to do, and yet it must be possible.

SHE clasped her hands, hoping that this might be a good starting point, but it merely brought under her eyes and the beam of the candle beside her on the table her bare fourth finger upon the left hand.

Once there had been a wedding ring upon that fourth finger of her left hand, but Mrs. Argyll had taken it off. Her mother had not approved that gesture. Mrs. Hamilton belonged to a generation which kept the wedding rings bestowed upon them by fate, but Mrs. Argyll felt that the ring had been important only to Tip Argyll and since it could not matter to him one way or the other any more, she had given it to an English pilot, back through the French underground with no ring with which to wed the girl who had always believed he would come back someday. And I hope, she had thought at the time, it will bring you better luck than it did me.

Soon, however, there would be other rings upon that bare finger. A diamond? No, Mrs. Argyll decided that she did not want a diamond, no matter how huge and white and valuable it might be. For all that, she thought, the sentiment surrounding diamonds had been cheapened, smirched—and so, she thought, I will have a sapphire, very blue, and later a plain platinum band. They will look very nice together upon the fourth finger of my left hand.

All the time she thought consciously of these things, her soul moved further away from them; all the time something restless and insistent kept suggesting that it was silly, it was ridiculous to crouch thus in a chair within four dim and musty walls, lit by only a few flickering candle beams, when outside the world must be wide and beautiful. To remember, to meditate, to think, to pray. All very well, but there would be time enough for that later, whereas tonight there was something for which there might never, never be time again, though what it was Gwen Argyll did not know.

Nevertheless, she got up from the chair and slipped on the leather jacket.

The door swung behind her, heavily, with a thud, and her heart gave an odd little jump, as though she had shut something other than a door behind her. As though she might not be able to get back to the safe old room—for surely even the jerries would not miss so badly again.

The lane that led down toward the village was narrow as became all lanes in that part of England. And up to the height of the hedges and above them to the top of the tall trees, it was as dark as night. But if you lifted your eyes a little higher still, there was the sky filled with stars and with a bright spring moon.

SILENT, deserted, mysterious was this particular lane upon this spring evening. But then, few people went walking in lanes in these days. Few law-abiding, sensible people at least. So that when she heard footsteps coming toward her, Gwen Argyll said, it will serve you right, whatever happens, whoever is atop those quiet footsteps it will be your own fault.

Just there was a break in the hedges and in the rows of trees, the lane bent to cross a gracious moonlit meadow, and the darkness vanished and everything was gold and silver and one could see as plain as day only nothing looked the same as it would have looked in the daytime.

Toward her down the bright lane came a man, walking swiftly, walking as though the devil were after him. Even before her eyes recognized the not very tall, slight figure and the black hair shining in the moonlight, her body and her heart recognized it and leaped forward like a hound, like a falcon.

He stopped and stood looking at her. She did not know at all what he saw, she did not try to remember what she looked like. There was no time to hope between heartbeats that the moon was as kind to the gold of her hair as it was to the black of his, or to pray that she looked as lovely by moonlight as she had often been told she did by the glare of electricity.

This time his eyes were immediately aware, and she heard him laugh. It was the most masculine sound she had ever heard in all her life.

In one long stride, that reminded her again of a tiger, he was close to her and his right hand took her chin ruthlessly and turned her face up and up to the moonlight and his left hand was beneath her head. The feel of his hands was old and welcome, it was new but she had always longed for it, she had wandered through this life and a thousand others awaiting the touch of his hands.

"I did not expect we should meet again," he said. The accent was strange and enticing, it was now the very voice of mockery. "I passed you upon the stairs. This time, I shall not pass by."

Her eyes smiled into his. The weight of her head dropped entirely upon his hand, and then his body was flat and hard against hers, his arms held her like a tightening vise of steel upon one side and his flat body pressed against her upon the other, and the pain was welcome and glorious and melted into soft, whirling, dark ecstasy.

He made a sound deep in his throat, like an animal, and then at last he kissed her. Her mind fled from the sweet fire and yet she was aware of everything, so that she missed nothing, she knew all of this that had come to her at last, she knew it even while she was lost in fire and light and love.

When his lips tore away from hers she gave a little sob that it had ended, that kiss, and her lips pleaded for his again and her hands bit into his shoulders, to pull him closer. He picked her up easily, holding her against him as though to ease unbearable pain, holding her against him as though he could not stand for a moment to be without the fullest touch of her upon him, and carried her out of the moonlight into the darkness of the trees behind them.

(To be continued next week)

A Bathrobe for Mamma

Continued from page 18

do? I'll go down to Solowen's Dairy Restaurant and get a cup of coffee. So I go down and I'm sitting with my coffee and comes in a man and sits down at my table, with a face like from the old-time faces, you don't see them around on Seventh Avenue. A man six feet, two hundred pounds, a fine-looking man, maybe thirty-five years old and already with a head gray hair, like a lion. A picture of a man, for a rabbi, a poet, a Disraeli maybe. So who is he? He's Max Birnbaum, Sally Simpson Stylish Stouts. But this I don't know yet.

He's sitting down with a cup of coffee and a piece Danish on the side and on the table he is laying down a little blue book. Well, I'm looking over his shoulder and it says, The Sayings of Schopenhauer. Ah-ha, I'm saying to myself, Eureka, like that Greek in the bathtub. Here, I'm saying to myself, is a man who is maybe talking my language. So to make it short, we start a conversation—but not talking about styles or the union, or the depression—and pretty soon I'm quoting him a piece poetry from the Prisoner of Chillon, Byron's, and he is conversing with me from Spinoza and Pushkin and we are having, I'm telling you, a time. You could almost forget how the machines are knocking and hammering in the lofts and the operators are complaining to the union and the union is sending a delegate already.

SO WHERE does he live? Two blocks from me on Ditmas Avenue in Flatbush. Sunday I'm taking a walk over there with my wife, Libby, we should get acquainted with the family. Well, I don't want you should misunderstand me but I'm falling in love with his wife, Molly, in one second net. Such a face she's got, so sweet, such a voice, like a pigeon.

"Mamma," Max calls her and it's like he would say "Your Majesty," or something. We are sitting in the yard, drinking tea and talking, and every minute Max is jumping up and saying, "Mamma, you want a pillow? Maybe you'd like better a rocker?" You can imagine, when we are going home my Libby says to me, "What's the matter you can't bring me a rocker sometimes?" And I'm saying, "What's the matter you don't look at me like I was Sir Lancelot Goldberg?" You understand, I'm just making a joke. We understand each other very good, my Libby and me.

Well, to make a long story short, I am having lunch with Max every day, and three times a week I'm at his house and four times a week he's at my house and one day I got an idea. "Max," I said, "we are spending so much time together maybe we should make it unanimous? You got a good business, I got a good business, what can it hurt we should put them together?"

So now you'll say ah-ha, here is the end of a beautiful friendship. But that's where you are making the biggest mistake. Eleven years, nearly twelve we are partners and not a single hard word, not a single argument. All right, sometimes we're yelling a little when we got to change the line. But I mean, not even a murmur. Such an atmosphere we got, even the union delegates are taking off their hats in the showroom and putting their ashes in the ash trays instead of on the rug. And with all this we're making money too. Sometimes I'm thinking, what good did I do in the world, that I should have such a friendship, and make money besides? It's like Paradise. Seventh Avenue and 36th Street.

Well, comes into Paradise one day, just like in the Bible, the Serpent. Only in the Bible it's a he and this is a girl, with a refined accent, maybe twenty-six, she wants a job to be a model. Patricia Morris, and speaking without prejudice she's a good-looking girl, no question. Well, it happens we are looking for a model for our new line, Fanny Fortune Frocks for the Feminine Figure, but to be a model is a profession, like to be a wrestler or a singer. You got to have the chest for it, and you got to have a little talent too, and you got to have some experience. And this girl ain't got neither. So I'm taking her name, she shouldn't feel too bad, but in my mind I already got her crossed off the list. But Max is thinking otherwise.

"Did you see the coat she was wearing?" he says to me.

"Listen, Max," I said. "A coat is a coat and a model is a model. What are you mixing up? This girl don't know how to walk even."

"Sam, don't try to make out you're so hard-hearted. The girl can learn how to walk. Anyway, the way business is now, we could hang the dresses on a lamppost and still sell out the line."

"Is that an approach for a businessman?" I said. "What are we putting ads in the paper and talking to people for? If all we need is a lamppost, let's get a lamppost."

"Sam," he says.

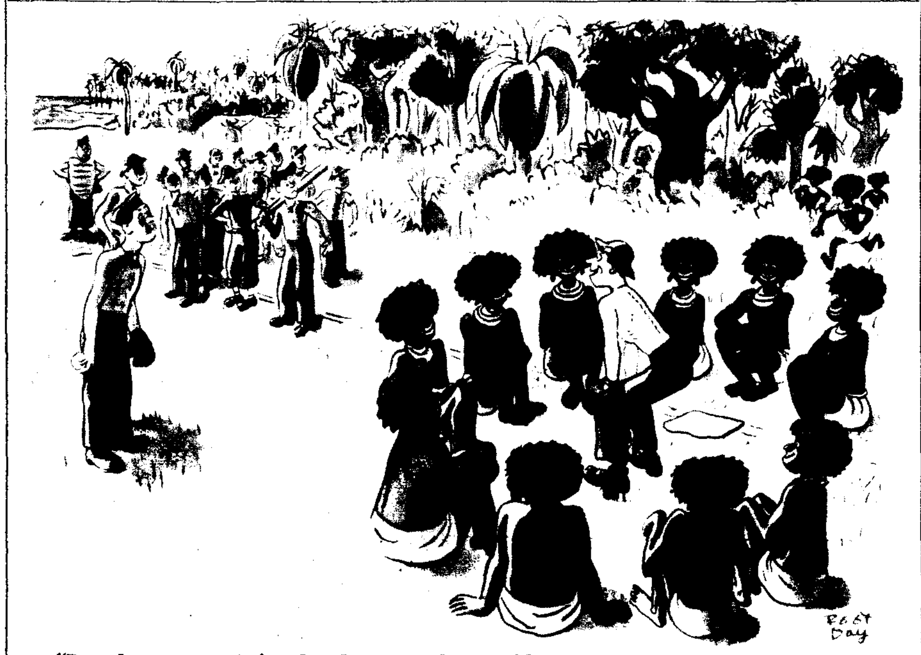
"All right. What am I going to do, fight with you? You want to give her the job, give her the job."

This was November, I think, about a year ago. Comes Saturday, I'm looking over the pay roll. I see something funny. I take it in to Max. He looks and then he says, from the top of his mouth, like he's talking about the weather, "Oh. I forgot to tell you. I told the bookkeeper to give her a five-dollar raise."

"That's a pretty fast raise, Max," I said.

He smiles like I caught him playing marbles. "Have a heart, Sam. She can't get along on thirty dollars."

"And what's with our other two models?



"Let them stay. A few hot liners and they'll learn how to watch a ball game"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

Does your wife know you're a Sagittarius?

SHE'S a lucky woman.

For if you were born under the sign of Sagittarius* then, according to the horoscope, you are benevolent, have executive powers, make snap decisions, are blessed with a quick mind and a strong taste for good clothes.

That being the case, it takes you practically no time at all to visit your favorite haberdasher and say, "An Arrow Shirt, please!" For well do you appreciate the qualities of Arrow—the form-fitting Mitoga cut, the perfect-setting Arrow Collar, the anchored buttons, the Sanforized label (shrinkage less then 1%). And since you are benevolent, you probably will tell your friends how swell Arrows really are! $2.24 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Don't blame your Arrow dealer if he's out of your favorite Arrow. Considering war restrictions, he's doing a swell job! Try him again. Arrows are worth waiting for!

*Sagittarius period—Nov. 23 to Dec. 22. (A dandy time to Buy War Bonds. Buy an EXTRA one today!)

Arrow Shirts

* IMAGINATION IN PRECISION

Chrysler built and Superfinished this big Navy searchlight reflector

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

HOW IMAGINATION HELPS CHRYSLER BUILD BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU!

Imagination looks in a mirror
and sees a polished piston,
so shining smooth it outwits wear
and adds extra life to engines.

Imagination at Chrysler found a way
to mirror-finish moving parts
with the world's smoothest surface,
used also on this searchlight reflector.

Imagination spurs Chrysler Corporation's constant search for precision methods that can build longer life and better performance into cars or trucks — or weapons of war.

Imagination made possible the long list of car improvements introduced by Chrysler Corporation: the combination of Floating Power and Fluid Drive that gives you such effortless, quiet performance, the long life that comes from Superfinished parts, and many others.

Here at Chrysler, imagination stimulates the search for new methods and improved products. And all the Corporation's divisions work together to share their experience and findings, strengthening *each* with the strength of *all.*

Chrysler imagination quickly applied our precision methods to building tanks, aircraft engines and other war equipment. After the war, the same kind of imagination will once again help make better cars and trucks for you.

***IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT**

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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

They get along. You can't do this, Max. If one's entitled, the other's entitled."

"I know, but it's different with them. This is a different type, she's not going out for dinner every night with somebody else. She's got a child, she's got to keep up a flat—"

"How is it you know so much already? In five days? The big one, the blonde, was here a year and you didn't even know her name."

"Well, I'll tell you, Sam," he says. "Don't laugh." And he gives me a look like a bashful boy. "She reminds me of Mamma in her young days," he says.

Well, I'm telling you, this is a good-looking girl, this Pat, in a skinny way, but she looks as much like Mamma as I do. But what can you do? When a man is getting goofy in the head, you can't talk to him.

So I should have known already what was going to be, but I figure a man's got a right to be a little soft once in a while, and it should only cost five dollars a week, it's cheap enough. A couple of weeks later, I see Max sitting in the office making circles with a pencil on a piece of billhead.

"What's the matter you're sitting making circles," I said. "You got time to do that when business is bad. Let's better go down and have a cup of coffee."

"Sam," he says, "I got a problem."

"Well," I says, "you're in the right place. From problems I'm an expert." I'm feeling pretty good, you understand. We just got in a big reorder from Barton Cason, Chicago.

"I want to get Pat a winter coat," he says. "How should I go about it? I don't want she should be embarrassed."

I'M LOOKING at him like crazy. "What kind of business is this, Max? What do you want to start a business with coats?"

"I can't stand it the way she comes in in the morning," he says. "Blue in the face. Did you ever look at the coat she's wearing? So thin. It's a spring coat."

"Max, please," I said. "Stop with the coats. If she needs a coat, let her go to Nierborn's and buy one."

So he gives me a look. "You're getting hard, Sam," he says and walks away, and I'm standing looking after him like he just threw a glass of ice water in my face. In twelve years, the first bad word.

So it's about a week after this, there's a call from Max's daughter, Naomi. She is by the doctor and Mamma's got to go to the hospital for a few days, for observation. It's already an old story with Mamma and hospitals but you know how it is, you always get scared from such things. The girl is practically crying and she wants to talk to her father. Well, Max ain't in the shop. I'm sending the shipping boy to look in Solowen's, he's not there; I call McLeans, Brown and Welden, everywhere, nothing doing. About four o'clock he comes in with a package and an expression on his face, you would think he's got in the package five of the biggest styles for next season.

"For heaven's sake, Max," I said. "How many times have I told you, when you go out leave a number where you can be reached."

"I was in the building," he says. "I met Charlie Aronson downstairs and I went up to see his line." He opens the box and takes out a coat. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Genuine fox collar. A hundred and thirty-nine fifty, wholesale."

Well, I can see the whole thing already and believe me I'm burning. I would like to take the coat and knock it out of his hands. "And I figured out what I'm going to do," he says, like he's telling me a great discovery he made. "It'll be a Christmas present. From the firm. An honest girl can take such a present."

"Listen," I said. "When you got a minute to stop being Santa Claus, maybe you'll go call your daughter. Mamma's got to go to the hospital."

He drops the coat on the floor and his face gets gray like a piece of cardboard. So I'm already sorry, and I take hold of his arms and I say, "Get yourself together, Max. It's not serious. It's just for a few days, for observation. Next time, remember you got a family."

After he is gone, I'm thinking it over for a while and I'm coming to a conclusion. I take the coat into my office and I send for this girl.

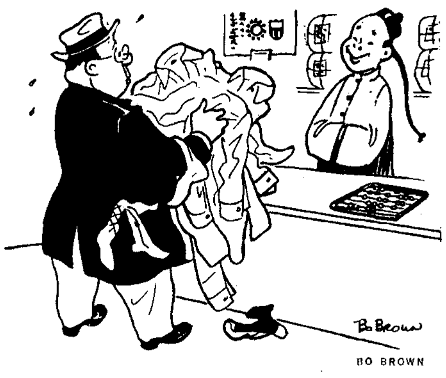
"Listen," I said to her. "Here is a coat my partner bought for you. He couldn't give it to you, personal, he's got a little sickness in the family, he had to go home."

I'm looking at her meantime to see if she shows maybe a little shame in her face. But nothing. She looks at the coat and then she looks at me and she says, "But I don't understand. I'm sure it's very kind of Max—I mean Mr. Birnbaum, but . . ."

I'm interrupting her, "What's there to understand? He bought you a coat. I'm sure it's not the first time it happened to you." I can see she's going to make an answer but I'm not waiting. "I'll tell you," I said. "I want you should do me a favor. Take the coat, I'll give you a check for a month's salary, and you'll get yourself another job. Here I think it's a little crowded, with three models. You know what I mean?"

She can't even look me straight in the face. She puts the coat down on the desk, like it was made out of, I don't know what, gold lace or something, and she says, "I understand. If you'll just give me my check until Saturday that will be satisfactory. I'll leave now."

So that night I'm not sleeping so good. After all, I'm not a butcher at heart but I'm remembering in life you got to keep your eye on the ball. And besides, when you are dealing with a woman you got to remember there's not a one who is not an actress. Did Samson think Delilah was a lady barber? In his eyes she was sweet like an angel, with a heart of gold. I'm not born yesterday, neither. People they break up homes, they always got good reasons.



BO BROWN

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

Well, I'm figuring I'll spend a bad night and I'll maybe have a bad time with Max in the morning and then it will be finished. To keep your best friend in the world from making a fool of himself it's worth it.

He comes in next day about two o'clock. "What's with Mamma?" I said.

"Same thing. Tests and more tests."

"The doctor don't say nothing?"

"He says it can go on like this for twenty more years. I don't know, Sam. I don't know what Mamma done in her life she should have to spend so much time in hospitals."

He makes with his face like he wants to cry. Then he goes into the showroom and pretty soon he comes out and his face is even more gray than when he came in.

"Sam, the new model. Pat. The girls say she went to your office yesterday and afterward she packed up her things and went away. Did you say something to her?"

I'm not looking at him. I'm busy looking at some samples of silk. "I gave her the coat," I said. "She didn't want to take it. I guess she's got bigger ideas."

I'M WAITING for his answer but I don't hear anything. When I look at him, I'm getting a funny feeling in the stomach. It's like he's staring at a stranger.

"What did you say to her, Sam?" he says.

Now I'm getting angry. "What did I say? I said she should get herself another job. I said that here it's too crowded for three models and two bosses with families. What did you want I should say?"

"You got no right to talk to the girl that way," he says. "You don't know anything about her."

"Listen, Max," I said. "I could say plenty about who's got a right to do what. But I don't want we should say things we'll be sorry later. Better we should stop talking about it."

"You had no right, Sam," he says. It's already like a broken phonograph record. "You got no right to do things behind my back." And he goes off and I don't see him the rest of the day.

Friday is the end of the month, I'm looking over the canceled checks from the bank and I see an item: "Patricia Morris. One hundred dollars." It's signed by Max. We got an account, either of us can sign, you understand.

"Max," I say to him, "there's a check here for a hundred dollars. Patricia Morris. What should I mark it? Taxes? Entertainment?"

"Maybe you should mark it conscience," he says.

"Me?" I'm getting angry already. He's talking to me about *my* conscience. "I got a right to ask, Max, no? It's a check from the firm—"

"Mark it against my personal account," he says. "I should have made out my own check but I didn't think. In the old days you didn't count so close, Sam."

"It's better I should count now, I think, before the checks start coming back with extra zeros on the end."

He jumps up and starts to walk up and down. "Why are you so bitter against this girl, Sam? You once were a man with an understanding heart. This is a fine girl. She's in a strange city, she's got no one, she ain't the type to go out with men. What is it if I help her out with a little money, till she gets settled. It's something a person can do for a friend?"

"Sure, sure," I say. "It's a beautiful thing, friendship. In Europe there's people they ain't got any friends. They just got holes in their bellies. Millions. Your people. Why ain't you worried about them?"

"Why?" he says. "Because they didn't come into my showroom with a thin face, and they didn't go down to Simpson's Diner and have crackers and milk for lunch. I went down and watched her that day—"

"Sure. And maybe she watched you too, behind a cracker? And maybe when you wasn't watching, she was eating a steak at Newton's, with mushrooms? On your money?"

So he looks at me, that same funny look from a stranger and he says, "All right, Sam. I'm sorry. We don't seem to talk the same language any more."

WELL, I don't want to make from this a production. I'm coming in one Saturday afternoon to give a check over the sales receipts. I'm not expecting to find anyone in the office. But I see Max is standing in a corner looking out of the window.

"What's the matter you're still here?" I say. He don't answer. So I take down a sales book from the shelf and go to work. Pretty soon I hear him say, "Sam, do you remember the day we met, in Solowen's?"

So now I don't answer.

"I was reading a little blue book," he says. "Schopenhauer? You remember?"

"I remember," I said. "I remember it very good."

"What is it, Sam?" he says. "Why don't we understand each other any more?"

"Because there's nothing to understand. You want to make a fool out of yourself and I can't stand to look on it. That's all."

"Sam, ain't you ever lonely?" he says.

It's giving me a twist inside, like from a rope.

"Listen," I say. "I ain't got time to be lonely. I got a business and a family. It keeps me busy." I'm taking down the sales books from the shelves and slamming them on the desk.

He don't say nothing for a minute, then he says, "You had a heart once, Sam. What happened to it? Maybe you lost it. In those sales books somewhere?"

"I didn't lose nothing," I said. "I only lost my patience with an old fool. I got my same heart, don't worry. Only I ain't got room in it for everybody. Not for suckers. And not for models who got to be lonely with married men."

I'm waiting for him to say something, my pulse is knocking in my throat, I don't know

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Gives Greater Breathing Comfort In No Time At All!

Any time of the day or night—no matter where you are—this handy Vicks Inhaler is always ready to make your cold-stuffed or dust-clogged nose feel clearer in seconds! It's packed with aromatic medication. Just a few quick whiffs bring grand relief whenever needed. Try it.

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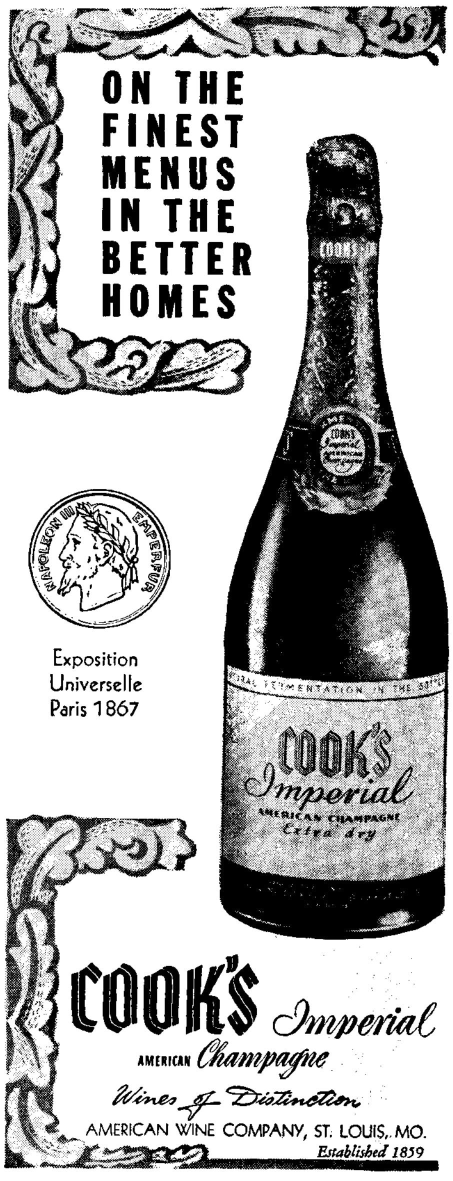
RELIEF FOR COUGHING and throat tickle due to colds. Medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS


ON THE FINEST MENUS IN THE BETTER HOMES

Exposition Universelle Paris 1867

COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN Champagne

Wines of Distinction

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Established 1859

why I'm so angry all of a sudden. But he don't say nothing and when I look up, he ain't there no more. And inside I got such a weak feeling, I got to sit down, like I was running maybe for a hundred blocks.

It's a time I'm telling you. For weeks at a time we ain't talking, we're avoiding each other. Mamma can't understand it, she's unhappy and, to tell you the truth, sometimes I don't understand it neither. I would like to stop already. I would like to say all right, go ahead, break your own head. Only we shouldn't act like children, not talking and so on. We got a business to run, after all. But every time I'm trying to say a word, it's like somebody puts a hand and grabs my throat.

Well, it's like this I don't know how long, maybe a year. A month ago, I'm getting a letter from Washington, my Marvin is getting a citation from the Navy. Don't ask me for what. Gallantry under fire, or something. Me, I'll tell you the truth, I don't want no heroes in my family. I just want my Marvin should come home and be a boy again, he's not even twenty, he should be in school, not in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with Japs and bombs flying all around.

But can you say this to people? They would think I'm a slacker, or something. In the old days I would go talk to Max. And you know, it's so strong, this habit business, I'm actually walking into his office, and when I'm realizing it, I'm standing with the letter in my hand, like a fool, but not a word is coming out, not a single word.

Well, I'm thinking about it night and day and I'm coming to a conclusion. It's going on nearly a year already, it's got to come to an end. But how? So, one day, about a week ago, I see a package is laying in the showroom, the cover is off and I take a look. It's a house coat, quilted, dusty pink, very fine material. So it's an opportunity. I go into Max's office and I say, like I started the sentence two years ago, "What's the house coat laying on the table in the showroom?"

"It's for Mamma," he says. "A present." He's having the same trouble like me. Believe me, I can tell. It's like starting to move away a load of sand with a teaspoon. But I ain't giving up. I made up my mind.

"It's a nice model," I say. "Maybe I'll get one for Libby. Where did you get it? Strongwith's?"

"I think McLeans."

"What do you mean, you think McLeans? Don't you know?"

He gives me a look and I'm getting that funny feeling in the stomach again. "Pat bought it," he says.

It's like he hit me on the head. Pat bought it! For Mamma. Pat's got to buy Mamma's presents already.

"Maybe you got an idea how much Pat paid for it," I say. "If it's not too personal."

Like he's very tired he says, "Twenty-nine fifty."

"Thank you," I say. And I'm walking away.

NOONTIME I call in the designer and I tell her to go to McLeans and buy for me this model in turquoise blue, a size forty. "It's twenty-nine fifty," I say. "You'll charge it. And put it in a Christmas box."

So she comes back in the afternoon. No bathrobe. "There's some mistake Mr. Goldberg," she says. "I went to McLeans, and they've got this model but it's upstairs in the Salon Shop and it's ninety-eight fifty."

"It can't be," I said. "It's twenty-nine fifty."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Goldberg. I saw the identical model. It was marked ninety-eight fifty."

Well, for two hours I'm sitting, trying to figure it out. Like a crossword puzzle. I'm a businessman, you know, and a thing like this is bothering me. Finally I go to the files and I get out a number and I look up in the telephone book. No telephone. So I take my hat and coat and I'm getting in my car and I'm driving uptown. It's already like a game. I got to find out something.

The address is East 111th Street. It ain't a nice neighborhood. And when I find the house, it don't look very appetizing. On the mailbox it says Apartment 10. I ring the bell and a girl opens the door. "Miss Morris' apartment?" I say. "I mean, Mrs. Morris?"

"She ain't home right now," the girl says.

"Oh." Then I don't know what to say. So out comes the first thing that falls into my head. "You're her sister?"

"No, just a neighbor. I come in to mind her boy while she's away."

Now from inside comes up to the door a boy in a sweater, like a little prize fighter, you know with a big chest and his pants falling down a little, and chubby knees, the whole little person maybe two and a half years old. So he starts pulling on the girl and she holds him, and says to me, "You want to wait for her? She'll be home any minute."

So now I'm feeling a little funny already. It's already a little strange, with the neighborhood and the apartment, and in my head was an idea, something altogether different, I don't know exactly, but Park Avenue maybe, fancy apartment, servants. You know? And now comes the boy along and I'm seeing a kid with hair like straw and a round face so shiny it hurts your eyes to look on it. But I'm saying to myself quick, Goldberg, pull yourself together. There must be an angle.

SO THE boy keeps pulling on her skirt and in his other hand he's holding a toy and he says, "Lamb, lamb."

"He wants me to tell him a story," the girl explains to me, just like I never had any kids.

"Lamb, lamb," he hollers. "Mary."

"That's right," I say. "Mary had a little lamb. You're a smart boy."

So he grabs hold of my finger, and starts to pull me into the house. The girl laughs and says, "Now, Roy, it's not polite to act that way with the gentleman."

But what does he know about being polite? He's got a fixed idea in his head and he figures he's got here maybe another sucker. So now I see where he's pulling me. In the corner is standing a Christmas tree, a little one, with maybe five balls hanging, and on the floor is a cardboard box with more sheep and straw and little figures around, and a stable. I see my problem already. It ain't Mary had a little lamb. This is another Mary and another story. And I'm figuring for this story Sam Goldberg ain't the man for the job.

Well, I'm standing there, I don't know what to do, I'm thinking if my father, he should rest in peace, would see me now he would drop dead all over again. But it's my good fortune, just then the door is opening and Pat comes in. She don't even see anything in the room, she says, "Roy," and the boy is running to her, right away he wants to see what's in the package she's carrying, is it something for him?

"Oh, you little cash register, you," she says. "Don't worry, it's for you." And she picks him up and gives him a hug and says, "Lily, how was it this afternoon?" And then she sees me and her face gets a little pale. She puts down the boy. "Hello, Mr. Goldberg," she says, "is something wrong?"

Fine thing, I think. Somebody sees me in their house, the only thing they can think is something wrong. "Nothing is wrong," I said. "You'll pardon me for dropping in so informal. I couldn't find no phone."

"I know," she says, quick, like she's embarrassed. "I've been trying to get the company to put one in—"

"It's all right," I said. "I just got a question I'd like to ask."

She looks at me for a minute, then she turns to the girl and she says, "Thank you, Lily. I'll give you the money tomorrow."

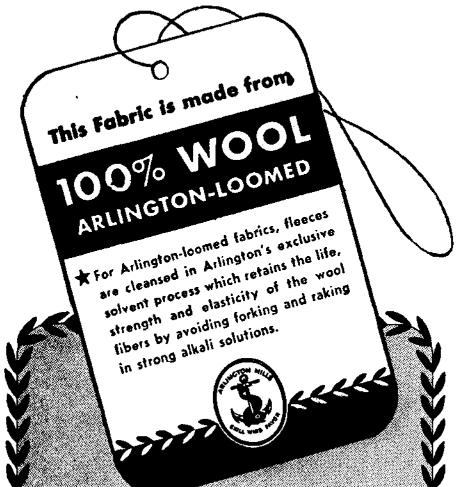
And the girl says, "That's all right, Mrs. Morris. Roy was a very good boy today," and she gives him a squeeze and goes away.

"What did you want to ask me, Mr. Goldberg?" She goes to the table to put down the package, and she takes off her hat and coat. I can see her back is stiff, she ain't going to make it easy for me. Well, I don't care, I'm still thinking, I got to find the angle. That's the main thing.

"You bought a bathrobe," I start in to say and before I can go further she turns around, quick. "Isn't it all right? Max said size 38."

"The size is all right," I said. "I wanted to get one like it for my wife. On the box it says McLeans. Max said you paid twenty-nine fifty. And at McLeans the same robe is ninety-eight fifty. I can't understand it."

So again she looks at me for a minute and then she says, "Did you tell Max?"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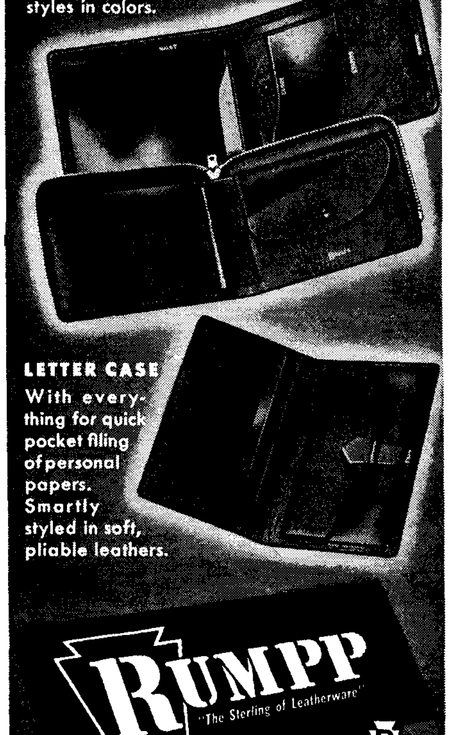

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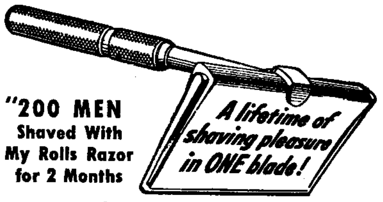
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A private word to Mothers: "CHAP STICK is a safe and soothing reparative for the tender lips of young ones. Specially medicated to bring quick comfort to parched or chapped lips. CHAP STICK for every member of the family."

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FLEET'S ChapStick
25c

KEEPS LIPS FIT

"Did I tell Max what?"

"About the price?"

"No."

So she turns around and takes from a box a cigarette and knocks it against the table.

"So how about it," I say. "I was thinking maybe you got it someplace wholesale, and put it in a McLeans box. Or maybe somebody gave it to you for a present?"

She keeps knocking the cigarette on the table. "Frankly, Mr. Goldberg," she says, "I don't think it's any of your business. But since you troubled to come all the way up here, I'll tell you. Max gave me a check for a hundred dollars and told me to buy something for myself and Roy for Christmas. I didn't feel right about it. I never do. But he gets so hurt when I say anything about it, I just can't refuse."

I'm thinking, it sounds so good but after all a person could say the same thing from a sable coat. "That's very nice," I say, "but I still don't understand, where does the bathrobe come in?"

"Well, I told Max I'd feel better about it if he'd consent to my sort of dividing the gift in three, and getting something for Mamma, too. That's all."

That's all, she says. For me, it's going around in my head like a merry-go-round. "But in three is thirty-three dollars," I said. "All right, so it's twenty-nine fifty, like you say. But in the store it's marked ninety-eight fifty. Maybe I'm dumb. Maybe you'll enlighten me."

"It's really not very complicated, Mr. Goldberg. I told Max I was going to spend twenty-nine fifty. But when I looked around the shops on Saturday I couldn't find anything decent at that price. And I didn't want to get anything cheap for Mamma."

It's like bells was ringing in my head all of a sudden. "You mean, he gave you a hundred dollars and you spent the whole thing? For a bathrobe for Mamma?"

"Well, not the whole thing," she says. "Ninety-eight fifty. I got that crèche for Roy with the rest." She gives me a smile, with one side of her face. "You won't tell Max, will you?"

Me, I'm looking for a place to fall through the floor and I ain't finding it. I'm sweating and my hands are like ice. So finally, finally, I'm starting to walk to the door, it's like I was there a year already. "You'll excuse me," I say, "for butting in like this. . . ."

"That's all right," she says. "I'm sorry you had to trouble."

The boy comes up now and sticks the sheep in her hand and says, "Lamb, lamb."

I look down on him, that little shiny face that don't know nothing from trouble, from caring for a person so that you get a sickness from it. "That's a fine boy you got," I say.

"Roy's a big boy," she says. She pulls him back and holds him against her, in front.

I'm feeling like an idiot. "That's his father?" I say, pointing to a picture, I noticed it before, by the tree.

"Yes. That's Roy's father. He was killed at El Alamein." I'm looking at her hands on the boy's shoulders and I'm thinking, like I was crazy or something, what the teacher says about my Ruthie, she's got natural piano hands. But there's like ink around the nails, from the machines I suppose. "It hasn't been easy for Roy," she says.

So now I would like to go outside already because I'm feeling funny in the chest, I need a little air but it don't seem right I shouldn't say something. "And what's with you?" I say. "For you it's been easy?"

Again she gives me this funny smile, with one side of the face. "Well, not exactly. One thing, Matt and I knew each other since we were children. I never even went out with anybody else. It's hard, when you've known someone that long." She looks at the boy. "It's meant a great deal, having someone like Max take an interest in us," she says. "Particularly to Roy. He gets lonely sometimes."

ROY pulls away from her and comes and stands against my leg. I'm making with my hand on his head, it feels like a good-quality straw, and he looks up at me and says, "Lamb, lamb," they could make you crazy those kids with their fixed ideas—like their papas, they also get a fixed idea in their heads they can ruin a friendship from a lifetime.

"I've never known anyone like Max," she says. "I never knew there were people like him in the world." And then she says, like she's talking to the boy, not to me: "He thinks the world of you too, Mr. Goldberg. I'm afraid you've made him very unhappy."

"You'll excuse me," I say. "I got to go now." But something is keeping me back. It's like my throat was full of feathers but still I got to speak. It's coming out finally: "I'm an old fool, Pat." Believe me, it hurts me like anything to say it, but I got to say it to this girl. "An old jealous fool."

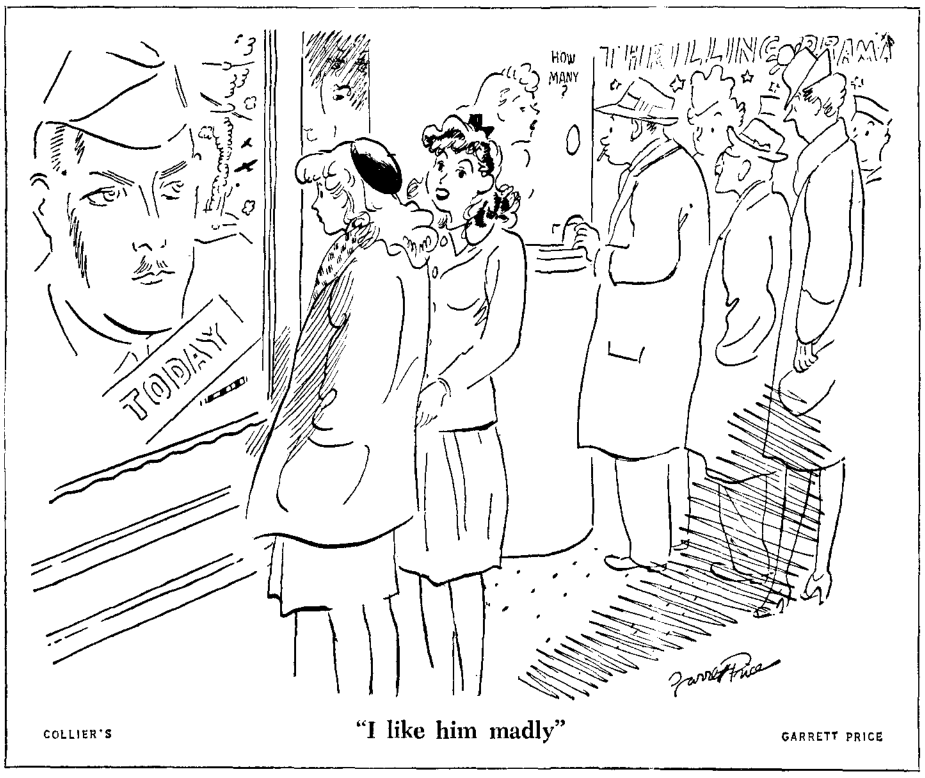
So she don't answer me nothing, she just gives me a smile, it's straight now, on both sides of her face, and she puts out a hand, to shake hands. And I see that Max was right, it's something around the eyes, the same kind of sweet expression, like Mamma.

"We really should be friends, Mr. Goldberg," she says. "We've got something in common. We both love Max very much." And then she remembers something. "You think Mamma will like the bathrobe? I wasn't sure of the color. . . ."

Well, what should I say to her? Do I think Mamma will like the bathrobe! I'm looking at the boy with his little sheep in his hand, and I'm looking at the box with the straw and the cradle and the wise men.

"Sure, sure," I said. "I know Mamma will like it."

The End



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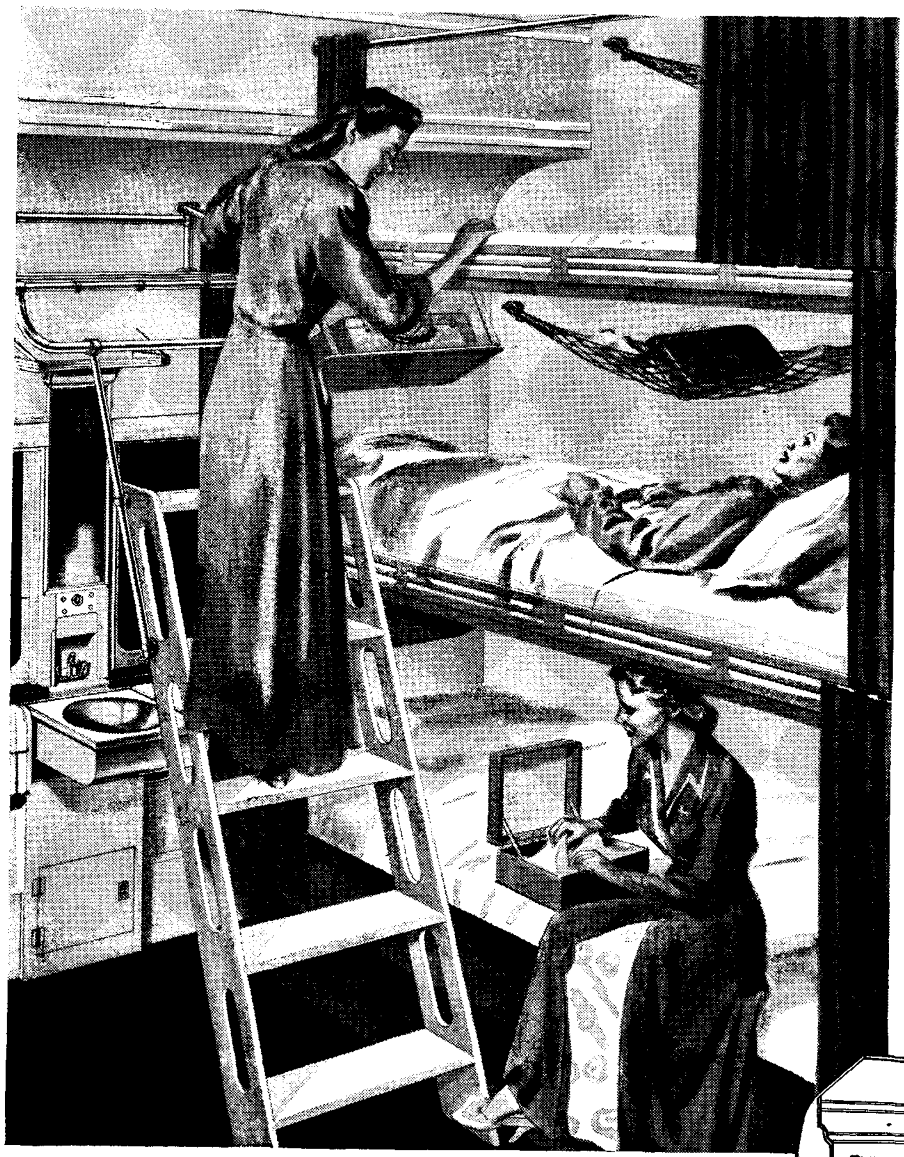

Three-Tier...

THE "BUDGET" SLEEPER

New, Low-Priced Pullman Berths

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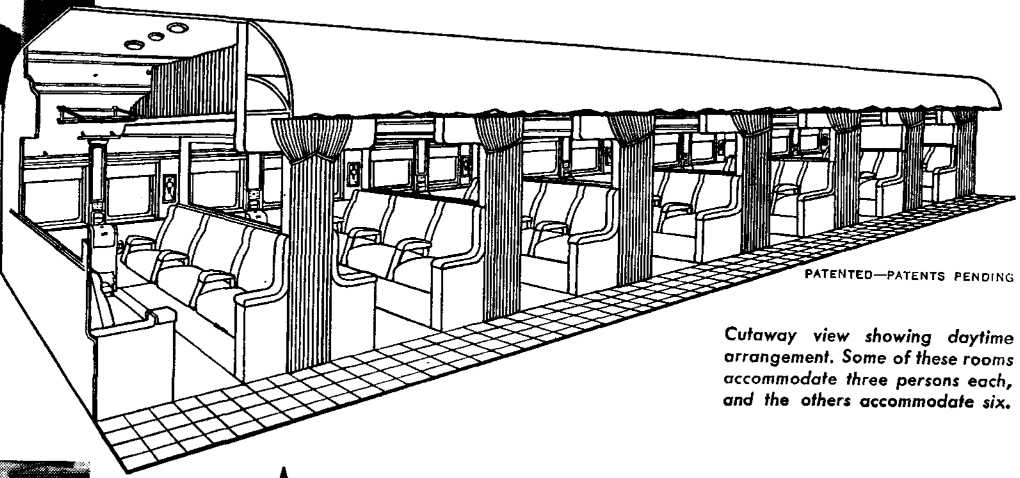
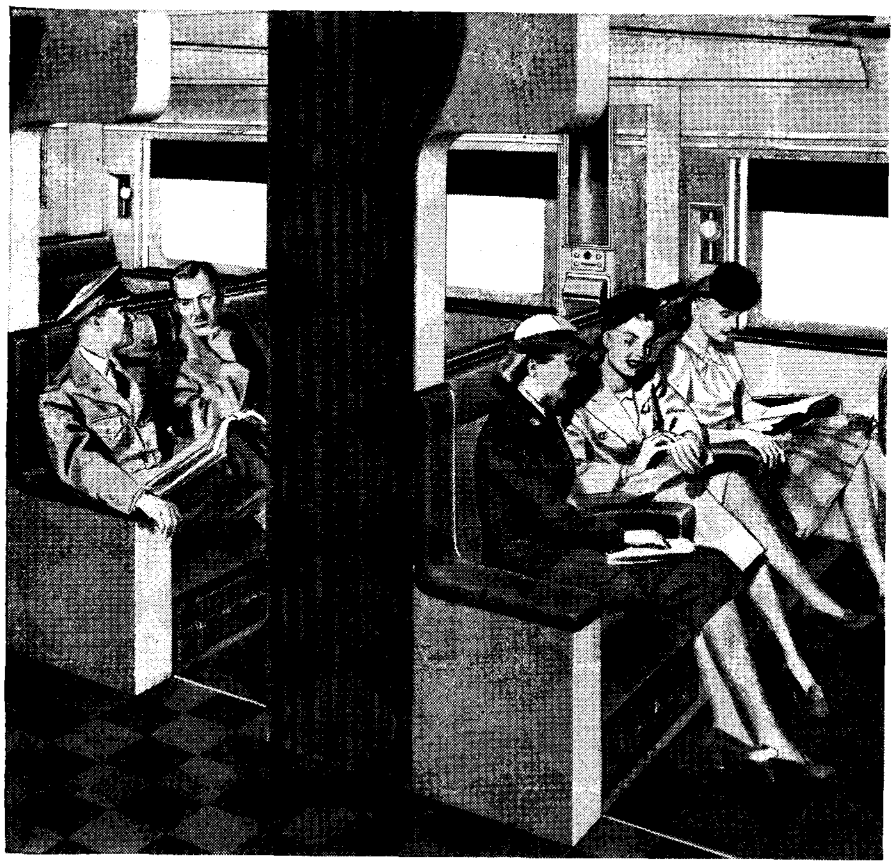
In the THREE-TIER Sleeper, "family-style" compartments, for three or six passengers, provide spaciousness with good light and healthful air conditioning when prepared for daytime occupancy . . . adjustable seats, with sponge rubber cushions and individual arm- and footrests; wide windows; and ample space for storing luggage, both under seats and at end of car.


PATENTED—PATENTS PENDING

Cutaway view showing daytime arrangement. Some of these rooms accommodate three persons each, and the others accommodate six.



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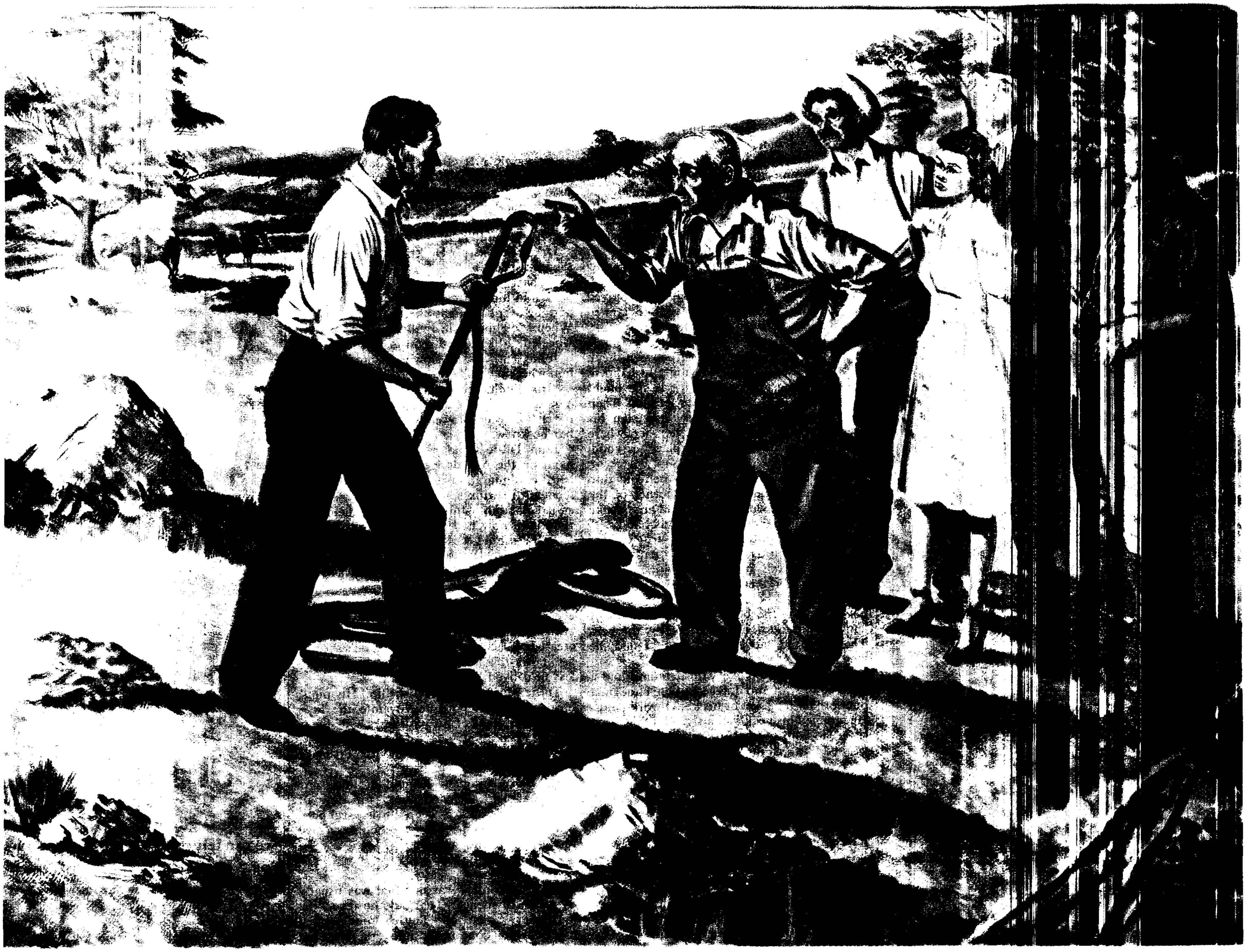


The whip in Joe's hands felt familiar. "I made one like this once," he said. "You made a whip like that?" snapped Uncle Bob. "You wouldn't know how!"

THE OX WHIP

by Jerome Barry

He came back to a land that he hated to find a memory he thought he had lost. And there was nothing to help him remember except a senseless fear and an urgent need for revenge he didn't understand

JOE HENDERSON looked at the girl and he knew he had to get away from here again. It wasn't only because of her. It was because of what he was seeing all around him—the hilly Connecticut fields, with outcroppings of rock, and the stone walls, and, beyond the nearest wall, a pair of oxen grazing. At the sight of the great, stupid beasts, with their placid eyes and brass-tipped horns, he felt the old wave of hate that was almost like a sickness, and he wondered why he had been fool enough to come back at all. He looked quickly away from the oxen and at Iris Tuttle again.

She was on a gentle slope of shaly ground, stooping to her task. She wore dark blue slacks with a short-sleeved white shirt, and her tanned arms moved swiftly as she picked the ripe late-bearing strawberries and dropped them into little splint boxes. She heard Joe's feet on the shale and looked up, a berry between her white teeth. Standing erect, she swallowed the fruit hastily and shook back her short, wavy dark hair.

She said, "Are you going to the oxen-drawing at Barkhamsted?"

"I won't be here by then."

"Going away?"

"Next week. Your dad can get him another hired man."

"You were quitting last week. And the week before."

She laid the final basket in place on her wheelbarrow and caught hold of the handles. He started to take them from her, but she resisted a little, and his arm brushed hard against her sun-warmed skin. She let go and walked beside him toward the house.

There was nothing frail and dainty about her, Joe Henderson thought. Good strong bones under her cheeks and shoulders and hips. So what? He'd been around. He'd seen other girls as pretty as Iris, and other country a sight prettier than this. Country that didn't have big lumbering brutes of oxen to make your flesh crawl at the sight of them.

He said, "I'll go when I've a mind to."

She looked at him sidewise. "You don't like it here?"

"No," Joe said. "I don't. I been places where the earth is decent to a man. He don't have walls around his fields made up o' the stones that his father and grandfather had to dig out o' the ground to make a space to scrabble for a livin'."

Iris didn't know he'd ever been in these parts before. All he'd told them was that he came from the West, which was true as far as it went. She said now, "I suppose out there in California it's different."

"There, and other places too. I been where there's plains that stretch as far as you can see. Good rich loam. All you need'd be to poke a stick into the ground and drop in the seed."

"The way you talk about it, it sounds wonderful," Iris said tartly.

"But they don't do no pokin' with a stick. Tractors they use. Or horses."

"Not oxen?"

Joe Henderson clenched his teeth. Even the sound of the word revolted him.

"You think we're fuddy-duddies," Iris said. "Listen. In this kind of soil, a tractor'd be breaking the plowpoint off against a rock every few rods. Even horses go too fast to stop in time. But the oxen feel the plow check on the rock, and they pull up short and wait—"

"I know, I know," Joe said harshly. "Skip it." His lean young face was suddenly seamed and drawn.

"Maybe rocky soil is good for something," the girl said.

"For what?"

"My berries grow better on this shaly ground than they would in rich soil."

He didn't say anything to that.

"There's no place in the world like the sandy, level ground in the valley for shade-grown tobacco," she insisted.

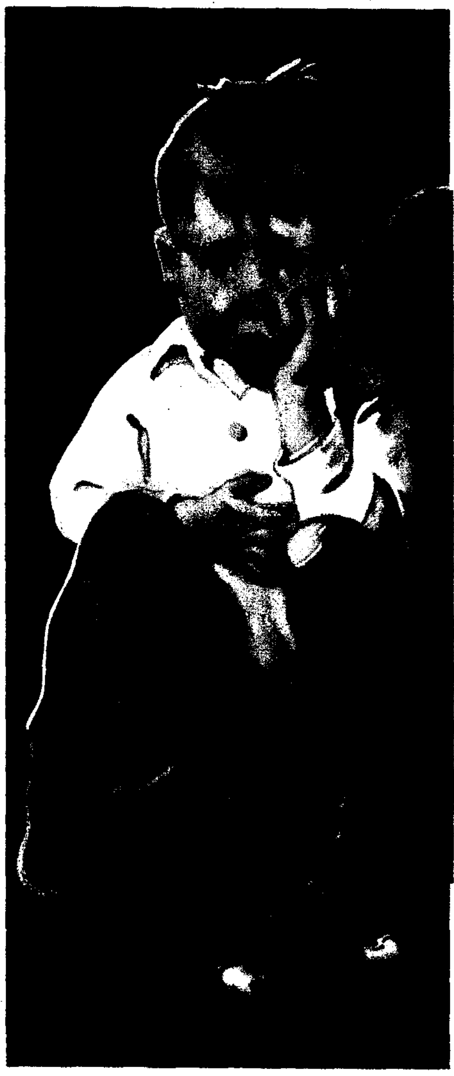
"You can have it," he said.

Iris stopped so suddenly that he halted with her. "What did you come here for anyway?" she asked. "You say you don't like it here. Why did you come and ask for a job?"

There wasn't anything he could say. He couldn't say, "I hated it, but I had to come back. Just to look at it again. That was all. Just to look and make sure. Well, I've made sure. I still hate it." He couldn't say that to her, because he didn't want her or anybody else to know.

She said, "And if you don't like it here,

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN MAYERS



An apple a day, my Eye!

One apple proved the law of gravity. Too many apples and one very small boy prove another law of Nature—too much of a good thing can be just too bad! Be gentle with such upsets... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't irritate an irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

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Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich

PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

Pepto Bismo

why do you stay on? You keep saying you're going to quit next week. And then it's the week after. What keeps you?"

She thrust her hands deep in the pockets of her slacks and looked at him resentfully under down-drawn brows. From somewhere toward the house and barn beyond the maple trees came the rising and falling drone of a power-driven saw. It dwindled to an alto moan and stopped, but again Joe Henderson hadn't any answer to break the silence.

The girl arched her full bosom with a deep-drawn breath of annoyance. The sun struck out bold curved planes of shadow along her young body. She was close enough so that Joe could see the sunlight like sprayed gilt in the fine dew on her smooth tanned forehead and curved upper lip.

He lowered the barrow and took a single stride that closed the distance between them. He knew exactly what was going to happen. He was going to kiss this girl as she ought to be kissed. She was going to let him. Then she was going to play angry and slap his face, and he was going to tell her where she could go and walk off the place for good.

HE WAS reaching for her when old Bob Rainey came around the corner of the barn, chattering with rage. He had an ox yoke on his shoulder and a whip in his hand.

"I dad!" he sputtered. "I dad, Iris, I never see such a man as your pa! So dad-burned set in his ways! Wants to turn the gas engine around an' then turn the saw around an' then cross the belt. I told him, 'You don't *need* to cross the belt. If you turn *both* of 'em around you don't *need* to cross the belt. That's a fixed fact,' I told him. I dad, he won't listen."

He dumped the yoke with a thump and a clank to the dirt and dragged a blue bandanna out of the hip pocket of his khaki work pants. He mopped his neck viciously. His thin jaws, silvered with a half-week's bristles, still worked like a chipmunk's.

"Is that all that's wrong, Uncle Bob?" Iris asked.

"Ain't a mite o' use talkin' to him! Ain't got the sense of a chicken an' won't listen to reason. If I'd 'a' had my way, we'd 'a' stayed over in Litchfield County four year ago. But once John Tuttle gets his neck bowed—"

The angry twitching of his hand swung the lash of the ox whip so that it almost touched Joe Henderson's arm. The young man jerked back out of the way. The seizure swept over him, body and mind, more than ever at the sight and threatened touch of that whip. It was a blackness in his brain and an echo of agony across his back.

He said harshly, "Needn't to slash me with that thing."

Uncle Bob dropped the whip beside the yoke. "Didn't allot upon it, Joe." The anger went out of his old eyes, into its place came a veiled shrewdness. He said, "John wants you to mow the rowen on the side hill."

"Which side hill?"

Uncle Bob answered carelessly, "Beyond where the old tobacco shed was."

Joe Henderson took a scythe from the fork of a tree. The old man waited until Joe was out of sight. Then he returned to the barn. His pace quickened as he went. By the time he reached the shady side of the barn he was moving at a panicky trot.

"John!" he called. "John!"

His brother-in-law looked up from tinkering with the leather belt that connected the saw and the portable gasoline engine. John Tuttle was a shortish, square-bodied man, partly bald, with a touch of awkward seriousness in every movement.

"Well, stop yellin'. You were right. Belt needn't 'a' been crossed. Now go yoke up them oxen so we can start haulin' this wood when I got it cut."

He spoke with the strong impatience of a man who has made many mistakes in his time and resents with mounting bitterness even the smallest addition to the score.

"John," Uncle Bob said, "it's him! I been talkin' to him an' I swear—"

"I been workin' myself into a lather changin' this belt back, while you go gabbin' around. It's who?"

"Just like I told you all along. It's Saul's boy. It's young Mark Bayliss come back."

John Tuttle clucked his tongue testily. "And I keep tellin' you you're crazy. Mark run away when he was just a sprout, accordin' to all accounts."

"He'd 'a' growed. It's been years. He'd be as big as Joe Henderson."

"*He* ain't a Bayliss. The Baylisses been around oxen from the time they was able to toddle. They say young Mark used to lead a span around with a little whip he made himself. This Henderson don't know haw from gee. He's scared of oxen."

Uncle Bob said, "He knows where the old tobacco shed was."

"What?"

"I told him to mow rowen out beyond it, and he went straight there without askin'. When I see him do it, I tell you I like to quilwheeled. I like to fell right in a heap."

John Tuttle said slowly, "Someone told him where it was."

"Iris didn't, because I asked her. I didn't. You didn't. But he knew. The ground where it was has been plowed over for three years, but he knew."

John Tuttle stood perfectly still with one hand on the oily dark leather of the engine belt. Nothing about him moved, and yet he seemed to shrink a little in every dimension, as if something stubborn that had held him rigid until now had quietly gone out of him.

"We should 'a' stayed in Litchfield County," Uncle Bob said. "But no, you wouldn't. You said the farm there was wore out an' this one'd pay as soon as we got a few good crops o' tobacco. Now you got everything sunk into it, an' this boy comes back—I dad!" He mopped furiously at his creased old neck. "A dozen times he's showed he knows things he couldn't 'a' knowed unless he'd lived here along back."

Tuttle plucked at his lower lip. His moist face had fallen more heavily into the lines that the mistakes of his past years had slowly gouged deep.

"If he claims to be Mark Bayliss, I'll make him prove it."

He looked vaguely around at the stony land that held so many hours and days of his weariness mixed deep in its stubborn soil, and something just as stubborn seemed to flow back into him.

"I know a way," he said.

THE noon meal was one that was usually eaten in silence. That day, however, the thing that was on John Tuttle's mind seemed to drive him continually into talking about it. Iris had changed into a print dress that danced to the rhythm of her movements as she brought the food from the stove to the kitchen table and set it before the men—a roast loin of pork, several kinds of vegetables, and apple slump for dessert. Between mouthfuls, John Tuttle would sit looking down at his plate and start to talk again.

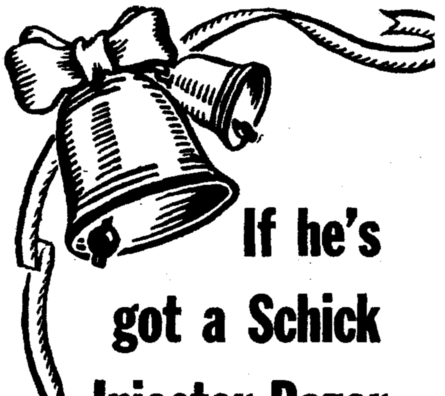
"They was great ox handlers, the Baylisses," he said. "Saul and his pa before him. Old Newt was the one they called when they wanted to move the meetin' house. I was just a sprout then, but I recall it well. It was before my pa moved to Litchfield County. Jacked up the old meetin' house on rollers. Fifty yoke of oxen they had pullin' onto her that day, and there wasn't a rope strong enough to hold 'em. Got the anchor chain had been in one o' the old clipper ships. Chain o' the old Nancy Barnes. Rusted a little on the outside but still sound enough to hold a hundred oxen. And Newt Bayliss was the only man could handle fifty span."

Joe Henderson began to eat more hastily. His throat almost closed against food at this talk of oxen. It wasn't that he could remember anything about them, for he couldn't. When anything brought them to his mind, it was not memory of facts that came back, but a storm of black, unreasoning emotion. That had often puzzled him, worried him:

The doctor putting the cast on the wrist that was broken in a fall from a combine in a Kansas wheatfield. Joe saying, "While I was here, Doc, I just thought I'd ask you."

"Was there anything in your childhood that would make you want to forget?"

"Well, whenever I see a whip, I think of an ox whip. But if I try to think back to before that, everything is sorta funny. Mostly blank. I can only remember pieces, here and there."



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"Sometimes it's a way nature has of protecting us, Joe. We forget because there were things that were too much to stand. We just put them out of our memory. But it's all there. Any time you really want it to, Joe, it'll come back to you. You'll remember."

"Well, I've sure tried, Doc. But I can't."

He did his best not to hear John Tuttle's words, closing his ears to them and watching the unhurried, economical movements of the girl as she served the food. She must have bathed and used some sort of powder after she had returned with the berries, for when her bare arm came near his face, as she put the dish of apple slump on the table, her skin smelled sweeter than the second-growth clover he had been mowing.

"Saul was a great ox handler too," John Tuttle said. "But he was always grouty. An angry, cruel man. Tougher'n a hair halter. Even if I did heir this land off him, I can't deny the truth about him."

Uncle Bob dropped his fork and gave his brother-in-law an agonized look.

"Third cousin o' mine, Saul was," Tuttle went on, breathing heavily and thoughtfully between phrases. "I didn't set eyes on him for twenty years 'fore he died, but I had an item of how he went on. Took a whip to the boy. Many a time. An ox whip. Beat him within an inch of his life. For anything and for nothin'."

JOE HENDERSON suddenly shoved back from the table with a clatter of chair legs on the floor boards.

"Third cousin once removed, John," Uncle Bob stuttered, trying to sidetrack his brother-in-law. "Saul's grandfather was a brother of—"

"Mark, the boy's name was," John Tuttle said doggedly, staring at his plate. "Only half-grown. Between hay and grass, as the sayin' goes. Saul like to beat the proper senses out of him with that ox whip. Came a time when the boy couldn't stand it no longer. He run away."

Joe Henderson took hold of the doorjamb to steady himself. There was a roaring in his ears and an illness all along his body.

He said, "I'm goin' to set under the trees till it's time to go on mowin'."

Tuttle looked up from his plate and raised his voice: "People wonder if Mark Bayliss'll ever come back and claim this land."

"John!" Uncle Bob quavered. "John, ain't you goin' to eat your—"

"Mark Bayliss is dead," Joe Henderson said. "Accordin' to law. The judge declared him dead."

"So you know that," Tuttle said. "How did you learn it?"

"At the post office. Some people was talkin'."

It was the truth. Joe had asked a few quiet questions, and that's what they had told him.

"Accordin' to law," Tuttle said, "he's dead. You never learned all the law, did you?"

"I never learned lots o' things."

"Like handlin' oxen. You never learned that?"

The young man walked away without answering.

Uncle Bob's exasperation burst out between quivering silvered jowls. "I dad, John! You've blundered a plenty in your time, but I never see the beat o' this! 'Twas bad enough puttin' everything into this land an' runnin' the risk he might come back. But to think o' settin' here an' practically *tellin'* him! He'll run to a lawyer an' he'll find out—"

John Tuttle settled his round head deeper between his shoulders and loaded his fork with food. "Don't get your dander up. Wait till the afternoon's over."

After dinner he helped Iris set the berries in the rear of the old sedan and drove her into town, where they delivered the fruit at the boardinghouses that ordered most of her crop beforehand.

As Joe Henderson returned from the side hill with his scythe and whetstone in the late afternoon, the sedan drew up beside the house. Not only John Tuttle and his daughter got out, but also three other men. They watched the young man approach.

"It could be him," one of the men said.

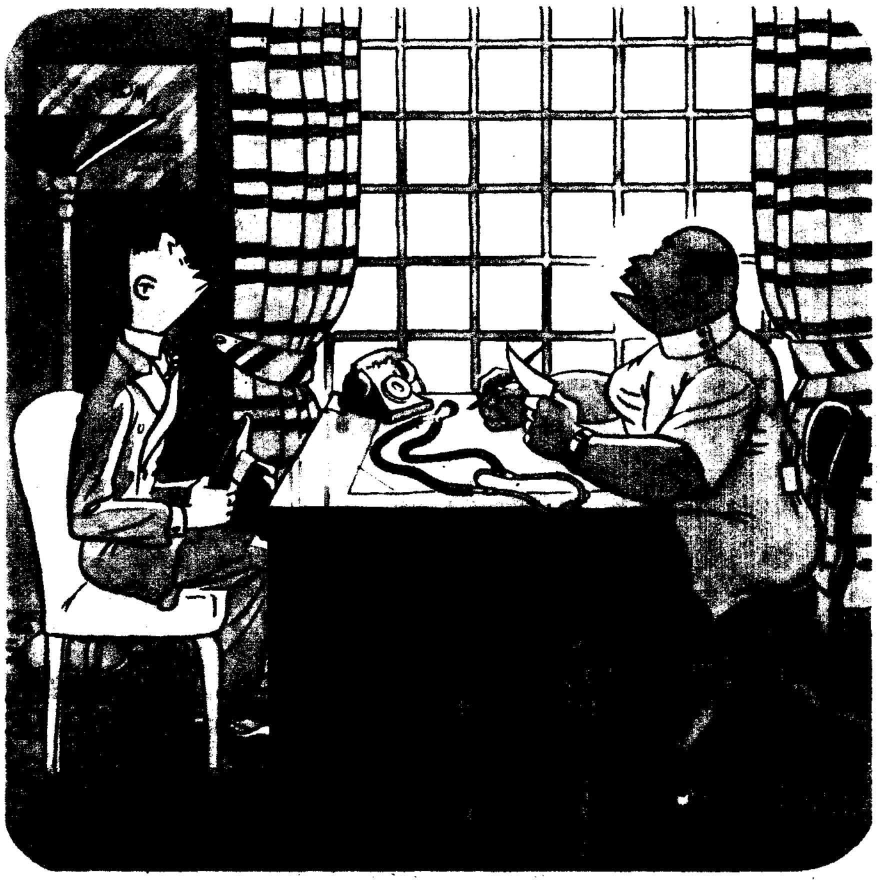
"Has a look o' Saul about him," another added. "I recall seein' the boy yoke a span of oxen when he was just about able to lift the yoke."

"Joe," Tuttle called. "I'd like you to come along."

They walked to the field where the two oxen were grazing, almost the length of the enclosure apart. Uncle Bob was there, under a tree, the yoke and whip on the ground beside him.

"Joe," Tuttle said, "these are neighbors and friends, come to settle a question." His round, flushed face was set in stern lines. "Joe, I want you to yoke these oxen."

(Continued on page 59)



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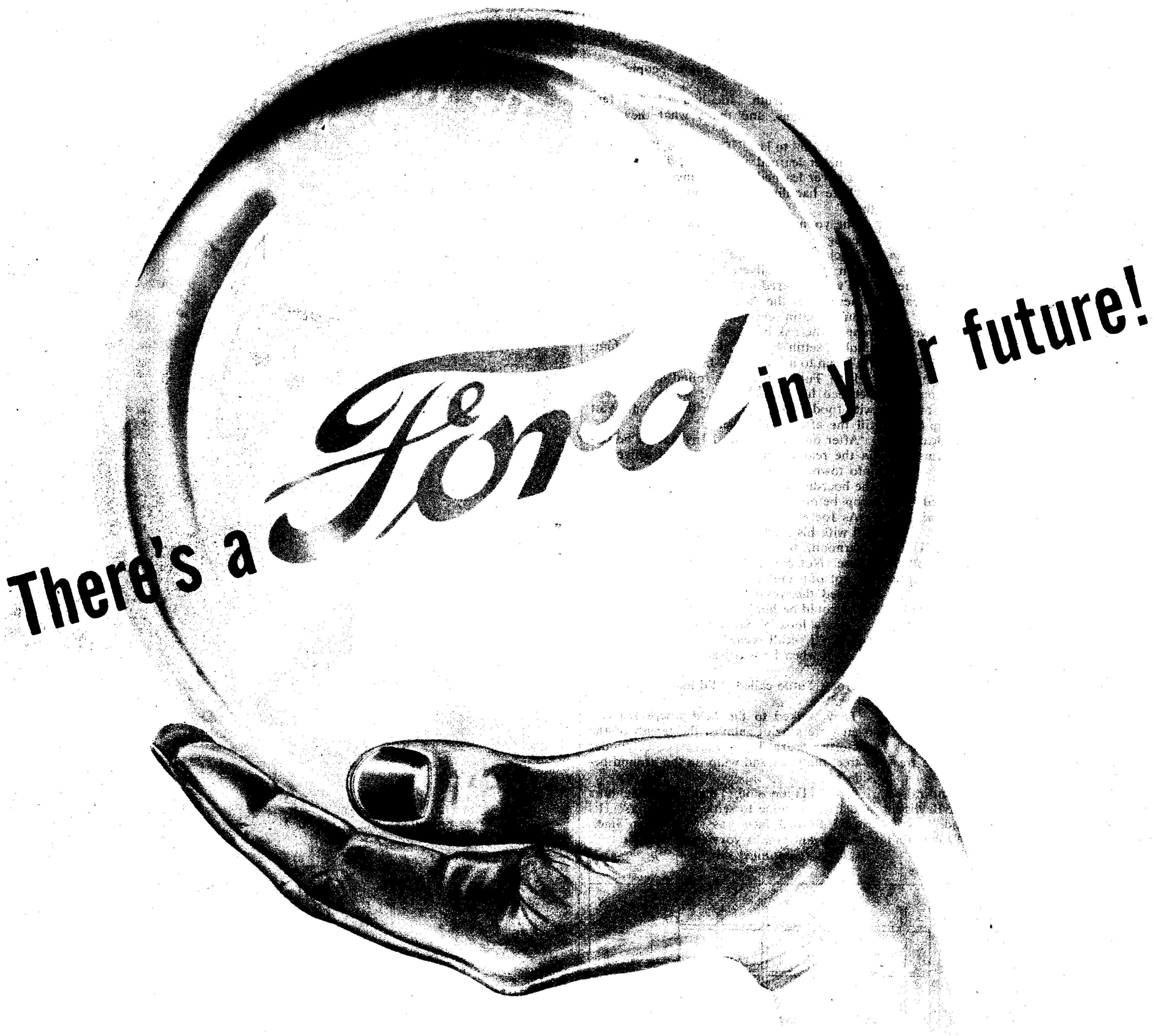
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VIII

THE Heroes

TADEUSZ KOMOROWSKI

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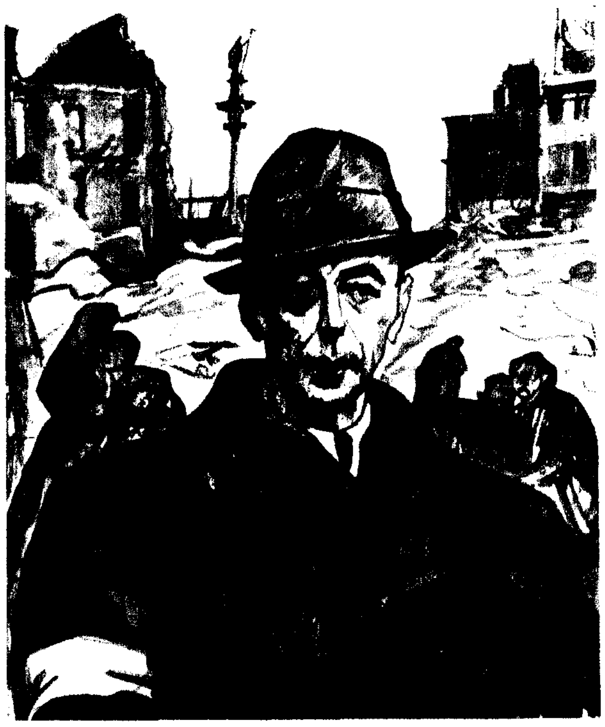

THERE may be dispute as to the right or wrong of the Warsaw uprising, but, as long as the world holds freedom dear, the memory of those sixty-three tragic days will light a blaze in the hearts of men. From August 1st to October 2d, General Tadeusz Komorowski and his little army held out against overwhelming odds—staggering skeletons that fought on even after both food and ammunition had been exhausted. When a battered remnant finally flew the white flag, it was only because the Germans were beginning to massacre the women and children they had captured.

When a whole nation is heroic, it is difficult to make selection, but General Komorowski symbolizes the spirit of Poland. Home, family, friends, hope of glory, all these things he laid on the altar of patriotism and, dropping down into the darkness, led the life of the hunted for four long years, firing a tortured people with his indomitable courage.

A colonel of lancers at the time of the German invasion, Tadeusz Komorowski refused to retreat before Panzer divisions, and led his cavalry against tanks in charge after charge. Falling back, but still fighting stubbornly, he was caught between two fires when the Russians swept into Poland from the east, and his regiment was wiped out almost to the last man. In that hour of rout and despair, many Poles fled by roundabout ways to France, forming the army that was to win honor on every battle front, but Komorowski elected to stay at home and aid in the organization of an underground.

It was a work, of course, that entailed complete separation from upper-world identity. The dashing cavalry officer became Bor (meaning the Forest), and the commander in chief under whom he served was known only as the Arrow. These two leaders, backed by thousands of men and women whom they called to their secret colors, soon ended Hitler's hope of a prostrate and submissive Poland. Instead of small garrisons at central points, the raging Fuehrer was compelled to maintain an occupying army of 500,000 and fill the land with 60,000 Gestapo agents.

All to no avail, for each day saw an increase in sabotage. Railroads, supply depots, ammunition dumps were burned, telegraph lines and power plants were destroyed and daring forays liberated prisoners and captured German outposts. Not even Himmler himself, racing from Berlin, could guard the lives of his brutes, for high German officials were shot or stabbed in their homes and armored cars. Best proof of the underground's effectiveness, however, is furnished by the fact that of all the occupied countries, only Poland failed to produce a quisling or a *collaborateur* of any standing.

How Bor (or Komorowski) managed to escape capture will always be a mystery, for he was not the colorless sort that could "melt into the ground." Lean and tall, with light gray eyes that contrasted strangely with his dark skin, he had a distinctly Roman nose and a definite speech defect when pronouncing the letter *r*. Nevertheless he traveled from border to border, oftentimes in German uniform.

Now came the summer of 1944, with the Russian armies drawing nearer and nearer to the Polish frontier. Fast and faster Bor brought his fighting men into Warsaw, hiding them in cellars, garrets and burrows. Rifles, revolvers and machine guns, long buried, were dug up, and in every underground headquarters, men and women sweated at manufacturing explosives and hand grenades.

It was the Allied decision that Bor himself should call the signal for the uprising, and no graver responsibility was ever placed upon a leader. The hour had to be chosen *exactly*, for "too early" would be no less fatal than "too late." All through July his own army and the civilian population clamored for action, but it was not until August 1st, when the Red legions thundered at the very gates of Warsaw, that he cried the word. Four years of brutal oppression gave the uprising all the force of a tidal wave, and the Germans were swept before it. It was a short-lived victory, for the Russians failed to break through, and the only help from Britain and America was by planes, based in far-off Italy.

Bor could have had no doubt as to the end, for without reinforcements and supplies his doom was certain, but, when the Germans demanded surrender, he and his men answered with a shout of hate and derision. Enemy troops poured in until 400,000 were attacking; artillery roared and planes dropped bombs, yet even when food and ammunition gave out, the Poles fought on, starving scarecrows that met charges with knives and cobblestones. *Sixty-three days of it!*

What brought the horror to a halt was the sight of German tanks rolling over the bodies of women and little children. That was when Tadeusz Komorowski, known to most of the world as General Bor, and the few thousands left of his army surrendered, in return for a German promise that the massacre of noncombatants would be stopped.

Where he is now, nobody knows, for the torture cells of the Reich have thick walls, but it does not matter greatly. He still marches in the heart of every Pole. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

The Ox Whip

Continued from page 57

Behind him, Iris watched the young man, with wide eyes. The three men who had come back with Tuttle stood silently, watching Joe, too. And so did Uncle Bob, gray and twitchy with anxiety.

"What's all this?" Joe said. "I told you when I come here I'd do any other work you had but I wouldn't have nothin' to do with oxen."

"You don't know beans about 'em, do you?" Tuttle said. "You don't know how to handle 'em."

"So I don't know how to handle 'em. What about it? If you want to fire me, say so."

"I ain't firin' you, Joe. I'm tellin' you one thing. If Mark Bayliss was to come back here before the end o' the year, he could claim this land."

Joe's shoulders jerked. "The judge declared him dead. He's got no rights to the land."

"That's the way the story's got around," Tuttle said. "But the law says there's a period o' years got to run before he loses his rights. If he was to show up before the end o' this year, he could make trouble."

Joe ran his tongue along his lips and looked uncertainly across the rocky field at the brown-and-white animals, far apart.

"What's the idea o' tellin' me about Mark Bayliss?"

"Can you yoke them oxen or can't you, Joe Henderson? Because if you can, you better do it right now."

Suddenly Joe saw what the man must be up to. Tuttle had guessed. He had guessed who Joe was and what it was that the years had taken from his mind. Tuttle had these men here for witnesses. He would have them ready to come into court and swear that Joe Henderson couldn't be Mark Bayliss, because he had been challenged to show he knew how to handle oxen, as young Mark had well known how to do, and had failed. Then John Tuttle, stubborn and stupidly cunning, would settle down on Mark Bayliss's land, secure forever.

"Any time you really want it to, Joe, it'll come back to you. You'll remember."

"All right," Joe said. "So you want me to yoke 'em. Okay."

As he stooped to pick up the yoke, the angry blood pounded in his temples and weighed like lead behind his eyes. He avoided touching the whip. His flesh shrank from it. But he took up the yoke, holding it in front of him across his body, and walked straight toward the nearer of the oxen. He heard Iris make a little sound in her throat. Her uncle gave a warning "Sssh!"

THE dry, gritty, weathered surface of the heavy piece of wood was unfamiliar to Joe's palms. As he strode toward the ox, he studied the two curves in the yoke, shaped to fit over the necks of the animals. Beneath each curve was a semicircular wooden bow that passed beneath the neck to hold the yoke in place. Each bow was fastened by an iron pin.

"Scared to death I'll take the land from under his feet," Joe thought. "Tryin' to do me out o' what's mine by rights."

He saw that the bow would never go past the wide horns. He rested the yoke on the ground, took out one of the pins, and removed the bow. Then he walked toward the ox, head on, with the yoke balanced across his hands. Anger had driven revulsion out of his mind.

The animal tossed its head until the little brass balls on its horns flashed in the sun. It wheeled and moved away. Joe tried to head it off, hampered by the weight of the yoke.

"Co', boss! Co', boss!" he cried, but the ponderous beast paid no attention to the call that summons cows. It kept lumbering out of Joe's way every time he thrust the yoke at its head. . . .

It was bitter to walk back to that group, with the sweat of exertion and defeated anger stinging his face and salting his lips. They stood there in a silent row, watching him come. A fury of impotent resentment seized upon him. It made him want to shout in their faces, to cry out some proof of who he was and see their jaws drop. They were living on his land, sleeping under his roof, scheming to turn him away. His hands wanted to lash out—not only at them, but at the doctor who had said he would remember, and at himself for not remembering, and at the stupid beasts who had denied and betrayed him in the moment of his need.

He stooped in a blind passion and snatched up the ox whip.

"You can't yoke the oxen," John Tuttle said.

Joe was staring at the thing in his hand. It was what his flesh had shrunk from, and yet, now that he had grasped it firmly, it felt familiar, right. He reached out the other palm, shakily, and ran it slowly to and fro along the whipstock.

"I made one like this once," he said.

"You made a whip like that?" Uncle Bob snapped. "You wouldn't know how."

"Out of a branch o' hardbeam," Joe said, slowly and softly. "You pick a sapling about eight or nine feet long, with a little fork at the end to keep the lash from slidin' off. You rub 'er with butter, to supple 'er and keep the wet out. And the lash—that's braided out o' sheepskin. You make it thicker in the middle; and at the end you let the strands hang loose for a snapper."

He was running the whip through his hand, checking over the points as he mentioned them. He looked at the row of faces, but no one spoke.

HE PICKED up the yoke he had pitched to the ground. This time, instead of holding it awkwardly before him, he swung it easily and surely to his left shoulder, removed the pin before him, and held the bow and the whip in his right hand.

"What do you call your oxen?" he asked quietly. "Duke and Diamond? Buck, Star, Golden, Turk? What's their names?"

John Tuttle wet his lips. He said, "Why would you want to know?"

"Makes it easier if I locate the off ox first. And if one of the names was longer than the other, it would be the off ox. That's the custom around here, ain't it?"

Tuttle said chokingly, "Can you yoke them oxen, Henderson, or can't you? Just a minute ago you tried, and—"

"There's other ways o' findin' which is the off ox," Joe said. "Is your span a haulin' or a crowdin' team? If they haul away from the neap, the off ox'll have the hair wore away on his right shoulder. If they crowd in together, his left shoulder'll be wore."

Tuttle stood plucking at his lower lip. His eyes looked as if the world had fallen in upon him.

"Most teams are haulin' teams," Joe said. "I guess this one probably is."

He walked toward the ox that was nearer, glanced at its shoulders and then moved on to its mate across the field. When he reached it, he dropped the whip and circled to approach from the left side.

The animal stood, quiet and tractable, while he laid the yoke upon its neck and fastened the bow beneath. Then he unpinned the other bow and waved it in circles above his head. Across the field the nigh ox saw

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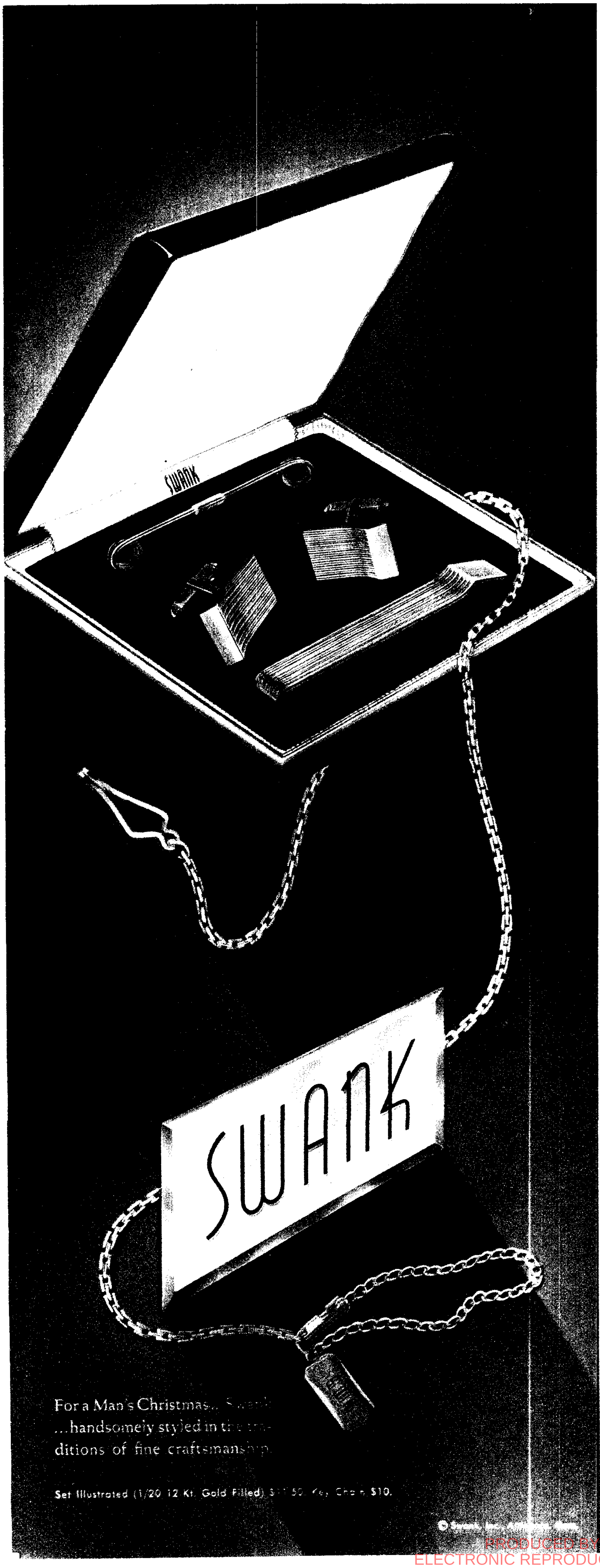

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the proper signal and came plodding obediently to set its neck beneath the other side of the yoke.

Joe took up the whip and dangled the lash before the brown-and-white faces. The great sluggish beasts lumbered along, at his right hand and a little behind him, following the whip in blind servility. He led them back across the field, and as he did he saw the low sun sending slant gold along the rocky slopes of his land, and he knew now why he had come back to it. This was his place, and he would never be happy away from it.

He led the oxen to the little gathering at the edge of the field. When he stopped, the span halted behind him and stood waiting. John Tuttle wiped his bald head carefully before he raised his eyes and spoke:

"What's your right name, boy?"

There was nothing cringing about it. He seemed only very tired, as if all the work and worry he had put into this soil were weighing heavily on him now; and yet there was a patient, fumbling strength in him, ready to endure even this last stroke, a strength that he might have drawn out of the rocks in return for what he had given them.

The young man clenched his hand on the whip. *Why—there was no need for him to tell me! If he'd just kept still, I might have gone away, and the time would have passed, according to law, and my rights would all be gone.*

He said, "What was the idea of all this, makin' me yoke the oxen?"

"I had to be sure," John Tuttle said. "I wouldn't keep no man out of his just rights. But I had to know for certain."

Joe's eyes moved from him to Uncle Bob and then to Iris. They weren't greedy graspers. They were just like himself. They were just ordinary people trying to make their way in decent self-respect through a world that was pretty stony sometimes.

"Why did you ask me my name?"

"Because I want to know if you're—"

"Joe Henderson," the boy said sharply. "That's who I am. Never goin' to be anybody else. Anything wrong with that?"

Tuttle's head came up with a start. For long moments he looked at the boy, and their eyes met and an understanding that was never to be put into words passed between them.

The older man said quietly, "What did you come here for? What is it you want?"

"I—I'd just like to stay around for a while, I guess."

"You can stay as long as you're a mind to, Joe," Tuttle said.

He and Uncle Bob turned away, and the other men with them. Iris walked behind them, and Joe fell in beside her. The last low rays of the sun spread orange warmth on her tanned face and on the smooth vee of throat above the gay flowered dress.

He said, "You was talkin' about goin' to the oxen-drawin'."

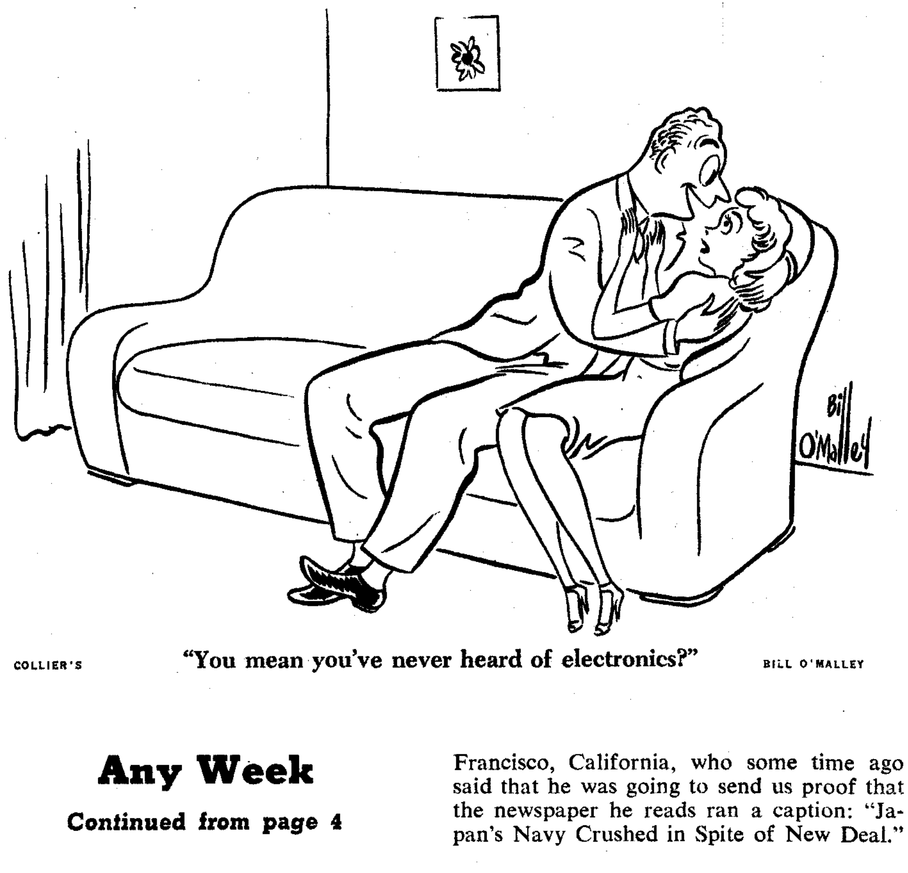
"Yes, I was."

"Want to go with me?"

"Yes, Joe."

A little behind him and to the right, the oxen heaved into motion, following the ox whip in his hand unquestioningly, as iron follows a magnet.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You mean you've never heard of electronics?" BILL O'MALLEY

Any Week

Continued from page 4

WE KNOW that you're worrying about the future, as usual, and we would, too, if we had time. In fact, we were worrying about it while walking up Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C., recently. But we were interrupted by a sign in a restaurant window: "Just a Good Place to Work." Our Pacific Coast uncle, Jim Marshall, was not worrying about the future as much as the past—his—when in Los Angeles he saw a sign on a garage: "All Our Work Done by Expert Mechanics." But in the window of the garage was another sign: "Help Wanted. No Experience Necessary."

OF COURSE we've had a number of letters about the recall of General Stilwell. A few of them are in questionable taste. But others are on a high level. For example, here's one of the latter, from Mr. Forbes Fancher of Yonkers, New York. "I see in the paper," writes Mr. Fancher, "that General Stilwell is in trouble. What's the matter? Did he lose his laundry check?" But we have heard nothing from Mr. Francis B. Goodeheweys of San Francisco, California, who some time ago said that he was going to send us proof that the newspaper he reads ran a caption: "Japan's Navy Crushed in Spite of New Deal."

BACK to Arkansas for a moment. Mr. Galusha Lubbock of El Dorado, Ark., says that he read somewhere in this magazine "a piece about hard-liquor drinking that said the doctor said so." Mr. Lubbock can't make up his mind whether he liked or disliked the piece, but has this to say about it. "The man who wrote that piece never got the meaning of all those words out of any book or doctor, but has been listening and has heard the voice of experience in the stomach."

WELL, we see that postwar amity got a nice boost from a friend of ours in England—Ferdinand Tuohy. He has written a think piece in The Sphere, saying that the United States is trying to build up China as a world power to exploit the Chinese market. "Americans," writes Mr. Tuohy, "see 450,000,000 Chinese tummies waiting to be refrigerated and they don't count the cost other than in cents." Several of our readers hope Mr. Tuohy is right. They say that a reliable refrigerator is needed in China. . . . W. D.

Liberation, Glory Be!

Continued from page 15

thought it perfectly lovely and I came home proudly and now I wear it with immense pride and joy and it seems to keep time and I get home in time and do not get shot by the Germans.

The Germans are very uncertain in their minds now, they decided today to give us the curfew at ten instead of six in the evening; and then at half-past five they sent the local policeman around to announce that they had changed their minds and it was back to six o'clock again; then a half-hour afterward they sent him around again to announce that it was changed back to ten and that is where it is now, or so we hope. But that is the way they are about everything: they come and go and they are afraid of their shadow. Guerrilla warfare gets on their nerves, it is so darn' individual, and being individual is what they do not like; that is to say, what they can't do.

ONE of our friends wants to be taught to say to a parachutist who comes to her door, and upon whom she has closed the door, she wants to say to him in English through the keyhole: please break down the door and come in by force and take everything you want by force; in that way you will have what you need, and the Germans and the government cannot blame me. "And now," said she, "will you tell me just how can I say that to the parachutist through the keyhole?" The rest of the population just wants to be taught to say we are glad to see you, and some of them are learning to say it very nicely.

The forty-odd Germans who are here and no longer get their pay are getting more and more peaceful. They ask for work, they wander around unarmed, and they used never to stir without a gun on their back and never less than three together. Now they wander all about the country alone and unarmed. It certainly is a change—this conquering army, this occupying army now wandering around hoping someone will speak to them and that someone will give them a job. It certainly does look like the beginning of the end.

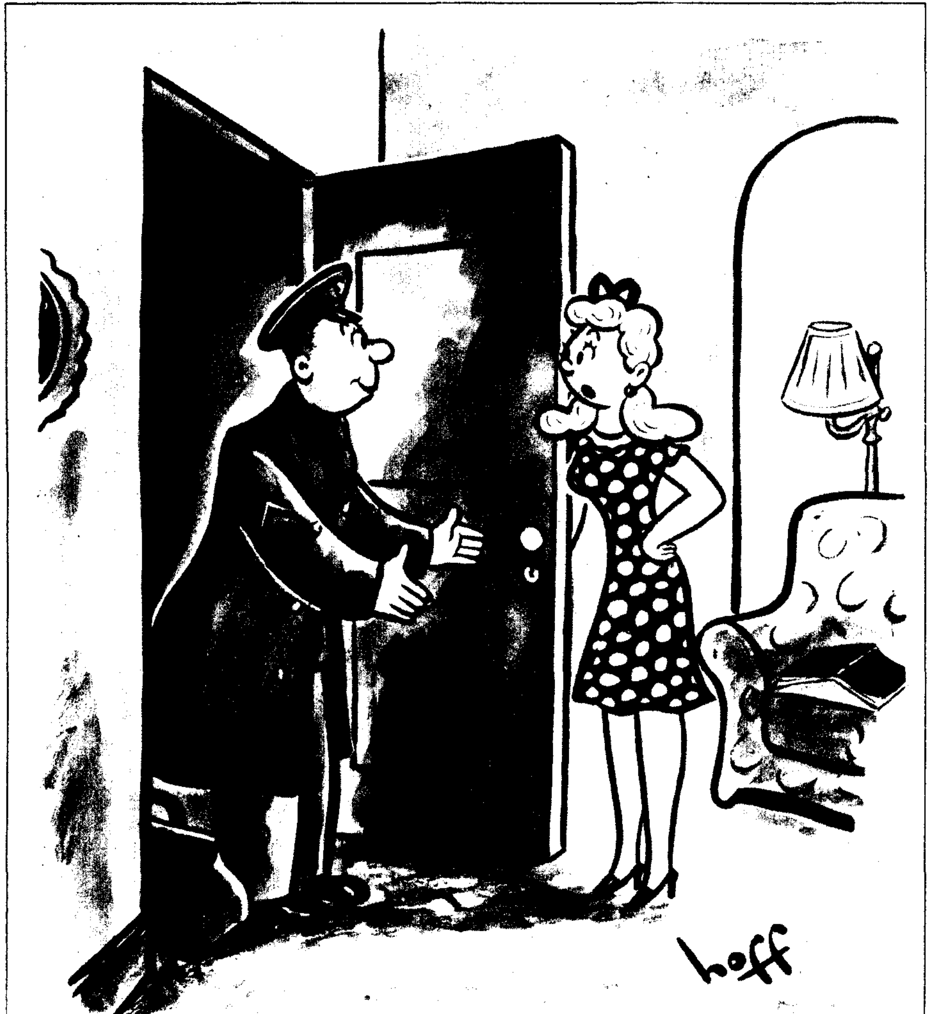
The breathlessness of the situation is a bit on everybody's nerves. But the most selfish of all the women here did today, in a great burst, announce that it was all right. There must be no bread, no money, no anything; and then the Germans would leave. That is the way it was going to be. There are no more trains here any more, and this Culoz where we are was a very important railroad junction for Italy, Switzerland and Savoy and Lyon, but not a train, not one single or solitary train, not one. No wonder the Germans are meek. Here they are and here they must stay until the Maquis come and take them away.

There is one thing certain: Now it is very bad form to mention Maquis or mountain boys, you speak respectfully of the French army. In two days the word Maquis no longer exists. It is with great pride the French army. We were in Belley yesterday and there everybody was excited. The night before, the Maquis had come into the town and walked off with the *sous-préfet*, with the chief of police, with a thousand kilos of sugar that one of the cake shops had, and lots of other material, and everybody of course was excited and upset.

Six of us had gone over in a taxi including our mayor, and it was very exciting and then we came home and then that evening the Maquis came very near to Culoz, and the Germans took out cannon to shoot at them and all to-day they were firing around the mountain and we stood around talking and everybody said if the Maquis come they bring food but if the Maquis come and do not succeed, then the Germans will take hostages and burn up the farms.

We now have one hundred and sixty Germans in the town and they are not leaving. We all hoped that they would leave and they would like to leave, but Hitler likes everybody to stay. Here they are until they are killed, he likes it like that, so I suppose even these few will stay until they are killed.

I had seen many things in this war, a great many, but I had never seen an armored train,



"What! You mean there'll be no more allotment checks for me?"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

MERRY XM
AL
WRINKLE-R
*
HILLS

Bill's Sittin' Pretty... Lucky Guy!

LUCKY is right — no wonder Bill is grinning from ear to ear. For a few fleeting hours he hasn't a care in the world. Nothing to do but loaf and fish and sit in the sun on the lazy old lake. And how he's soaking it up!

His Evinrude represents a nice bit of luck, too. "It's pre-war and priceless," says Bill. He's right. For nearly three years all the motors Evinrude could produce have been destined for the toughest service outboards ever tackled. And, like Bill's silky-smooth Zephyr model, most of these great fighting Evinrudes are four-cylinder motors . . . many of them ten times as powerful as this motor of Bill's!

Countless thousands of fishermen are "sitting pretty" with Evinrudes that will continue to deliver flawless performance long after peacetime motors can again be produced. Many of these Evinrudes are veterans of twenty-five and thirty years of faithful service . . . a record to remember when you select your postwar outboard motor!

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★ Every Dollar You Invest Helps Speed Victory — BUY MORE BONDS

EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

and today, as I passed the railroad track, I saw one, with the engine with a sort of tea cozy made of metal over it; and behind, cars with sandbags and Germans and we wondered, because there was nowhere to go to, the railroad being all broken up, except just to Chambéry; and I came home to tell about it and it was almost nine o'clock of summer night.

Just a little later, Basket barked and I looked out and there was a German officer and a soldier and they said in French they wanted to sleep, and I said have you a paper from the mayor; because they are always supposed to have, and he said like an old-time German officer, I must see the house. Certainly, I said, you go around to the back and they will open, and I called the servants and told them to attend to them; I thought with that kind of a German it was just as well to keep our American accents out of it.

And then they were at it. The German said he wanted two rooms for officers and mattresses for six men, and he did not want any answering back and he did not care how much he upset the ladies of the house, and the servants said very well, sir, and he left and as soon as he left, the soldiers were amiable and they carried around mattresses and they had three dogs and we locked up as much as we could and took Basket upstairs and went to bed; finally there were fifteen men sleeping on the six mattresses; and the two dogs, the third one would not come in; and in the morning, after they all left, we could not find my umbrella.

It turned out that it was used by a poor devil of an Italian whom they kept outside all night in the rain to sit with the horses; and they took away a new pair of slippers of one of the servants, and they broke the lock and stole all our peaches and they took away with them—why, nobody knows, except to be disagreeable—the two keys of the front and back doors, and then they left, but the third dog would not go with them and he is here now.

There were six hundred of them in the village and they are supposed to be on their way to fight the Maquis, but actually they themselves thought they were going home. They were sixteen and seventeen years of age and when they were alone, any one of them with the servants, they told about how hard their life was and what an unhappy country it was where there were Maquis, and one of them said, now the Russians are getting into our country, we will have to go to our country to defend it and we will have to leave you French people to defend yourselves as best you can against the English.

The servants just listened, and then when another German came in, then the one who was crying got the same brutal expression on his face as the others. Oh, said the servants, the miserable assassins. We heard firing all this afternoon and the rumor is the Maquis had mined the road they went over and caught them. Anyway, that is the last we saw of them and that was only yesterday.

THERE was a story written about the war, the American Civil War, called The Crisis, by Winston Churchill, and it was about Saint Louis and there was a Southerner and there was a Northerner, and they had been friends for years but when there was a threat of civil war, they said can we meet, can we keep off the subject, and of course they could not. The French are like that now; they are violently divided and they cannot keep off the subject. The French not fighting had plenty of time to worry and to talk and to listen to propaganda, and they have gotten so that they do not know what they believe in but they do pretty well know what they do not believe in. It is very complicated.

Anyway, now that the Allies are so undoubtedly winning, well, there are a good many who are changing opinions, there are quite a few that are keeping still and there are quite a few who are manufacturing American and English and French flags for the day of victory. And this is the fourteenth of July, and all the farmers are getting ready to join up with the French army and in a little while they will be so busy eating and drinking and discussing politics, that they will all be French together. But there have been moments, there most certainly have!

Today it was a shock when it was announced that the Japanese had executed American airmen. One does hear so many awful things that I do not know why that should have been so shocking, but it was and there is no doubt about it, one's country is one's country. It is queer the world is so small and so knocked about. Tonight, we expected to have Germans come into the house again but they did not. They came in and out and about and they are exactly like an ants' nest if you put a foreign substance in it. The Germans run around just like that. The only thing that is human about them is that they like to eat pork; that is the only human thing about them.

I was sitting with the wife of the mayor and in front of us was the main road from everywhere to Culoz. There were quite a few motorcycles rushing up and down with German soldiers and then there was a lull and then there came along hundreds of German soldiers walking. It was a terribly hot day and in the mountains heat is even hotter than below, and these soldiers were children, none older than sixteen and some looking not more than fourteen. And I have never seen anything like it since I saw the last lap of the walking marathon in Chicago.

OUR friend Elena Genin, who lives near Belley and who is a Mexican, told us that she had seen the German troops going into Belley and she said, "This is not a German army, this is a Mexican army when I was a little girl." And I did not quite understand. But now I understand—these childish faces and the worn bodies and the tired feet and the shoulders of aged men and an occasional mule carrying a gun heavier than the boys could carry and then covered wagons like those that crossed the plains, only small, with a covering over them. In them were the sick and wounded, and they were being dragged by mules. It was unbelievable. And about a hundred of them were on women's bicycles that they had evidently taken as they went along.

It was unbelievable, the motorized army of Germany of 1940 being reduced to this, to an old-fashioned Mexican army. It seemed to be more ancient than pictures of the moving army of the American Civil War.

"I suppose," said Madame Rey, the wife of the mayor, "that they choose them young like that, because children can set fire to homes and burn and destroy without knowing what they are doing, while grown men, even the worst of them, draw the line somewhere."

It was a sorry sight in every way. They had been in the mountains to fight the mountain boys, who, of course got away from them and killed and wounded quite a few of them and so they revenged themselves upon the civil population, who were unarmed, shooting them and burning their houses and driving away their cattle. They had cows and calves with them, dangling along with a string. It was absolutely unbelievable that in July, 1944, the German army could look like that.

When I got home there were about a hundred of these Germans in the garden, in the house, all over the place. Poor Basket, the dog, was so horrified that he could not even bark. I took him up to my bedroom and he just sat and shivered. He did not believe it could be true. They left the next morning and Basket has hardly barked since, and I heard today that they shot a dog of one of the homes in the village because they said he barked—a big black dog that its owner adored. Perhaps Basket will never bark again. I am trying to induce him to bark again. It is not right that a dog should be silent.

Now the only Germans left in the region are the sixty-odd, here in the town of Culoz And today the Germans killed their las three pigs and their cow, so everybody thinks that they will leave, too. They are getting so polite! One woman told me that a German soldier came to her to buy a chicken She said she could not sell because her husband was not home. But he said, you know German soldiers love the French. Oh, yes, said the woman. And, said he, all French people like German soldiers. Oh, yes, said the woman. And then he went away. They know they are caught in a trap and cannot ge away, so when they are not demanding some thing they are very cajoling. The French population are naturally disgusted.

The French took their defeat with their heads held well up. French people do not like people who are abject in defeat. No, they do not.

And now it is coming on to the end of July and things are very mixed up. Just at present there are no Germans in Culoz except a few at the station. It is different. Last night we noticed it the most. We kept our shutters open as long as we liked and then, later, I went out with Basket and I called him. All these days I could not go out in the garden after ten at night and I could not call Basket because, naturally, one did not want to attract attention to oneself. And then, later, about at midnight, I heard a man going down the street whistling. What a sense of freedom to hear someone at midnight go down the street whistling. It is a weight off. The weight is not all off because they are still there across the river and they might come back. But with all the Allied victories going on, it is not very likely, no, not very likely.

As I was walking along this afternoon, I talked to an old man and he said there were a lot of airplanes this afternoon and they were all American, taking material to the Maquis.

"Yes," said he reflectively, leaning on his farming implement, and I, leaning on my cane, "yes," he said, "we depend on America to pick us up out of our troubles, we have always been friends. We helped them when they needed us and they helped us when we needed them. The English are all right but it is America that we count on to take care of us, to see we keep our colonies. To be sure, they will want naval stations and, of course, we will be pleased to have them have them. The only thing that worries us is our towns, which have been bombarded. Will they help us to build them up? There is Chambéry. It was a nice town. They should have hit the station but not the town."

"I know," I said, "but there are the unfortunate accidents of war."

"I know," he said, "but," he said, "the Americans should rebuild Chambéry; and say they do, and in a year or two it would be rebuilt by them, and then, when it is all ready, and Mr. Roosevelt would still be living, he would come over to see it and that would be nice."

"Perhaps he will," I said. And then we each went on our way.

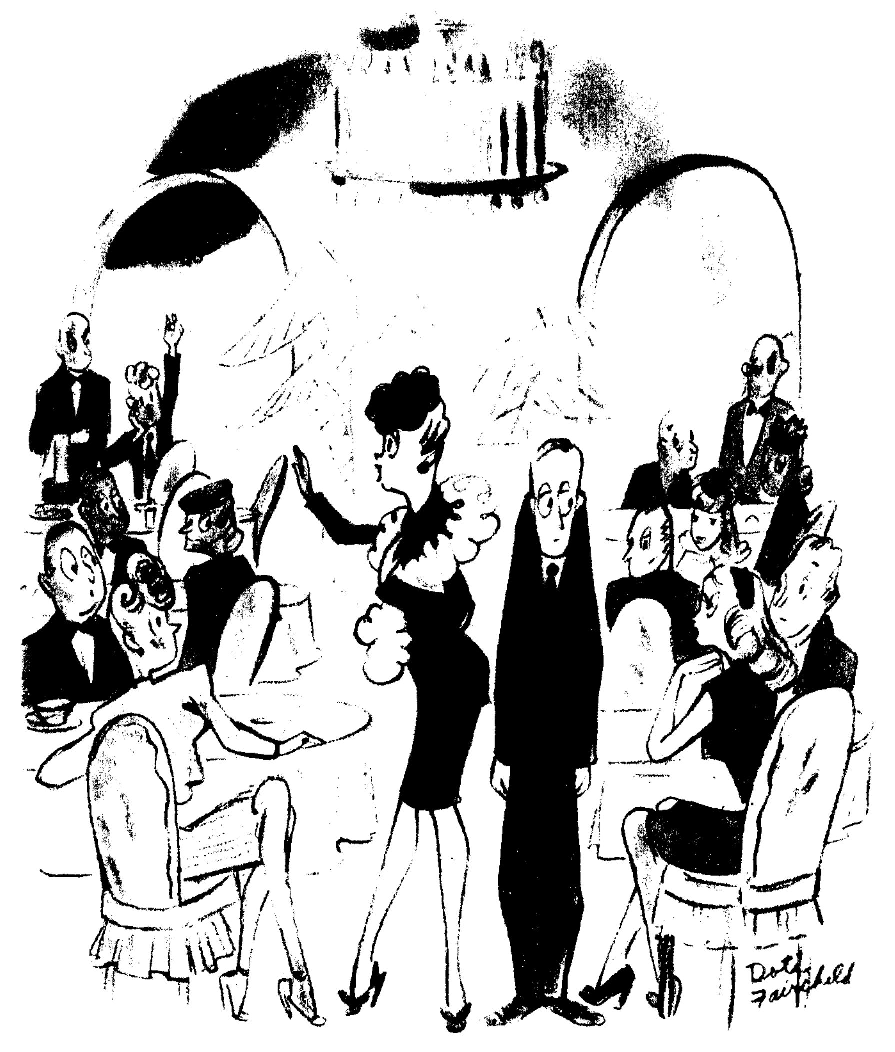
TODAY we were over in Belley, the third of August. In Belley they asked us with some astonishment, "And do you still have Germans?" We still have forty-odd who are railroad men and guard the station but we were very apologetic about them; we are, here in Culoz, the only ones in the region who still have Germans. So naturally we are apologetic, and add they are railway workers who have nothing to do. They are not soldiers. Things happen quickly. Three months ago, Belley was a garrison for thousands of German soldiers and now there are none and the people of Belley talk as if they never had had any; as if they only had had Maquis.

And we in Culoz still have them which is a disgrace.

We still have our fifty-odd Germans in the region but they are frightened and they stay where they are. They were in a village near by to buy some wine and the Maquis heard they were there and they came along and shot dead an officer and two soldiers and now, well, naturally the village is frightened. The Maquis go away, but the Germans, well, they are afraid to come back but now they have an evil habit of sending over five or six airplanes from Ambérieu, near Bourg, and they dropped bombs on a village three days ago. They did this, completely wiping out a village and killing most of the population, and almost every day these six-odd German airplanes come over our heads, and what will they do?

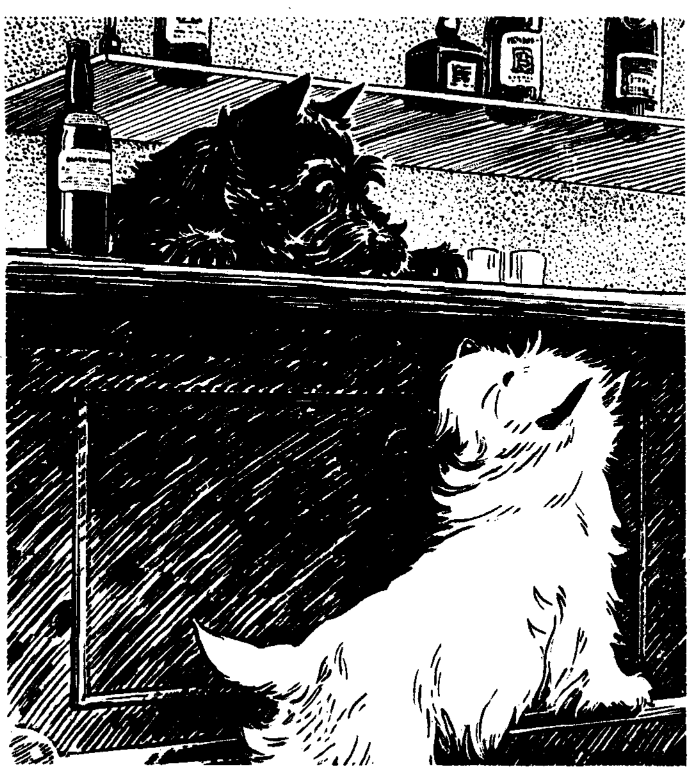
This we do not know, but something horrible, that is certain.

Miss Stein's story will be completed in a second article to be published next week.



"No, darling, Daddy intended leaving that dime there!"

COLLIER'S DOTI FAIRCHILD



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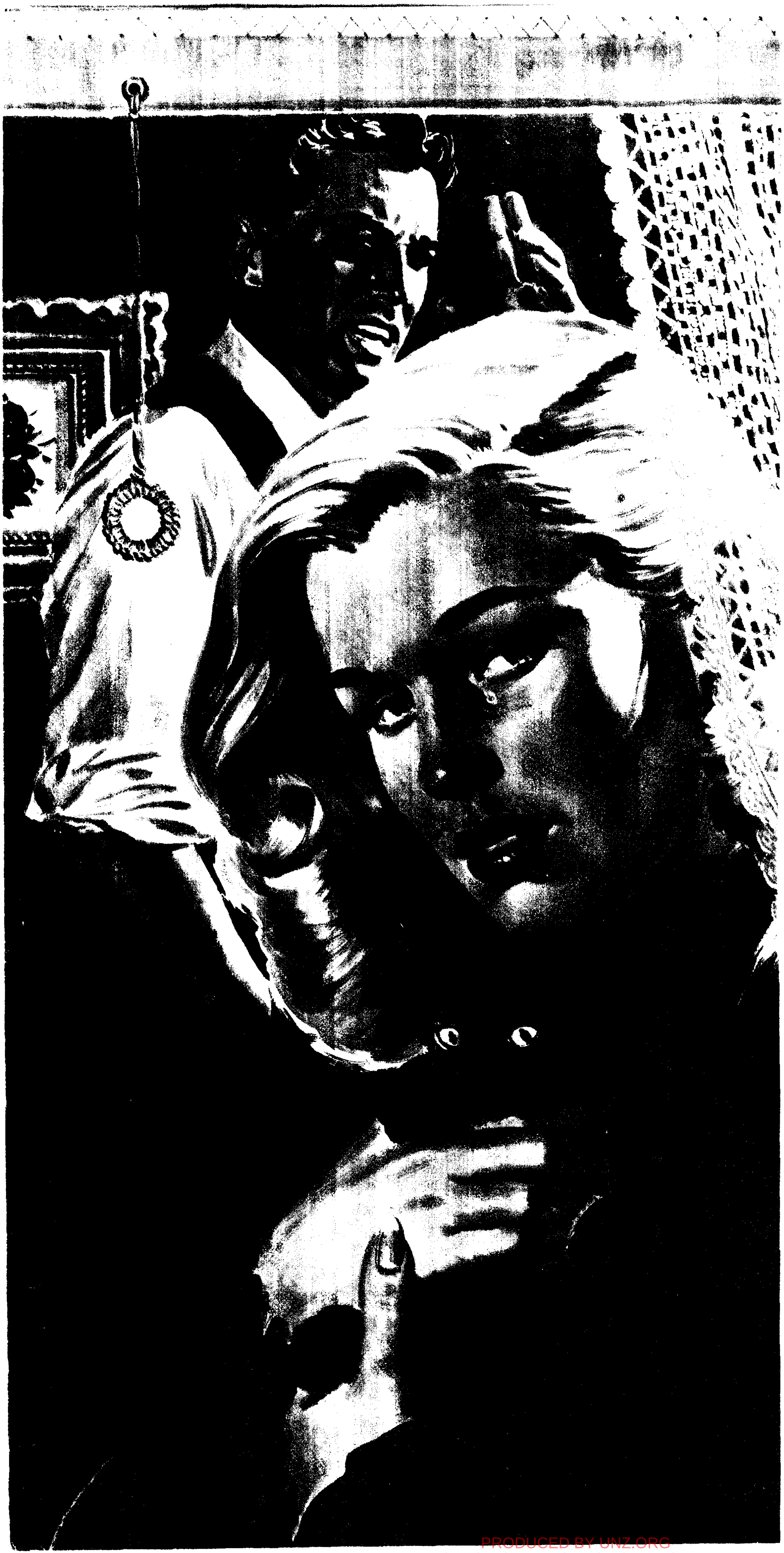
Front Door
TO LOVE

BY MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

When two people start looking for different things, marriage can hit the rocks. Rita knew this, but she was willing to gamble that the things she wanted most in all the world were what Van might learn to want



Rita began to cry into the kitten's fur. "Listen," said Van, "once you're on the train you'll forget it"

RITA had been married to Van Garson for four years—yet she could never get over the feeling that she was a bride. It was not only the way they lived—the endless new beginnings and start-all-over-agains—that marriage to Van meant. It was also because when she heard his foot outside the door, she felt exactly like an idle electric appliance abruptly plugged into a socket.

Warmth began to tingle through her, and she felt alive—with a special kind of painful wonderful life. And apprehension—there was always a tinge of apprehension in it, too, until she opened the door and could see his face and know that everything was all right.

Today the door into the hall was already open, and she could hear Van's voice downstairs, speaking curtly to Mrs. Jeffers, their landlady. They were living temporarily (everything they did was temporarily) in a back bedroom in Mrs. Jeffers' tourist home on the edge of town. But before Christmas they were moving into really luxurious quarters.

It was a separate cottage, a palace of four rooms, with a real kitchen, and a tiny fireplace in what Mrs. Jeffers called the parlor. It was on her property, and she would still be their landlady, although they wouldn't be living under her nose, as they were now. She was such a nice old soul—Rita wished Van weren't so obviously bored by her. He was making money now, the rent had been paid regularly, but you could never tell. . . .

She was suddenly, uneasily aware that Van was home too early; it was barely half past four. She went out into the hall and saw him on the stairs, his dark head turned toward the dumpy little woman, his slender, nervous hand on the banister. Mrs. Jeffers was making a feeble sputtering—something about keeping pets in the rooms.

Van's voice cut through it, edged like a knife: "It really doesn't matter, Mrs. Jeffers. We're leaving in the morning. I doubt very much that we'll ever bother you again."

RITA met him in the upper hall. There was a black kitten in his overcoat pocket, helplessly trying to claw its way out, and Rita observed this without remarking on the oddity of it. Like a bell that has been struck, she was resounding in all her senses to the remark that Van had just made to Mrs. Jeffers.

Neither of them spoke until they were in their room with the door closed behind them. Van tossed the kitten onto the bed. She could sense the familiar excitement that was like a flame in him, although his voice was low-pitched and cool.

"All right, sweetheart, let's get moving. We're clearing out of here in the morning."

"Oh, Van—no—"

He said pleasantly. "As a matter of fact, I'd rather make it tonight. There's a train going to Chicago—stops here at 9:20. I guarantee you a seat, even if I have to gag and tie somebody in the washroom."

"Van—what happened?"

He flung off his coat and stood there in his shirt sleeves. The dark, pin-striped vest fitted him closely, displaying his neat, flat waist. He was not a big man, but he was extremely compact and muscular. Dressed for the street, he was perhaps too conventionally good-looking, with a fine, almost delicate regularity of feature, and dark, crisp hair. He disliked his appearance very much. When he stood in front of a mirror, shaving, his habitual expression was one of disgust. . . . And he would fight at the drop of a hat.

Since the Army doctors had found the spot on his lung, he had been much worse. Ever since, he had carried around on his shoulder a small and ugly gremlin, and if any man

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THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR

Called the "Staghound" by the British

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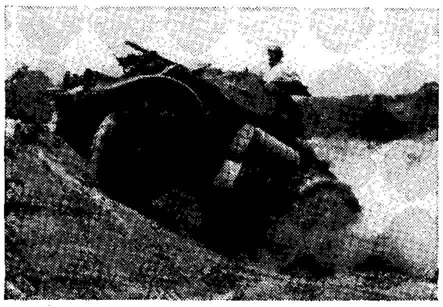
Thousands in Action

Chevrolet designed and built several thousand of these 14-ton roving fortresses for the British, and, while details of construction are still a secret (because none of them has yet been captured by the enemy), we can tell you that it has *the speed of a passenger car, the firepower of a tank and the armor of a mobile fortress.*

Its hull is so strong that it can "carry on" even if one wheel is blasted off by enemy gunfire. Its tires are exceptionally shell- and bullet-resistant.

RANGE—It can range over 500 miles without refueling, dropping its outside jettison gas tanks when entering combat, and continuing on gasoline from its protected tanks inside the armored hull.



All four wheels drive the armored car forward at passenger-car speed over any kind of ground!

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Over three years ago Chevrolet, working in close cooperation with the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army, began designing and building these 14-ton monster cars to help spearhead the Allied invasion.

Chevrolet is proud of the record these armored cars are making in the war—proud of the way Chevrolet's thousands of workers have kept this secret weapon a *secret!*—proud of this outstanding contribution to Chevrolet's all-out program of VOLUME FOR VICTORY.

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looked cross-eyed at him, or spoke in the wrong tone of voice, Van was ready for action.

"Tell me, Van! You've got to tell me!"

The black kitten stood teetering on the edge of the bed, trying to get up nerve to jump. Van scooped it up and set it on the high chest, so that it blotted out her frightened face in the mirror.

"Look at the eyes, will you! They look like a pair of sodium headlights. I'll pick up a basket for him when we go out to eat. This is a traveling cat. He's going to Chicago."

"Van—please!"

He straightened up and laid his hands flat on the dresser top.

"I socked him. That lousy rat, Masters. He's been building for it all week. Today he made a remark—well, I couldn't take it. I knocked him down." Van's eyes narrowed with satisfaction. "He was the most surprised-looking heel you ever saw. Outweighed me by thirty pounds and gave me a raise just two weeks ago."

"What was the remark?"

"Oh, some sarcastic reference to a swelled head—that I was a little too big for my job."

"Maybe it's true."

"No—dammit—I like my job! But I don't have to take that kind of talk from anybody."

WORDS were heavy in her. Heavy and old and shabby with use. She closed her lips on them and opened her top drawer, gathering up stockings and gloves and lingerie. She needn't think of what she was doing. Her hands knew all the gestures.

Van went into the bathroom and she heard him washing his hands.

Then, after a moment, he came to the door, flourishing a towel, and nodded toward the kitten.

"A puppy was what I had in mind. They didn't have the right kind. Not housebroken."

"Is the kitten housebroken?"

"Well, it doesn't seem to have the same importance in cats." He picked up the small black bundle and thrust it into her arms. "Like it, Honey?"

"Um."

Neither of them had to talk about it. They both knew the purpose and function of the kitten. These last few months she had been thinking and talking too much about a baby. But babies didn't fit into her life and Van's. Van liked to travel light.

You couldn't say casually, if you had a baby, "There's a train leaving at 9:20 tonight—let's make it." But a kitten was different. It was soft and cute and nice to hold, and when you traveled it could be put in a basket under the seat and forgotten.

Van got out his fitted leather case and swept the articles from the dresser top into it.

"Remember Bob Tilton?" he asked. "You liked his wife, red-haired girl; we all went dancing together that time at the Lodge—remember? I had a letter from Bob couple of months ago. He's in Chicago with a big paper-box outfit. Bob says they're so shorthanded, it's pitiful. I thought I'd give Bob a ring." He began a tuneless whistle.

"What kind of work would it be?"

"I don't know—you can write your own ticket these days. Bob and his wife have a three-room apartment right near the lake. They're lucky—got it leased for the duration." He glanced contemptuously around the colorless, respectable room. "Lord, I'll be glad to get out of this dump."

She was standing by the window now, holding the kitten close to her, her head bowed so that her chin touched its fur. The afternoon was darkening. There was a gray, sullen look like snow. She could see the cottage from here through the bare branches of a maple tree. The little house looked solid and comfortable. It was easy to imagine how it would look with smoke coming out of the chimney, the windows warm squares of light, a Christmas wreath on the front door. Never since their marriage had they had a front door that opened onto fresh air, instead of a hotel corridor, or an upper hall full of the smell of other people's cooking. In the good periods they had lived prosperously in apartments, behind doors marked 2B or 4A, but even these were nothing to hang a Christmas wreath on.

She began to cry quietly into the hot dust-smelling fur below her chin. As though this were a loving attention, the kitten began to purr, his whole body quivering like a little motor.

She wasn't noisy about it, but Van knew. He always knew. He came over and put his arm hard around her shoulders. "Listen, honey, this is just a simple case of schmalz," he said with angry tenderness. "Once you're on the train, you'll forget it. You've been staring out that window for five months. You need a change of scenery—"

She said with a soft, charged bitterness, "I'd already bought material for the kitchen curtains. I've got them half made. Over there in the bottom drawer."

"Leave them to old lady Jeffers for a goodby present. We're through with this town—"

She pulled away from him. "But I don't want to be through with it! I love this town! Everything about it. The band concerts we went to last summer; the five-and-ten-cent store—I know every clerk by sight now; I can tell if they have a new hair-do! And the Sunday we went to church, and the woman next to me said my husband should join the men's choir he had such a fine voice. Oh, Van—why—why did you have to do it?"

Van's arm dropped from her shoulders. His hands pushed stubbornly into his pockets.

"There are some things a man can't take if he has any pride. Masters deliberately insulted me."

"So you gave him the only answer you knew. You knocked him down."

"What else could I do?" Van asked simply.

For a moment she stood there looking helplessly at him. Then she went back to her packing. . . .

Success Story

The hunter who brings down his deer or his duck
And credits success to persistence and luck
May possibly know how my heart goes a-flutter
When I flush a cover of bacon and butter.

Margaret Fishback

It was still too early to go out to dinner. Van was restless. There were a couple of things at the dry cleaners—he told her he would go out and get them and pay the bill at the drugstore. Then he'd like to go over to Harry's Bar, and say goodby to Harry—he was one of the best guys in town.

His own bags were all ready to go. He'd take them along and check them at the station. By the time he returned—hour, hour and a half, maybe—she should be all set. Now that they were on their way, there was no point in hanging around.

But he seemed reluctant to leave her. He stood at the door, holding the suitcases, his eyes troubled.

"Go out and buy yourself a new hat to wear with that green number. I'm going to take you to the Draper to eat—we'll finish off this place in style."

The thought of food was distasteful to her. "I'll be all right," she said quietly.

"You scared me there for a moment. I was afraid you were getting ideas." He set down the bags and picked them up again. "Well, I'll be back. You'll be crazy about Chicago. Keep an eye on Blackout, there—I'll bring him some milk."

AFTER he had closed the door she felt deadly tired, but her hands went on folding clothes into the suitcase. The whole point was that she had no choice. She would love one man until she died. If Van decided to go somewhere, she went along, too, like his hand or his foot. She hadn't any life of her own.

But that wasn't—necessarily—true, any more. Suddenly sitting down on the edge of the bed, she let it all rush in on her. Already in the twenty days since it had been a possibility, she had trained herself to keep silent about it, even to force it out of her mind the minute Van walked into the room. If she kept the thought in her mind that she might possibly be going to have a baby, she might as well say the words out loud. They would be right there on her face, along with the rush of blood up her throat and the sickening ecstasy at the pit of her stomach. And now—

The black kitten stepped daintily from the pillow onto her lap, its yellow headlight eyes blinking. Kitten—she thought scornfully—Van thought a kitten might fix it. Suppose that this hope were true—

She got up, spilling the kitten out of her lap, and without looking into the mirror, put on her hat and coat and picked up her handbag. Outside, she glanced once at the telephone at the head of the stairs, set there for the guests' use. But there was no use telephoning—either the doctor would see her now or he would not. She wouldn't be making any future appointment with him.

She went down the stairs and out into the chill, early dusk.

AN HOUR later she opened the door and peered into the living room.

"Mrs. Jeffers, would you let me have the key to the cottage? I'd like to see how the painters are coming along."

The little woman looked up in surprise. "The cottage? But your husband told me—just this afternoon—you're leaving!"

Rita's voice was tranquil: "He was trying to be amusing. To take your mind off the kitten, I suppose. No, we're both looking forward to moving into the cottage."

Van finally found her out there when he came back. He stood at the open doorway and stared in at her. The lights were all burning, and the fresh smell of paint was everywhere. Rita was laying blue-and-white shelf paper in a kitchen cupboard.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "Do you know it's nearly seven? We've got a train to catch!"

Rita closed the cupboard with a gentle click, and turned toward him. "Van, I'm—not going."

He looked at her stupidly. "What's the idea, Rita? Are you trying to start something?"

"You can call it that. Yes, I'm starting something—a home. You see, even if you decide to go to Chicago as you planned and leave me here—I won't be alone. I'm going to have a baby, Van."

He said instantly, "I don't believe it." Walking into the room he turned her roughly by the shoulders. "Rita, if this is some kind of a game—"

She looked up at his dark, worried face but she could feel only an immense peacefulness. There was no doubt or uncertainty left in her now.

"It's not any game, Van. You'll be surprised, you're completely ignorant in these matters. It's a baby—it won't be just an elaborate kind of a pet; it will be a person. It will have your shape of the nose, or my ears. It will be calm or excitable. When it grows up it will definitely prefer coffee or tea."

"You're very eloquent."

It was cold in the house without any heat, but Rita didn't notice it. She began to walk lightly around the room.

"You know, once my mother told me that when I was first started, she didn't want me. She used to take long walks and jump violently up and down. That was the trouble, you see—she thought of me as a condition. Later, when she discovered I was a person, she told me she was shocked at her behavior. I'm not making that mistake. Already, this baby is more important than comfort or convenience, or even—the exciting adventure of going to Chicago to start all over again."

"More important," Van said, "than our marriage."

She said in a sharp, abrupt voice, "Since when have you put our marriage first? When—ever—if your precious pride was involved?"

They were both silent, holding the look between them. After a moment he burst out irritably, "Is there any reason why you can't have a baby in Chicago? Many women do."

She sat down on a low stepladder. Now

When did the air come of age ?

The air has come of age all over the world without even a birthday party.

For instance, Russian air lines in 1935 carried three times as much freight as American lines—almost seven hundred tons more mail. Canada increased air freight tonnage over seven thousand per cent in ten years.

Today, many of the busiest airports lie in jungle empires on the other side of the world. For air transportation is a sturdy trunk continually sending out branches to all parts of the globe.

This is significant to every Main Street. It will mean some employment in the manufacture and operation of aircraft. But the major boost in employment will come from the changes which always follow each faster, more flexible means of transportation.

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Alcoa Aluminum looks to the Air Age not alone for the employment it will create for men and women in making the strong alloys of Alcoa Aluminum needed for planes. We see ahead millions of jobs in other industries using aluminum to meet the changes that will take place in your own Main Street.

The Air Age is everybody's business!

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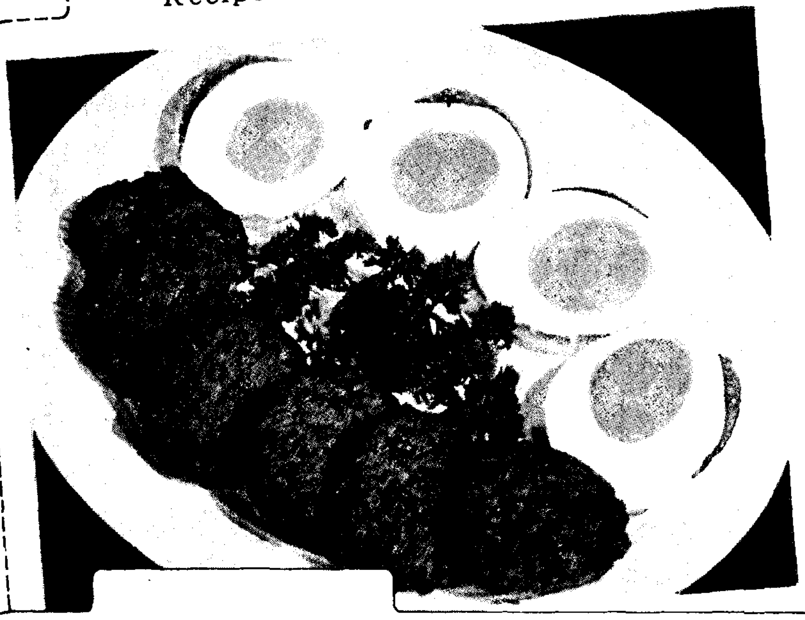
Recipe



Star Sausage Patties and Eggs

1 lb. Star Cello Roll Pork Sausage
4 Cloverbloom Eggs
Toast

Shape Armour's Star Sausage into 5 to 6 patties. Place in cold frying pan and set over low heat. Cook slowly for 15 minutes, turning once or twice to brown evenly and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Serve with poached eggs on toast for hearty breakfast or quick supper. 4 servings.

Armour's Star on this pure pork sausage promises you savory, flavory meals

It is the pledge of Armour and Company that you cannot buy better sausage than Armour's Star—for Armour's Star label means the finest quality available.

This flavory pure pork sausage will thrill your family for breakfast or supper on *any* brisk wintry day.

For Armour's Star Pork Sausage is made always from selected pure pork cuts, blended with fresh-ground imported spices. And it's made fresh every day, in scores of Armour Sausage Kitchens across the country—just so you'll get it when its flavor is best.

To make the suppers shown here, buy the best—buy Armour's Star Pork Sausage. You will find its extra special goodness makes a hit with everyone.

Star Link Sausage with Succotash

1 lb. Armour's Star Link Sausage
1 pkg. frozen lima beans or No. 2 can
1 pkg. frozen whole kernel corn or No. 2 can

Place Armour's Star Sausage in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly for 12-15 minutes, turning once or twice and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Combine corn and lima beans and cook as directed for frozen vegetables or heat if vegetables are canned. Season with salt, pepper and ¼ cup sausage drippings. To serve, place succotash on platter and arrange sausages on top. 6 servings.

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Modern American Business Depends on Teamwork

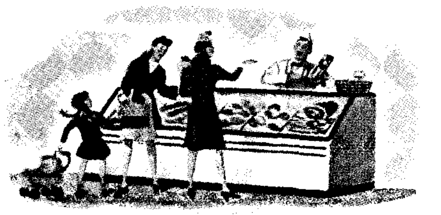
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Today's well-managed business corporation is a pool of the combined "know-how" of many specialized workers, aided by tools and other resources supplied by thrifty persons—the stockholders.

The captain of the modern corporate team *is the chief executive.*

His role is to bring qualified workers into association with superior tools and power equipment, which help them to process raw materials.

The acceptability of products thus made is determined by the customer, who is the real boss.



When the housewife goes to the retail meat shop, she, in a democratic way, participates in what amounts to a daily customers' plebiscite. By buying the products which she approves and by rejecting the others, the housewife, as purchasing agent for the family, casts a vote to determine the business trend.

When the housewife expresses a preference for Armour hams and other products and makes a purchase, she provides us, through retail meat dealers who distribute our products, with the funds which enable us to carry on.

These gross receipts make it possible for us to employ tens of thousands of workers directly and hundreds of thousands of farmers, livestock men, railroaders, truckers and others indirectly. Similarly, out of such receipts, we help to support government with taxes, provide for the replacement of worn out tools and equipment, and to accumulate funds which can be paid into the corporate treasury to finance future growth.

A corporation, such as Armour, which has endured for 76 years, has in effect regularly stood high in popularity contests conducted among the discriminating housewives of the nation.

The trade-marked and other products of this enterprise, which provide meats for the dinner table of approximately one-seventh of the entire population, are in a very lasting sense best-sellers.

We in Armour value above all else these recurrent votes of confidence from the discriminating buyers of typical American families.

Such perennial expressions of customer approval in effect renew our franchise to remain in business.

G A Eastwood
President, Armour and Company

Sixth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

her voice was very sweet and reasonable:

"You know how it would be, Van. Trying to hunt up some place to live, and not finding any, and ending up at last in a second-rate hotel, or moving in with the Tiltons. There'd be no decency or privacy, and never any place to put anything down. And our home life would be so awful that we'd go out every night, and spend our money, and drink too much, and never get quite enough sleep.

"And Bob would take you to his office or factory, or whatever it is, and get you a job, and there'd be a lot of new, difficult personalities to learn to get along with. And of course there would be one particularly obnoxious one who'd wear on your nerves for a few weeks, until one day he'd insult you, and you'd knock him down."

Van didn't answer. His face was frozen.

"Not a good outlook for a baby," Rita said.

She glanced around the cheerful little kitchen. There was another smell, mingled with the paint. Evergreen. A dark, fat wreath, starred with bayberries, hung on the open door. It was still three weeks to Christmas, but she had found it at the open market on her way home.

Van was staring at the wreath. "You've got it all worked out, haven't you?"

"Write me," Rita said gently. "Write me from Chicago, if I'm wrong."

He turned without a word and walked out.

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

He didn't cut across the lawn to the big house but walked in the opposite direction. A little chill of fear moved above the peacefulness in Rita. Outside, it was beginning to snow.

THE station clock said five minutes after nine. It was very warm in here, and all the radiators were hissing. Rita had taken off her coat and had laid it on the seat beside her strapped bags and the hatbox with the two holes cut in the top that held the kitten.

She felt a strange sense of detachment from her body. Perhaps it was because she had had no dinner. Perhaps it was because she knew now that her body possessed a separate will of its own. She had not meant to come here. She had not meant to go back to the old room, after Van had gone, and finish packing, and gather up the kitten, and call a taxi to take her to the station. Yet she knew she had done all this for no other reason except that Van would be there. Van was going to Chicago and, like his hand or his foot, she must go along.

In the end, nothing had been strong enough to break the relentless, bitter-sweet bond between them.

It was quarter past nine when he came in. He didn't see her at first, and she watched him go to the checking desk, saw the attendant slide the two heavy bags across to him. Van picked them up and started back toward the door.

"Van! Here I am, Van!"

He halted abruptly, and their eyes met across the indifferent eyes of strangers. During the moment that he was walking toward her, she saw that something had happened; his face was white and strained, and his eyes had a queer, defenseless look.

"Rita, if you've decided to haunt me for the evening, you're doing a damn' good job."

"I'm going with you, Van. You knew I would, in the end."

The measure of his relief was in his voice: "I wasn't sure. This time I—wasn't—sure."

They stood for a moment looking soberly at each other. People moved around them and called to one another. The kitten clawed softly at the cover of his box. Somebody announced the leaving of a train.

Rita began with a shaky smile, "Whither thou goest—"

"That's a good girl," Van said. "That's my girl."

The wound between them healed and closed. Van straightened his shoulders, looked around him and said, "What did you do with the cat?"

"Over there in the hatbox."

"Wait a minute. I'll see if I can find a porter."

BUT the porter, following Van's lead, didn't head in the direction of the tracks. The little procession trailed out into the cold snow-soft night. Van got a taxicab. Getting in beside Rita and the piled suitcases he gave the driver Mrs. Jeffers' address. Rita lay back against the seat, feeling confused, without mind or volition, like a piece of the luggage.

"Van, what did we do? Miss the train?"

"I guess so. Look out the window, Rita. What do you think of our home town?"

She obediently looked out. They were driving through the main street now. The street lights had a rosy look behind the big, loose snowflakes. Dixon's Department Store had decorated their windows for Christmas. Music came faintly from the Fairplay Ice Cream Parlor, and you could see couples dancing behind the frosty windows.

"It looks pretty nice," Rita said.

Van spoke in a sudden harsh voice: "Would you like to know what I've been doing? Here's one for the book: I apologized to Masters."

She half turned in her seat. "Van—you didn't!"

"So help me. I looked up his home address in the phone book, went around there and rang the bell and apologized." He added softly, "He . . . he was the most surprised-looking heel you ever saw."

Rita began to laugh. But she was crying, too.

"What's the matter now? It's what you wanted, isn't it? What do you think I did it for? I got my job back. Raise, and everything, all intact." A trace of the old cockiness crept into his voice: "I haven't been doing too badly, you know. Masters is smart enough to know when he's well off."

"I know, but—oh, Van—to *apologize!*"

He gave the bags a shove with his foot. "It wasn't—easy. But skip that—hell, we've got a family, now. Cat, baby—"

She put her gloved hand into his, and he held it tight. She knew now why she was crying. Van was growing up. It had never in his life occurred to him, until tonight, that anything could be more important than his pride. Tonight he had put something else first—and it hadn't been easy.

This I will remember, she thought passionately—no matter how much I love this child that will be ours, no matter what I sacrifice for him in years to come—I will never do anything greater than Van has done for him tonight. She felt gladness and relief, and she was infinitely touched—but these few tears were a part of it, too, because once she had loved that younger Van who had liked to travel light. A little part of his youth was gone.

The car drew up in front of the house. Van looked critically at the small, dark hulk of the cottage at the far side of the larger house.

"If we're going to stay on here, I'll be hanged if I'll go on using old lady Jeffers' front walk. I'm going to put through a path, straight from the corner there, to our own front door."

"Van—will you really?"

He said confidently, "We'll have a place of our own some day. Meanwhile—" He checked himself and gave a little laugh, ironical, amused, hardly bitter at all.

"It seems you don't need to go to Chicago to make a new start. You can do it just as well by moving across the lawn."

He gave her hand a final squeeze, leaned forward, and opened the door.

THE END

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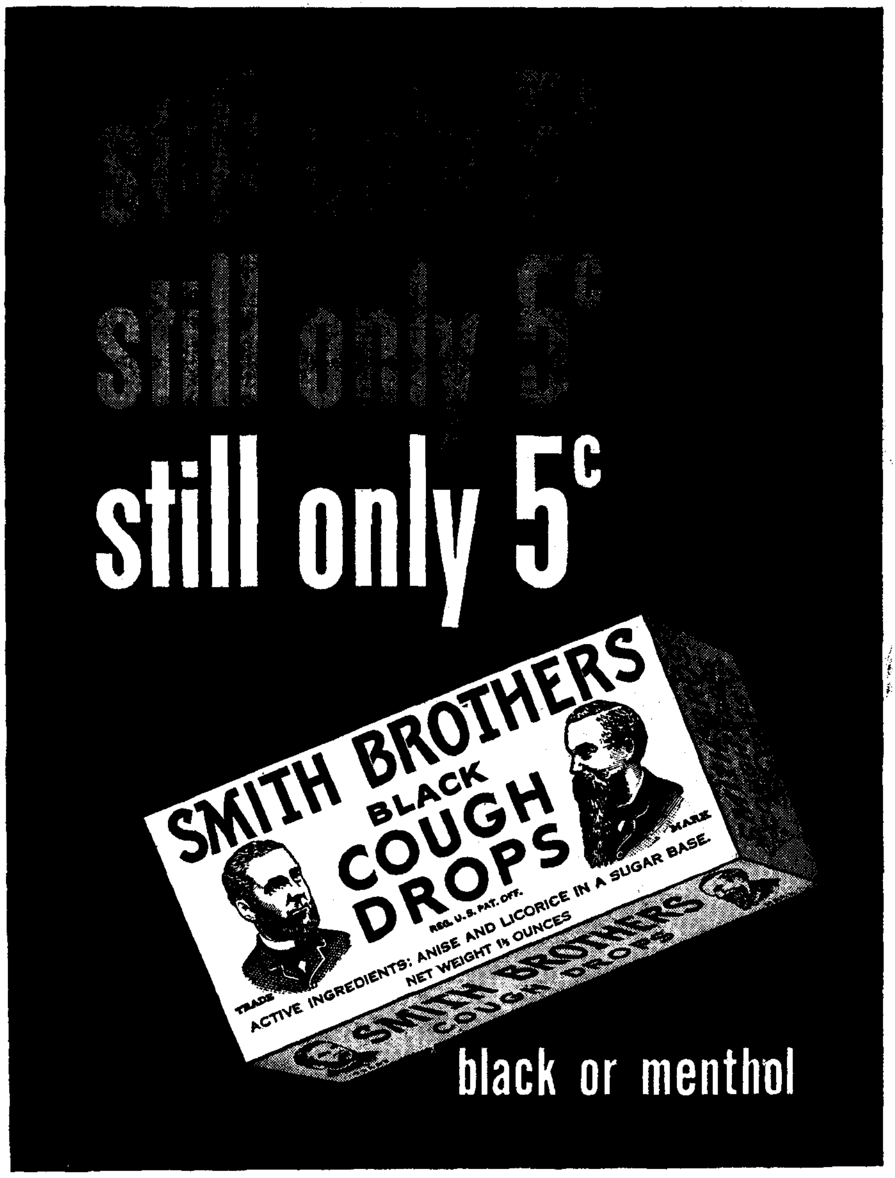


Gourmet à la Maryland

Continued from page 24

of telling just when or in what room the Deutes will get a good eating idea. Mrs. Deute is a capable hand with the skillet, too, although she neither takes off as fast as Mr. Deute nor soars so far and wide. It is not at all unusual for Mr. Deute suddenly to drop his book or newspaper, dash to the near-by typewriter and rattle off a potage, a salad, a cutlet or an omelet just as neatly as old John Donne used to knock out a sonnet. He had merely come upon something in his reading—an egg perhaps, or a truffle or even so homely a thing as an onion—and a spark had stung him into creating.

Occasionally Mrs. Duete, reading the result of the inspiration, will halt midway, thoughtfully press a crooked forefinger to her lips, meditate for a moment and give it as her opinion that he has, perhaps, been a little forward with the paprika, or a trifle precipitate with the basil or that perhaps, my dear, a bit headlong on tarragon. Whereupon the Deutes take to the kitchen to prove or disprove—the result being a tour de force.

One quickly realizes, after a little time with Mr. Deute, that nothing about the preparation of food is an offhand measure. Mr. Deute does things which not only delight the eater but must be very pleasing indeed to the eaten. As an example, we shall let Mr. Deute boil a lobster for us.

Into the pot goes a quantity of sea water. Sea water, mind you, not just salted water. Anyone living by the sea will be very glad to dip out a couple of pails of the brine and send them to you. The sea water is put in cold, of course, and the live lobster is plopped in at once. He is in his element. He paddles around, glad of a taste of home. Then under the pot, you light the fire. Gradually it becomes warm, and the lobster relaxes luxuriantly in the rising temperature.

Slowly the water becomes hotter and under the soothing influence, the creature drops trustingly off to sleep with nothing but the most benevolent feelings for the human race. And when he wakes up, as Mr. Deute has it, he's dead. Neither he nor your conscience has suffered so much as a minor twinge. But on the other hand, if you plunge the lobster into water already boiling, he immediately scrunches up, becomes tense, and the meat is tough.

It is small niceties and refinements like that, says Mr. Deute, that make the difference between the artist and the artisan, between the great Carême and Mike the Greek, the ham-on-rye slugger at the diner just across from the depot. Marie Antoine Carême cooked for Alexander I, for Talleyrand and for George IV. Mr. Deute calls him the best chef in history.

On several of his many typewriters, Mr. Deute has written a book—Two Hundred Dishes for Men to Cook. He was inspired to do this because in his voluminous mail—about a hundred letters a day—he finds that most men are convinced in their hearts that they are talented chefs, just as most women believe that the stage and the screen lost superb actresses when they became housewives and mothers. We haven't got around to reading Mr. Deute's book, but he gave us a nice lesson free.

He suggested that we invite a few of our men friends to dinner, first telling them what they were going to get to eat and that we'd do the cooking. Of course it would have to be something simple to begin with. For example: A canapé of liver Indienne, ragout of the itinerant chef, asparagus salad with Nemo sauce, tipsy parson and coffee.

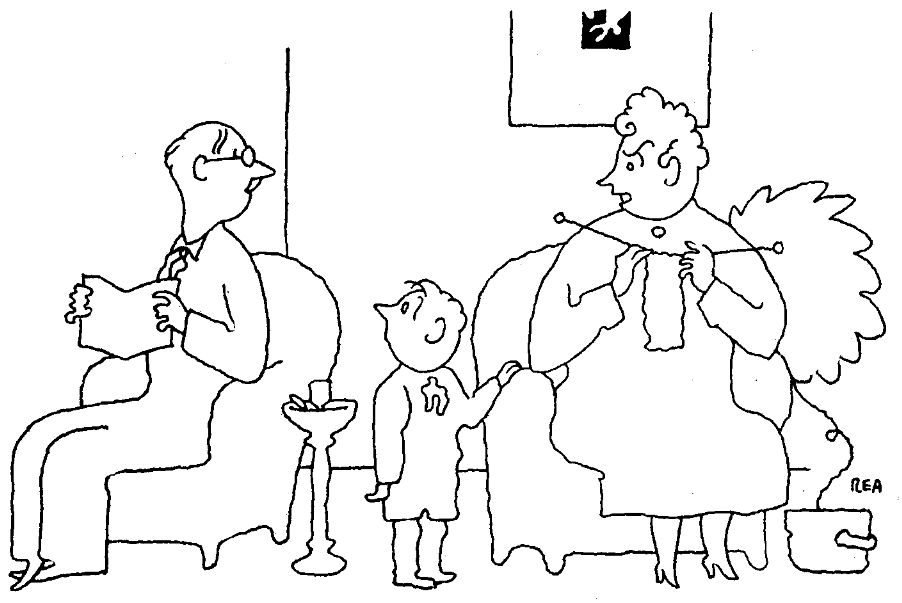
Of course there'd be cocktails—Blond Babies. To make a Blond Baby, put two ordinary water glasses of pineapple juice and the same quantity of light-colored rum into the shaker. Then a lime or half a lemon squeezed in. Cracked ice, lid on tight and shake rhythmically. But not so fast, my friend, not so fast. You go to the refrigerator and take out the glasses which have been therein for several hours and have accumulated lovely rime. That's the touch that tips off the assembled guests that this is not going to be a mere slum-and-gravy evening.

Getting into the Proper Mood

After the first sip of Blond Baby, the host serves the canapé. This has been created thus: Into four pats of butter, rub a level teaspoon of curry powder. This is spread on decrusted toast. On the toast is laid a thin slice of liverwurst that has been gently sautéed in a little fat—gently, mind you, gently. When the liverwurst is on the toast, drop a modicum (no more) of the fat in the very center of each piece. Then just a whisper of paprika. Whereat, says Mr. Deute, if your guests are the kind of fellows a gentleman should be associating with, the room will be melodious with grateful little chirrups of appreciation. Then you really put on the nose bag.

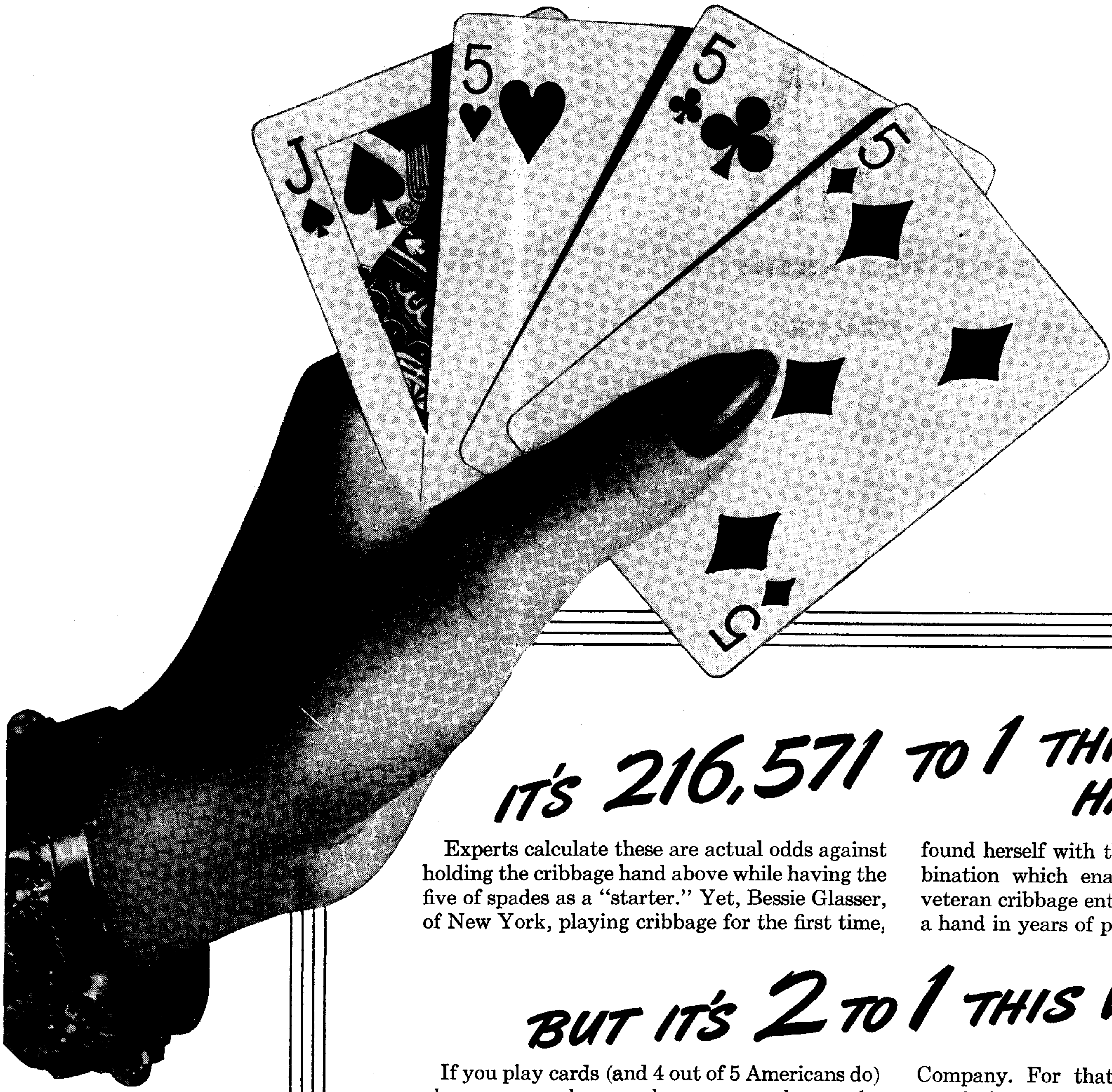
In the center of the table has been placed the large family bean pot, the cover on tight. There is a moment of silence as the host lifts the lid—slowly and calmly. If you've done it right, says Mr. Deute, "rare odors seep forth." From the pot comes a fine lamb steak—a cut from the leg. Then a potato dripping with gravy. Then more gravy, rich and brown and populated with "small onions, pieces of carrot and a green pea or two"—Mr. Deute's very words. All this on each guest's plate. Of course it's a stew, but it is really the hand of the creator (so to speak) that you're tasting, not just another mulligan.

Actually, you start it in a frying pan. Into



"There's no use asking your father. He wouldn't know what a wolf whistle is either!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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Experts calculate these are actual odds against holding the cribbage hand above while having the five of spades as a "starter." Yet, Bessie Glasser, of New York, playing cribbage for the first time, found herself with this rare showing . . . a combination which enabled her to score 29. Few veteran cribbage enthusiasts have ever held such a hand in years of play . . . and few expect to.

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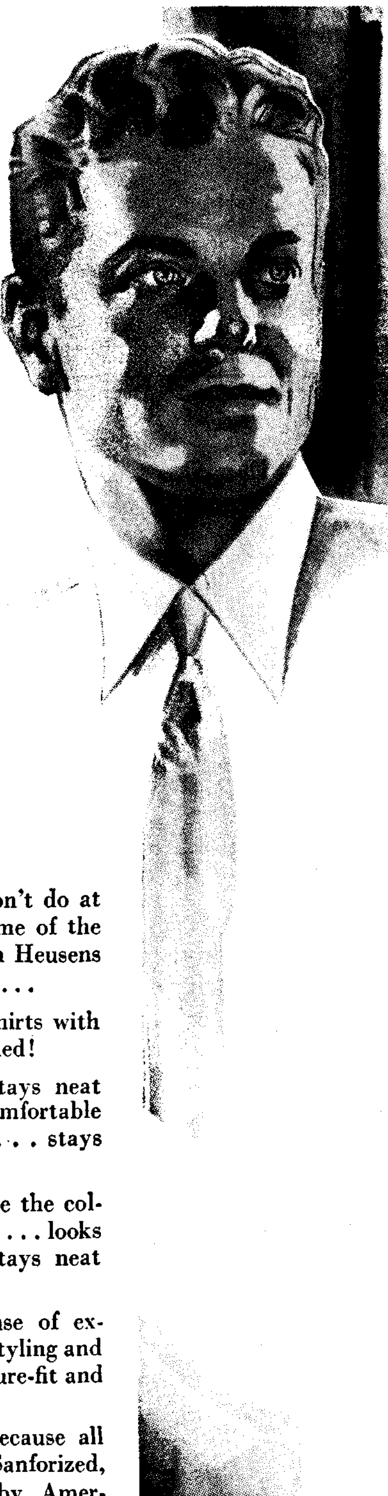

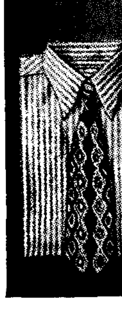

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Ordinary shirts won't do at Christmas (or any other time of the year either). But then, Van Heusens aren't ordinary white shirts . . .

They're the world's only shirts with a Van Heusen collar attached!

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2. **FITS BETTER** . . . because of exclusive Van Heusen collar styling and tailoring . . . because of figure-fit and custom detail.

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the pan go a little fat, a chopped onion, and the meat, which is fried brown. Then into the bean pot with it. Add hot water to cover the meat, a whisk of salt and pepper. Let it simmer, keeping the lid on, of course. In thirty minutes add the potatoes—small ones—and the carrots. Brown the small onions in bacon fat in the pan—just tan—and pour them gently into the pot. Add a little more hot water. In about an hour add ketchup, Worcestershire, a few blobs of Maggi, and thicken the pot liquor with a little flour and butter. Then place the pot in a warm oven until you are ready to eat.

And now for the salad. Canned green asparagus is placed gently on leaves of lettuce. Please notice that everything is done gently because, says Mr. Deute, the food, too, has to be kept in good humor. The Nemo sauce consists of a half cup of mayonnaise thinned down with lemon juice to banish the oily taste and give it a creamy flow. Into this is mixed a level teaspoonful of celery seed plus "a generous infusion of paprika."

The first time Mr. Deute served this, two bankers present offered to lend him vast sums of money, a clergyman prayed for him in public, the governor of Maryland asked him whether he hadn't a law of some kind that he wanted passed or repealed by the legislature, and a short time later three children were named after him.

The dessert—tipsy parson—is simple. You take "a brave round of spongecake," split same into two layers. Spread on currant jelly, pour sherry over all and then top with whipped cream and a scattering of chopped maraschino cherries.

And there you are! Your guests are so impressed that they wipe their feet upon leaving even if they forgot to do so upon entering. Mr. Deute has nothing but scorn for those who protest that in these days of rationing it is difficult, even impossible, to get the food necessary to develop one's cooking genius. Rationing, storms he, is a challenge, not a handicap. Suppose you can't get thick steaks; you can get sweetbreads, calves' brains, sea food or fowl.

Moreover he has no patience with people who say that if they ate what he suggests they'd weigh at least three hundred pounds. He thinks, creates and eats as an epicure, a gourmet, not as a human threshing machine.

"Of course," says Mr. Deute, "if your only idea of food is quantity, if it's your ambition to show up such food destroyers as Henry VIII, Nebuchadnezzar and a few other and contemporary gentlemen whom I do not care at the moment to name, I wash my hands of you. I am a gourmet, not a gormandizer; an epicure, not a silo. If you want to control your weight, avoid these dietitians, these flat-chested, blue-nosed, shadbellied, paper-livered old maids of both sexes who think only of how to keep body and soul together on a diet of plywood and parsnip juice. Eat for flavor, for savor, for taste, not for records. If you want to stoke something, go down cellar and work on the furnace."

Guaranteed to Please

This vigorous talk is backed up by Mr. Deute with recipes warranted to delight, and not, unless you lose all control over yourself, to ruin your figure. For example, take a couple of young frying chickens, jointed, cut into edible sizes. Put them in a skillet with melted butter or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Cook slowly to a light tan. Now here comes the touch of the artist. Pour over this tanning chicken a whole tumbler of the best dry white wine you can manage. Put the lid on the pan and set it in a 300-degree oven for half an hour. Salt and pepper lightly and serve on a hot plate pouring the juice on the meat.

Then, says Mr. Duete, you roll your eyes, smack your lips, make a loud clacking noise with your tongue and the roof of your mouth, and forgive everybody except the Japs and the Nazis. With this you may drink a "delicate pale beer" and Mr. Deute hopes you select the proper brew, the name of which may be had by writing him.

Naturally we can't begin to set down here the formulas for the many miracles that Mr. Deute sang about. But he told us about a few rhapsodic sauces which are no trouble at all to make and which will make otherwise commonplace dishes just about too good to believe. Ham, for example. All you do is mix up a glass of currant jelly, a teaspoon of vinegar, a pinch of ground cloves. Heat, stir well and serve. Or for a fish. Into a cup of mayonnaise stir enough lemon juice to kill the oil taste. Warm this to 200° but be careful not to boil it. That's all.

This sauce once reconciled a husband and wife, although they later fell out again because they couldn't agree what Mr. Deute's Green Goddess dressing was best on. To make Green Goddess, you mix horse-radish and lemon juice and pour that into cream as you're whipping the cream. Into this, for coloring, you stir the juice of chopped spinach. And if you're going to have sausages, try this sauce: Add tomato paste and a spoon or two of Madeira wine to two cups of the brown gravy. That's all. The answer is yes.

When Mr. Deute and his eating and ecstatic-sighing club—Les Amis d'Escoffier—get together for their annual transport, absolutely no nonsense is tolerated. If you're not at the table at seven o'clock promptly, you don't eat. You don't get in. There are no cocktails, smoking, flowers or women permitted on the premises. This is to insure a palate unsullied by alcohol, tobacco and perfumes. It makes no difference who you are, you obey these rules or get the heave-ho.

Success as a Builder-Upper

Mr. Deute wants it understood that he is not a frustrated chef—that he has not become the famous *bon vivant* that he is because he was disappointed in his business career. On the contrary, he has been very successful in "taking businesses and kicking them in the pants." He has built up such industries as a couple of newspapers, a candy factory, a milk business, a couple of iron foundries and, currently, a brewery.

Once while discussing the impending demise of a stricken hardware specialty business, he told the owners that what they needed was "something you can make for fifteen cents and sell for fifteen dollars." He thought that he was joking, but to his great surprise they got busy and did it. Today that concern is so rich that the happy owners have joined the Society of Amateur Chefs and spend all their spare time cooking the beholden out of everything from Swiss chard to rattlesnake fillets.

Some time ago while riding out into the country near Monkton, Maryland, thinking up something new to do with artichokes and worrying about a sauce for boiled salsify, Mr. Deute bought himself a gristmill. It was a very old mill which in a simpler past had ground corn meal and the like as they should be ground—between millstones. It was a true antique, water wheel, millrace and all, and it had traditions. Among the latter was the dismal story of an early owner who drank himself to death at the age of 87 on a peculiarly virulent brand of Maryland rum known as Oysterman's Overcoat.

Mr. Deute began at once to repair the mill, adding, however, nothing modern. Today it is grinding corn meal, buckwheat and so forth, turning out a neat profit, to say nothing of a very superior brand of flour. Nature did for Mr. Deute what he now does to foods; it took several ingredients and turned out quite a dish. He's an advertising man, a sales manager, a financial expert, a famous amateur chef and—as if that weren't plenty—he says that if he had time, he'd be teaching history in some college.

So just before we left he dreamed up for us a batch of Kansas Puffs. He tells us to cream one cup of sugar with one and a half cups of shortening. To this we're to add a half cup of molasses, a cup of sour milk and one teaspoon of soda. These have to be mixed thoroughly. Then stir in a cup of raisins or chopped prunes or dates, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Then we throw in a cup of currants. Now we sift in enough flour to make a stiff batter and mix it all together with even greater vigor. We shall then pour the batter into small gem pans and bake until browned.

Stand back, woman! Hand me that gem pan!

THE END

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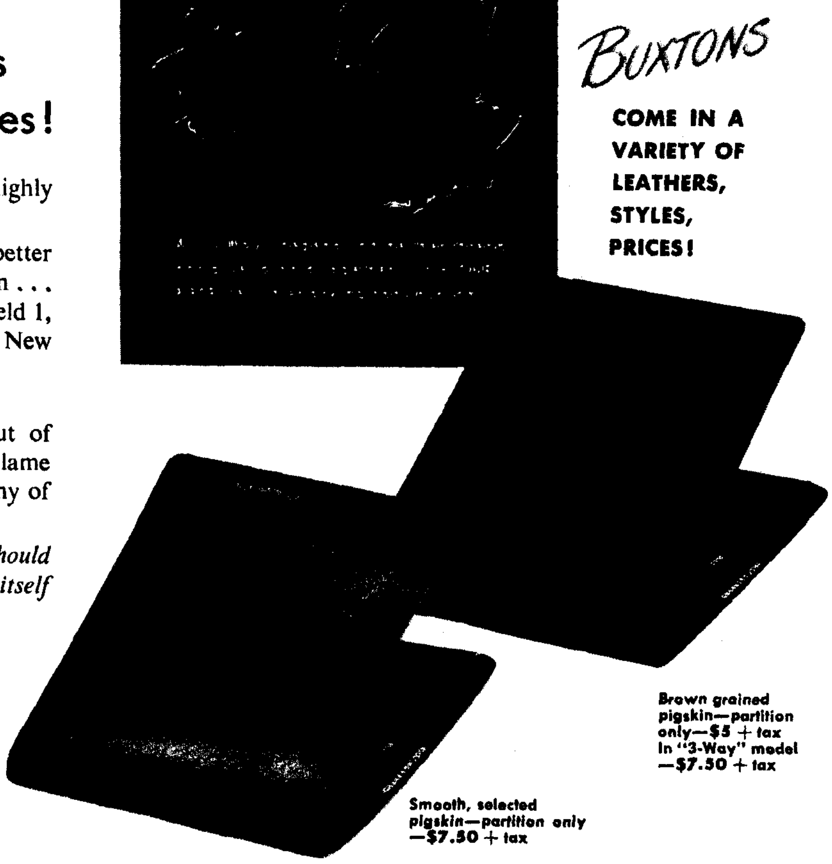

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Filipino Firebrands

Continued from page 11

resistance ceased. The Japs picked up and imprisoned some 75,000 Filipinos who were or had been in the Armed Forces or formerly in the Philippine Constabulary. Of the 75,000, more than half died from maltreatment and disease.

For a time early in 1942, this Jap program stunned the Filipino. The Japanese military police had frightened the natives into submission through threat of force. But then the Filipino got to contrasting American and Japanese rule. It's hard to beat the American standard of living when compared with the Spartan standard of the Japs, and the Filipino began to resist. It was natural for him to resist. He had followed Aguinaldo for years in the jungle against the American occupation forty-four years before. He had been a guerrilla then. Why not again? But whom would he follow?

Jorge Vargas, Quezon's executive secretary, was under Jap control in Manila. The popular Filipino generals were all in Jap prison camps. But on Luzon and in Mindanao there was still a handful of men who escaped into the interior instead of surrendering. They began to gather around them a few of their fellow countrymen whom they felt they could trust. Then unexpectedly they found some American soldiers and three or four junior Army and Navy officers.

The first guerrilla bands were established independently and without knowledge of one another's existence in Luzon and Mindanao in mid-1942. Then the Filipino civilian uprising began to take hold, but since there was absolutely no co-ordination, the thing went berserk and many Filipinos were killed resisting in a kind of hit-or-miss action.

Guerrillas or Gangsters?

At the start, a few Filipino roustabouts saw the advantage of making up small gangs and preying on the public. They'd call themselves guerrillas but they plundered and pillaged both the Japs and the Filipinos. If they had a grudge against anyone, the word was passed and the man was killed. It grew on Leyte and Samar and elsewhere into open terrorism.

With no over-all organization, the best comparison is that of gangland mobs on each island, with their territories marked off by gentlemen's agreements between the mob leaders. All this was done in the name of the guerrilla movement. If the civilians in the barrios and towns refused to send food or information or even their daughters into the hills, they were marked as fifth columnists or pro-Japanese. Farmers were prevented from bringing food into towns. What did get in went to the black market at prices that made it nearly impossible to purchase.

The Jap garrison troops didn't suffer. They imported rice and fish when local food got scarce. The Japs stayed within the city limits; they didn't dare go out except in numbers but they forced Filipino civilians to go out to forage for food. From late 1942 to late 1943 in Leyte and Samar, more civilians than Japs were killed by the irregular guerrilla bandits. The Filipino citizen lived in mortal fear of the Jap on the one hand and in apprehension of the bandits on the other.

Most of the irregular leaders are firebrands. I've had to go looking for some of them. Others have come into the town to report to Colonel Ruperto Kangleon, who became chief of the guerrillas in the 9th guerrilla area and is now governor of Leyte. Kangleon has brought such order to the guerrilla movement that the Japs can't take a deep breath these days without its being short-waved to general headquarters.

Colonel Kangleon, a squat, gray-haired officer with a broad grin and twinkling eyes, is a former Philippine Constabulary officer who fought the Japs from Luzon back to his home province. He spent six months in a Jap prison camp and was given the usual course of imperial enlightenment but he finally escaped. He is unimpressive to watch and appears mild-mannered—a kind of deceptive Filipino Caspar Milquetoast.

When Kangleon slipped back to his home town on the southwest coast of Leyte, he learned that a bandit-guerrilla gang was near by. He lay low for a while, even doing some farming and manual labor for the Japs, to learn something about their methods. Then he decided it was time to organize the bandit gang, and it was this organization that did the trick.

Although they were out for themselves first, the bandits realized the Japanese menace. They were shown that unity of action meant more "face" and prestige for them in the community than constantly being outside the law. That sounds rather easy, but most of these Filipino irregulars weren't the kind you could sit down and reason with across a table full of bananas. You had to have force to back up your argument.

Kangleon's first attempt very nearly ended disastrously for the whole guerrilla organization. It was a very critical moment in Philippine history. Kangleon soon discovered that another Philippine Constabulary officer—Lieutenant Miranda—had already started to set up a regular guerrilla force but was finding it tough sledding. Miranda is just the opposite of Kangleon in temperament; he's the fiery, inspirational type, quick of speech and movement, and quick with the bolo.

When Miranda got word that Kangleon was going to take over the G-men, he cried, "Oh, no, he doesn't. I claim the true leadership because I never surrendered. Although Kangleon was my superior in the Constabulary, that is past. He surrendered. He's not fit to be the leader." And in the minds of thousands of Filipinos, Miranda had something there.

But Kangleon's following grew in the western jungle hills until both groups were ambushing Jap patrols and tearing the very guts out of any Japanese interior penetrations or small garrison movements up or down the coast. Then one day the Miranda-Kangleon forces met in the jungle. A terrific bolo and rifle battle took place, with several hundred killed or wounded on each side, but the fight was not decisive.

This was only the beginning. There were many skirmishes and two more pitched battles between the two chieftains, but Kangleon outmaneuvered Miranda and defeated him. After some weeks, Miranda came into Kangleon's mountain camp and offered to serve with his former superior officer as a patriot in the same cause. The two men shook hands and went to work together.

COVER GIRL

THE lovely amazon on the cover is Christina Swiniarska, who works for the Polish Government Information Center in New York. Although she was born in this country—in Salem, Massachusetts, on Jan. 31, 1919—both her parents are Polish, and she herself has spent many years in their native land.

Her first visits to Poland were made while she was still a child but when she made her last, in 1932, she attended school there for some months. Then she came back to attend Barnard College in New York. She majored in history and was especially interested in the Middle East and the Balkans. When she was graduated she went to work for the Polish Information Center as a translator and writer for "The Polish Review," a weekly magazine.

Since March, 1944, she has been working with Pic Films, Inc., the film branch of the Information Center. She took a part in a one-reeler called "The Polish Underground," and has since become assistant to the producer of other documentary films.

In the picture on the cover she is wearing the uniform of the Polish Women's Auxiliary. This branch of service was first organized in the Middle East in 1941, and since then, other units have been formed and trained in England. Polish women also serve in an Air Auxiliary and many of them have joined the British Women's Auxiliary.

Out here in the East where "face" is important, this coalition of forces was unheard of. It made a tremendous impression on the other guerrilla groups throughout all the islands. Kangleon was recommended to General MacArthur through the newly constructed radio communications system then working out of the island of Panay.

This was mid-1943. The biggest job was still ahead. MacArthur's orders were specific: "Don't rise to fight the Japs until I give the order. Hit Jap patrols, sabotage when the opportunity presents, but the most important function of the guerrilla organization must be to gather information. When we know every move the Jap is making, then we move. When we know where every Jap fortification is and what its strength is, then we can and will strike. Then I shall return and you will receive your independence."

This made friends of Kangleon and the guerrilla leaders in the other islands. There were still only a few of these trusted regulars, and when they met it was necessarily with extreme caution and secrecy. Going to one of those special meetings, Kangleon and his aide, a United States Army major, David Richardson of Maywood, California, who had not surrendered on Wainwright's orders, were nearly caught by the Japanese.

The major was transporting Kangleon in a small motorboat rigged up from spare parts of captured Jap boats. Just at dawn they were spotted by a Jap plane. A Jap PT boat showed up foaming on the horizon, and Richardson turned his boat in to shore. The PT was just within range when the guerrilla's boat scraped bottom, and Kangleon and Richardson jumped ashore. Machine guns sprayed the beach and palm jungle, but Richardson and Kangleon got safely away. Richardson was much more worried about the loss of the boat, the only one the guerrillas had, than about the danger of being caught.

The job facing the guerrilla leaders throughout the islands after their meeting is best explained in what Kangleon was up against. I can't name the other island guerrilla leaders now, for obvious reasons, but here's what Kangleon had to do in his own two large islands: First by hook, crook or patriotism, he had to get the upper hand over a few fabulous characters who had set themselves up as guerrillas. Kangleon knew his time was short. That much MacArthur had imparted to his guerrilla leaders.

The first bandit Kangleon cracked down on was "Colonel" Isabelo Centano, a famous fish peddler and dock-walloper. Centano was a clever opportunist and one of the first to see the advantage to himself of plundering in the name of the guerrillas. His versatility is still the cause of considerable head-wagging among civilians despite his later contribution to the regulars. Centano can neither read nor write but is an engaging guy who you can see has lived by his wits. He never talks—he orates. Kangleon reduced him to the rank of "captain," and under threat of liquidation, Centano became a convert, together with his unit of over five hundred Filipinos.

A second character who later saw the light was 30-year-old "Colonel" Antonio Cinco. In peacetime he was a *cochero cairametta*, driver of a little two-wheeled horse-drawn vehicle. He showed his organizational ability before the war when he got the other *cocheros* in his northern village to raise a *cairametta* force. When the Japs came in to Leyte in May of 1942, Cinco killed one who tried to commandeer his *cairametta* and horse.

The Japs caught Cinco and threw him into jail after a brutal beating. They made a terrible example of him; it was published that he was to be shot at dawn in the town square. But by miraculous luck Cinco was able to wiggle his feet loose from the bonds and, while his guard was sleeping, jumped through a glass window and ran to the house of a friend who untied his hands.

Cinco hit for the hills where he gathered a gang around him and began pillaging the countryside. He sent his men into the villages for food, clothing, women, money and ammunition, and his men insisted on taking more than they needed. If a civilian refused, his house would be burned and his wife or daughters taken to the hills. Some of these bandits had as many as fifteen "wives."

Bullets for the Japanese Only

Seventy-year-old Carlos Martinez, mayor of the barrio of Santa Fe, told me he finally refused to send bullets to these irregulars. "I always wrote a note saying: 'These bullets are dedicated to the Japanese. They should not be used against our own people.' " For this Martinez was stabbed and nearly died.

Cinco, like the other irregulars, had his price. It was a kind of Cinco Philippines Protective Association. If you wanted to join his gang and keep the raiders away, it cost you several chickens, eggs, articles of clothing and perhaps a gun and ammunition. Most of the bandits were innocent as to the job they were doing. They were told they were preparing to attack the Japs. Then, of course, they enjoyed the new-found riches of a roving guerrilla. These irregular bands seldom attacked Japs unless they stumbled onto a Jap patrol somewhere and had to fight their way out.

Cinco, somewhat of a spellbinder, proclaimed his leadership the "messianic mission" to serve all Filipinos. He played on the traditional Filipino superstition. For instance, he had had three close escapes from the Japs. Therefore, he was bulletproof; he carried a charm and power exclusively his own. If the G-men bandits would follow him he would protect them. He called himself "the Fox," a little touch from American gangster stories and movies.

But Cinco's efforts were drawn away from plundering when he was placed under Kangleon's staff. Like the others he played very seriously at cops and robbers. He had played robbers first but later his boys and girls received United States arms and ammunition and were blazing away at the Japs when the first American division hit Red and White beaches on Leyte.

Kangleon wanted the support of Marcel Santos, who was the only savage guerrilla I've been able to turn up among my inside guerrilla contacts, some made while I was held in a Jap concentration camp in Manila. Santos had a small fleet of *bancas* which he stealthily operated between dusk and dawn. When he could catch a few Jap supply barges starting out at night to run between the islands or down the coast, he'd cut them off and take them over. "Captain" Santos lost more men than any of the other leaders but he was also more successful. He sold some of the captured Jap supplies to the black-

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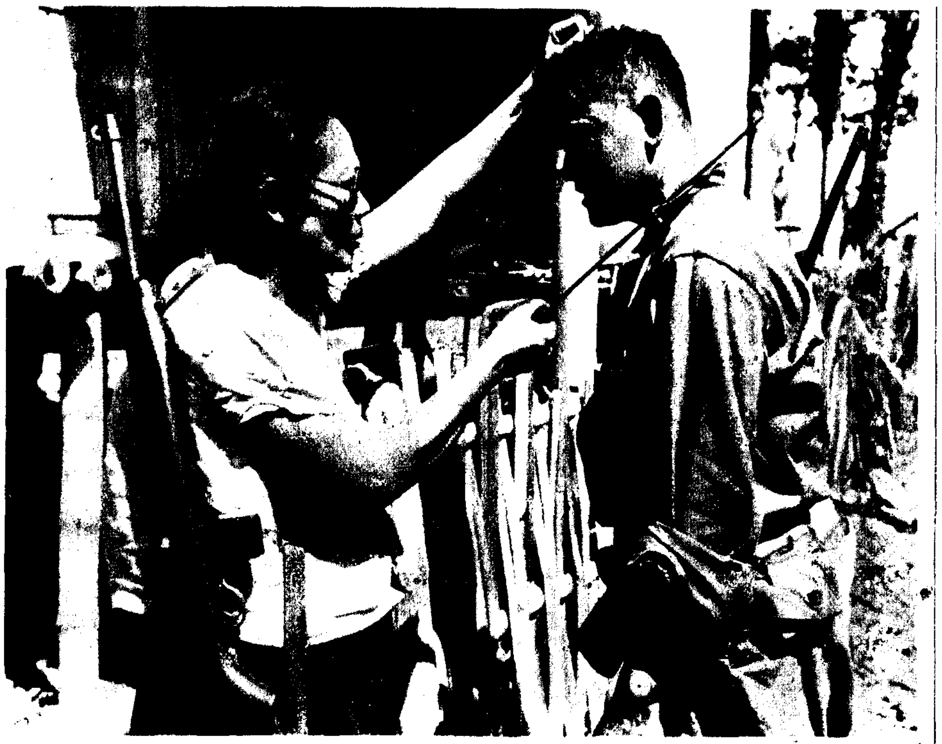

INTERNATIONAL

Nieves Fernandez, former schoolteacher and one of the guerrilla leaders, shows Pvt. Andrew Lipiba of Los Angeles how she killed Japanese soldiers

market boys and some to other bandits. But where he made his mistake was in boasting of all the money he had—100,000 pesos.

With that much money, there is also the inevitable woman—a guerrilla by the name of Peserima Espojero. They say she joined Santos at the start and rapidly brought about intense disturbances within the outfit. Peserima was not a hothouse lily. Her motto was: "We live, we love, we plunder. Bring on the Japs." She ordered executions and was as brutal as Santos.

One night at a beach headquarters, two guards heard Santos plotting with Peserima to bury their 100,000 pesos. Peserima insisted that the two guards who went along to dig the hole should be killed, and they were. But they weren't the same two guards who had overheard the conversation. A few nights later, the listeners came into the camp, shot Santos and captured Peserima, who had been hit in the leg as she lay beside Santos. They blindfolded her and forced her to tell where the money was, promising they'd take her to a medico as soon as she told. Instead, they took her to a cemetery—out of courtesy to her former leadership—dug a grave, finished her off and buried her. Kangleon got to the Santos camp just too late, but he routed up the Santos unit and it is still operating as a guerrilla army outfit.

From its rough-and-ready beginning, it is almost a miracle that the guerrilla movement has been whipped into the rather efficient native force that is giving the Japs the worst hornets'-nest treatment they have yet received in East Asia.

Francisco Monje, associate editor of the underground and prewar Voice of Victory, Raymond Yabo, Luciano Bonicillo and other patriotic intelligence agents who died, betrayed by some of their own countrymen for money, are all a part of this civilian underground uprising that numbered between 40,000 and 50,000 early in 1944—but today reaches into the hundred-thousand brackets.

The military organization program which actually got under way at the beginning of 1944, taking over the civilian units, is a dramatic story of Americans and Filipinos being dropped off submarines in rubber boats loaded with radio equipment and a few rounds of ammunition. At one time, a few months before the invasion, the United States Army had put more short-wave radio sets into the Philippine Islands than there were men who knew how to operate them. When the first guerrilla set was constructed to try to contact General MacArthur, they wound their own transformer and used steam to turn the generators since they had no gasoline.

During these days, the Filipinos and the few Americans ran out of clothes and for the most part wore Japanese caps, shoes, jackets, anything they could take off ambushed Jap bodies. You still see Filipino G-men trudging along the muddy roads with bandoliers of bullets over their shoulders, carrying long Jap rifles and wearing Jap equipment. This is gradually disappearing as the Americans move forward distributing G.I. clothing and taking the guerrillas into the Armed Forces.

One guerrilla leader I met explained the type of G-men sartorially. "There are three types of guerrillas," he said—"the no-pants guerrillas, the short-pants guerrillas and the long-pants guerrillas. You can't believe the no-pants at all. The short-pants you believe half, and, of course, you believe the long-pants." He himself wore long pants, but it isn't quite that simple.

There are three general types of G-men, all right: the regulars, typified by Colonel Kangleon's outfit and their prototypes on Mindanao, Luzon and other islands. Secondly, there are the volunteers; local villagers who have ambushed individual Jap soldiers or disorganized squads fleeing from the American advance. These civilians on Leyte alone killed many more Japs in the first month of the advance than the regular guerrillas killed during their two years of organization during the Jap occupation.

The over-all fatality figures accepted by MacArthur's headquarters show about 100

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Japs killed for each guerrilla. Then there are the irregulars—the bandits and looters who remained in the hills, a bit fearful of coming out to face the music. In some instances it's likely to be a funeral dirge, although every suspect is being promised his day in court in the newly liberated Philippines.

In this liberated Philippine government, President Osmeña is giving full legal status to the guerrillas.

"I am not the government," he remarked just after the first cabinet meeting. "Rather, I am only an instrument of the government, and the government of the new Philippines shall be by the people. That was the promise. It shall be kept."

That he and his cabinet mean to keep this promise made even before they left Washington, D. C., is shown in several ways. The first thing the president did was to appoint Guerrilla Leader Kangleon as governor of Leyte. Kangleon's deputy, Fidel Fernandez, a prominent prewar attorney, had been ordered by the puppet governor, Salazar, to go out to the hills to arrange for Kangleon's surrender. Fernandez and another leading citizen named Causing said they would be delighted to try to arrange something. They made a splendid arrangement—to join Kangleon's guerrillas themselves. Now they are both active in the new Philippine government. Kangleon's appointment is typical of Osmeña's attitude toward the loyal provinces.

A second Osmeña-MacArthur move—extremely popular—is the incorporation of the regularly recognized members of the Philippine army, under direct control of Lieutenant General Walter Krueger. They idolize MacArthur, and to think that he considers their guerrilla forces important enough to serve under him in this liberation is to them the greatest compliment possible.

In his special message to all guerrilla leaders MacArthur said, "I would that at this time we might name the gallant heroes in this epic in Philippine-American history, but considerations of security for the individuals, their families and the cause require that I limit myself to a statement of their brilliant achievements. . . . From nearly every Filipino community . . . we are aided by a militant loyalty of a whole people. . . . Our plans of campaign have benefited from the hazardous labors of a vast network of agents numbering into the hundreds of thousands providing detailed information on major enemy moves and installations throughout the Philippines. . . . We are aided by the close interior vigilance that has secured for our military use countless enemy documents of great value. . . . To those great patriots to whom I now pay public tribute, I say: Stand to your battle stations and relax not your vigilance until our forces shall have swept forward to relieve you."

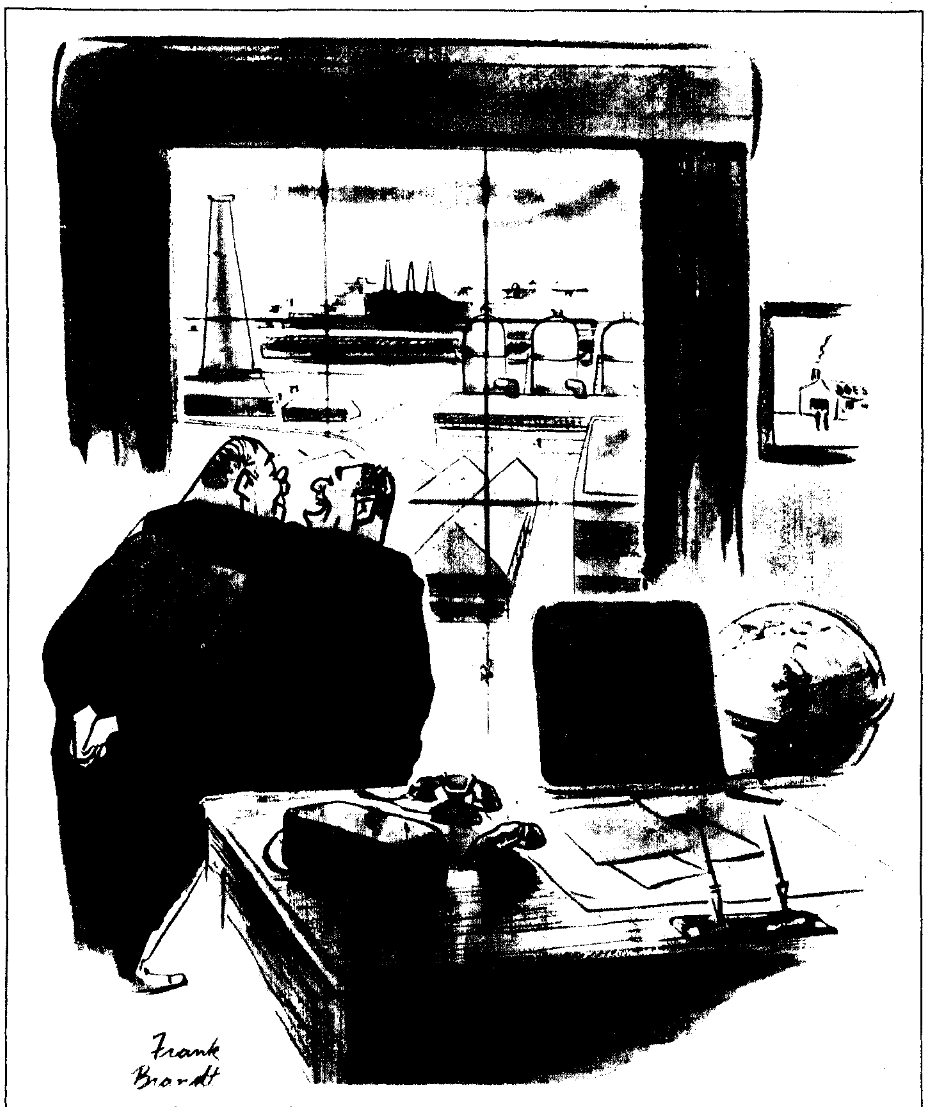
The Foundation of Democracy

The build-up of the civilian guerrilla movement into the present government is the unique feature of the Filipino liberation. Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, Secretary of Information and Public Relations, and Resident Commissioner of the Philippines, who has been extremely close to the organization, made this observation to me:

"The guerrilla movement here in the Philippines is the one unifying action our people have always lacked. The national unity movement against the Japs has cut the sharp edges off sectional antagonism. Despite this rather irregular beginning, the guerrilla movement is proving to be the foundation for our new Far Eastern democracy."

The Filipino guerrillas are at the height of their triumph today. Everybody wants to be a guerrilla. They are the nucleus of the Filipino army of the future. Despite their colorful and somewhat disreputable beginnings, they are the popular heroes of the population. As one astute student of American history said: "When you come to think of it, there are a lot of Americans who are descended from pirates and horse thieves." And there are a lot of future Filipinos who will be proud of being descendants of Centano, Santos, Cinco, Kangleon, Miranda and all their picturesque and patriotic colleagues.

THE END



D'ya remember, Joe, when the two of us started in with that little old machine shop way back there in 1942?"

COLLIER'S SGT. FRANK BRANDT

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SOMETHING'S wrong, Mister Man. You'll probably be sitting out the next dance. Could it be your . . . Denture Breath? You seldom know when your breath offends—but others do. Avoid this danger—don't brush and scrub your dental plates with ordinary cleansers that may scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

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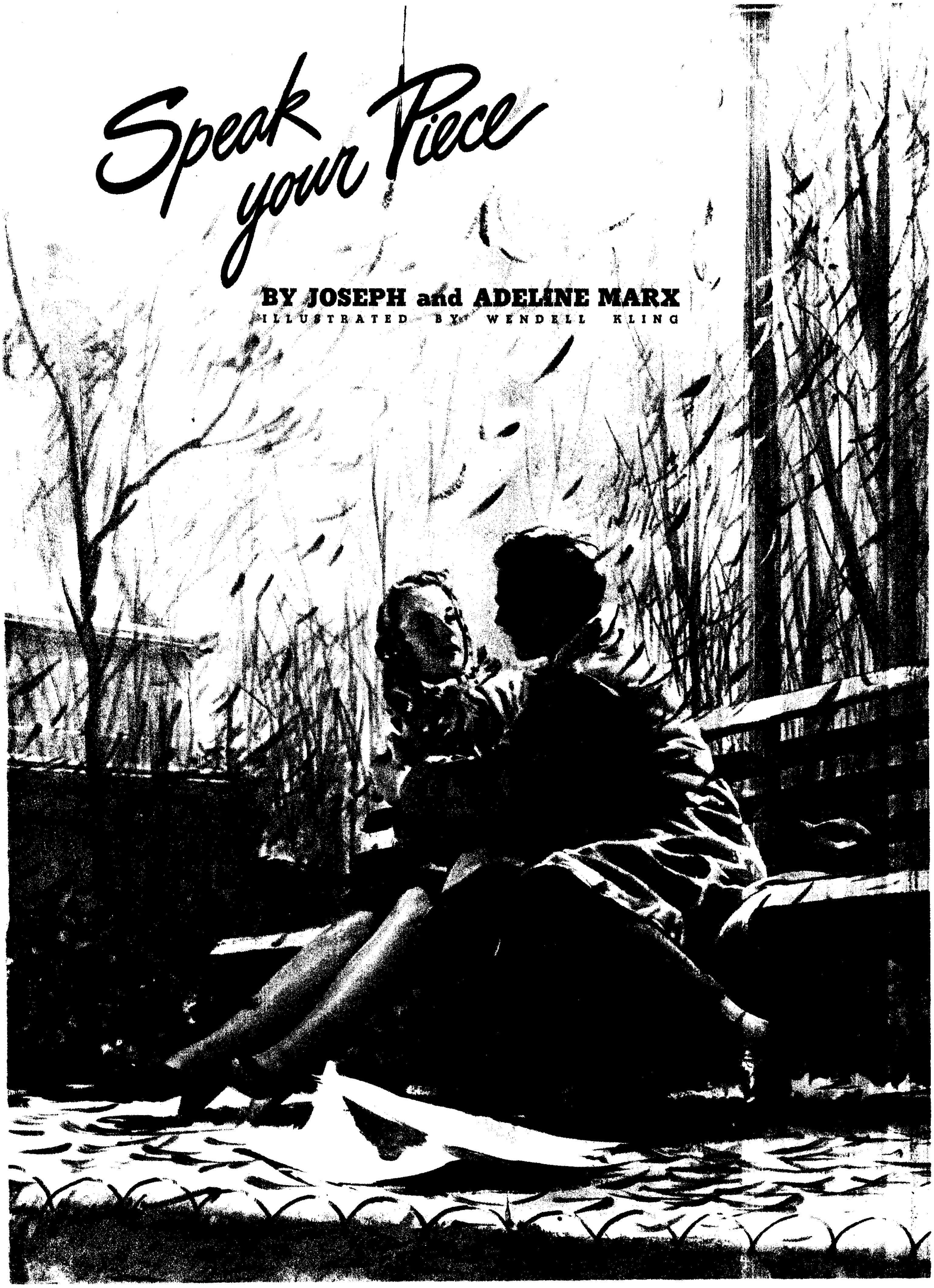
Speak your Piece

BY JOSEPH and ADELINE MARX

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



He put his arms around Sue's shoulde and gave her a hug that almost knocke both of them off the bench. "I thin you're wonderful!" he said. "I love yo

In every girl's life comes a time when a little lie seems proper and harmless. Sue's lie caught up with her, however, and what it did to her newspaper career was a caution

IT HAD been a bad day from the beginning. She stubbed her toe as she got out of bed, she broke one of her fingernails when she closed the window, and she got a run in her last pair of nylons. But she didn't know how bad it was going to be until around eleven, when Hazel came over to her desk.

Hazel was humming, and smiling a little to herself; she looked like the cat who is already digesting the canary.

"Well, darling," she said. "Guess who's coming to town!"

"Winston Churchill," Sue said. "He's going to meet Roosevelt and they're going to do their postwar planning right on the stage of the Municipal Auditorium— I dunno. Who *is* coming?"

"Gregory Mullen's going to be on the stage at the Auditorium," Hazel said. "He's coming for the War Bond rally—and I'll bet *you'll* be glad."

Sue stood up slowly, without meaning to at all. Then she sat down. She said, with almost the right enthusiasm, "Why, that's wonderful! Swell!"

"He's going to do two sketches," Hazel said. "The soliloquy from Hamlet and a humorous one. And then give a little talk about the theater, and then, of course, about the War Bond drive. Isn't it wonderful?"

"It's marvelous," Sue said weakly.

"I knew you'd think so," Hazel said, "b cause I knew you'd be tickled pink to s him again. And he to see you, of course

Sue raised her head slowly.

"And will you do me a favor?" Haz asked. "When he gets here, will you intr duce me?"

"But I probably won't even see him!" Su said. "I mean, he'll be so busy, and ever thing, just here for one night—"

"Oh, but you will," Hazel said. "It's a arranged. I told Mr. Newton that you kne Gregory Mullen well, and he said, of cours in that case, you were the person to cove the rally. So you get to go backstage t write a human-interest piece for the Sunda edition."

Sue looked down at the floor, hoping for hole to appear to get her out of this mess.

"It was such a shame," Hazel said sweetl "that you couldn't be here to see your frien Alan Herbert last month. But don't worry, i won't happen again—nothing's going to happen this time."

No, Sue thought. Nothing's going to happen. I can't drop dead, I can't get sick, an I can't get called away again by a sick aunt— not after that last crack. I can't even get gun and shoot Hazel. Oh, no, nothing's going to happen. I'm going to be marched righ up to Gregory Mullen, right in from o everybody. And shown up for the four flusher I am.

It serves me right, she thought. I deserv it. I never should have told those stories i the first place.

The trouble was that, once you wer grown up, you couldn't change things jus by admitting you were wrong. After all, sh was twenty-two years old, and earned he own living—even if it wasn't a very goo living, and even if she did earn it by holding down the poorest job the home-town paper had to offer. Clipping things from othe papers and writing a few "About Towns" and hoping every day that she would get a crack at a real writing job. And now she *had it—a chance to interview her old friend* Greg Mullen. Good old Greg, who had met her just once, and hadn't even noticed her

IT HAD been such an easy thing to start and it had started out in such a small way Nobody could have guessed, when she told her first fib about her first visit to New York that it would get out of hand so fast.

She had gone to New York to visit Priscilla —her sister Priscilla, older than Sue by five years. Priscilla had started out with a little shopping column on an evening paper, and had worked herself up into a signed and syndicated column that everybody read—jus another column of the New Yorkers tha people liked to read about—only they liked especially to read what Priscilla wrote abou them, because she wrote it in the terms of a "About Town" column on a local paper. I was simple, friendly and very appealing, an Priscilla got herself a maid and an apartmen on Central Park South and a new fur coat— and Sue went to visit her.

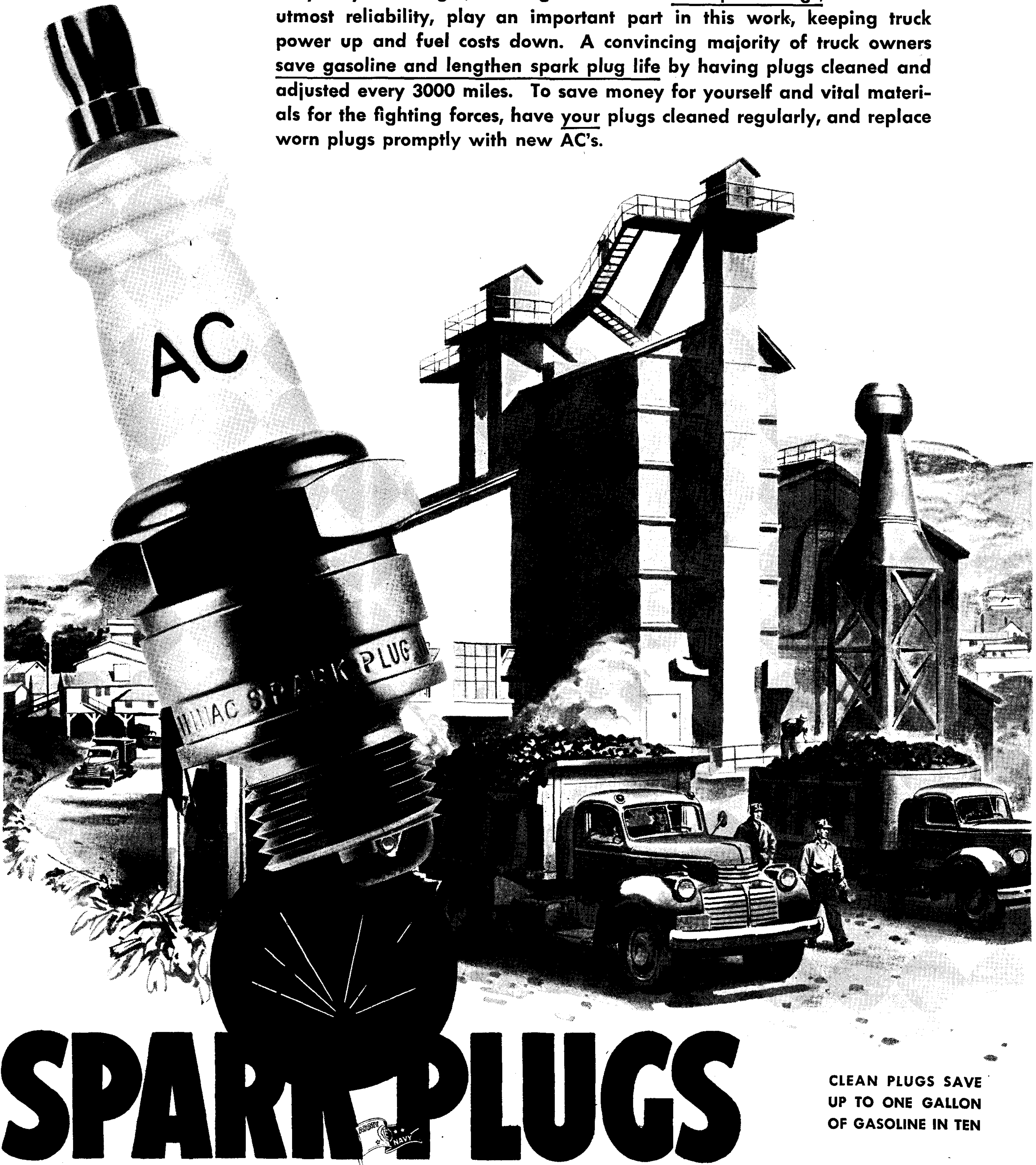
Priscilla was glad to see her. She was s very glad that it occurred to Sue that yo could have a living room thirty feet squar and four new evening dresses, and still no have anybody to eat breakfast with.

The visit was wonderful, all five confuse days of it. There had been sight-seeing i the morning, shopping in the afternoon, an a party or the theater every night. The parties were always enormous, crowded an noisy; and almost invariably given for Cause—the British War Relief or the Russian War Relief or the Red Cross.

Priscilla kept Sue beside her as sh roamed about through the crowd, her eye quick, attentive, seeing everything at onc remembering everything she saw, so that could be written accurately in her colum the next day; and smiling all the while sh did it, so charmingly that everybody was gla when she stopped to talk to them.

(Continued on page 84*)*

To keep the home fires burning—and factory wheels turning—and war goods moving by train and ship—tens of thousands of motor trucks are busy day and night, hauling vital coal. AC Spark Plugs, chosen for utmost reliability, play an important part in this work, keeping truck power up and fuel costs down. A convincing majority of truck owners save gasoline and lengthen spark plug life by having plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3000 miles. To save money for yourself and vital materials for the fighting forces, have *your* plugs cleaned regularly, and replace worn plugs promptly with new AC's.



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New Faith at Valley Forge

Continued from page 21

better disposed now that he was fixed up. The bullet had blown away half of his palate, and he couldn't eat or speak. Colonel Brown had fashioned a new palate for him, giving him an entirely new lining for his mouth and restored him completely.

Nothing could have seemed more desperate than the condition of a big fellow from Illinois who had been shot up in Italy almost to the vanishing point. It is impossible to tell how he looked because in the dressing room where he was being treated, his eyes were still covered with a bandage. He had lost both ears, his nose, one eye, the covering of both cheeks and half of both hands. When we saw him, he had both his ears rebuilt, four new eyelids, a new nose, and work was being started on his hands. It is with the hand cases that Colonel Brown puts in his hardest work.

"It's the hands that distinguish a human being from an animal," he says. "In animals, even the monkey, the thumb lies alongside the fingers. With a human, the thumb is capable of facing the fingers, giving the hand grasping power. This is naturally the position of function of the fingers, and we do everything possible to restore that function to man, no matter how hopeless it seems originally."

The hand cases are delicate operations, and there are dozens of them at Valley Forge who will now have the use of their hands even if it be only the thumb and one finger.

A face smashed in by an automobile accident is quite different from one shattered by a bullet. It is this difference that makes the war work of the plastic surgeons so exhausting.

Colonel Brown explains it in this way: "In both cases, the face may be literally broken to pieces and completely detached from the skull, but with a bullet, there is actually an explosion inside the face. It is as if a firecracker had gone off inside the antrum. It kills much more bone, tears up much more tissue and leaves much more scar tissue than any external injury can produce."

One of the most striking examples in the hospital was the repair of a facial paralysis in an enlisted man. This man's face had been twisted fantastically out of shape. The photographs taken when he entered the hospital were of a monstrosity. By building up some portions of his face and lowering others, he finally had a countenance that showed no sign of the defect. Long strips of fascia (the connective inner tissues) were taken out of his thigh, tunneled through the face and attached to a muscle that was not paralyzed. The result was miraculous, and anyone talking with the man now would refuse to believe what the first photographs showed. He is now at work in the wards as an example to others who may despair at their condition.

Up From the Depths of Despair

In truth they are often in despair when they arrive. Some come kicking with rage and caring little what happens to them. In two or three days, there is invariably a change. It is one of the most encouraging things in the world to see the morale of the men undergoing treatment at Valley Forge. The patients who come in to see Colonel Brown are obviously in no very great awe of him.

"Let's have a look at that eye, son," he says. "H'mm, pretty good. Now, when do you want us to work on that nose? How about next Wednesday? Maybe you might go home over the week end to see the folks. How'd you like that? Oh, you would! Well, be back here Tuesday so we can look at you before the operation."

In the wards there are so many convalescent patients eager to help out with the other men that the staff has to confine them to working in relays.

"Just like home folks around here," says the colonel.

He looks very much like home folks and has a good Middle Western accent that might come from a country doctor riding up in a horse and buggy. He is a product of Hannibal, Mo., and attributes his interest in medicine to the late Doctor E. H. Bounds of that place, a surgeon whose reputation went far beyond Hannibal itself. His academic and medical training was taken at Washington University at St. Louis, and he was on the surgical service of Professor Evarts Graham when work on the victims of an Illinois tornado turned his interest to plastic surgery. He is associated with Doctor Vilray P. Blair, Doctor Louis T. Byars and Doctor Frank McDowell of St. Louis and enjoys an international reputation.

Colonel Brown's office at Valley Forge is a small room with a plain desk and four straight chairs. He keeps his own records, writing them out at night in longhand.

"I can remember them better that way," he says. "This is the most personal business in the world. It's just the doctor and the patient, and every patient is different."

Every Case a Matter for Study

Colonel Brown works till nine or ten every night and often till midnight. The plastic-surgery staff does between ten and fifteen operations every day, usually finishing around two or two-thirty P.M. The colonel spends hours at night analyzing the cases of the patients who are to be operated on next day.

In all instances, a photographic record is kept of stages in the patient's progress and, in addition, there is a laboratory for making plaster masks under the direction of Sergeant Frank Eliscu, formerly a sculptor of New York. The masks are taken directly from the patients and used by Colonel Brown as a directive in his surgery.

Plastic surgery is the hardest of work, because every patient requires the most intensive application of effort in the operating room. There are many operations of two and three hours, and some may be longer. This is often necessary in nose injuries, where it is impossible to leave off until the obstruction or defect is corrected.

The visitor to Valley Forge comes away with a feeling of great hope for the wounded. They may not be Adonises but hundreds of them will be returned to their jobs in civil life, who couldn't have dared to hope in other days. The first World War saw the development of plastic surgery. From this experience, great strides were made in the following years. Techniques were perfected. Cases that seemed impossible of treatment were tackled and conquered, and a great mass of information was built up from civilian observation. And thus the debt to the first World War veterans has now been paid to the present wounded. They have the benefit of twenty-five years of study and experience, and the personal assistance of surgeons who are world-famous.

The high morale of the men under Colonel Brown and his staff is a testimonial to their personal qualities and to the service given by the Army.

We return to the man who was first seen in the operating room, having his arm reconstructed. In Colonel Brown's office the night before the operation, he was having doubts.

"You know, Colonel," he was saying in the straightforward and easy way that Brown's men have with him, "sometimes I think it might be better if I had it off."

"Well now, son," said the colonel gently, "it's your arm. You can do what you want with it, but I think we can save it."

"Well, if you say it, Colonel, that's the way I want it," said the man, getting up and smiling with relief.

Late next afternoon after the operation he was lying in his bed in the ward, looking contented with the world.

"How's that old arm?" asked the nurse playfully.

"That's a pretty good old arm," laughed the man proudly, "and nobody ain't gointa get it away from me, either."

THE END

BATTLE PASSENGERS..

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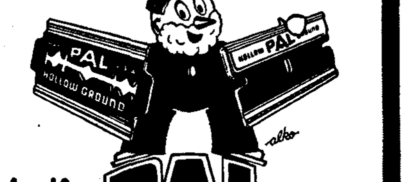
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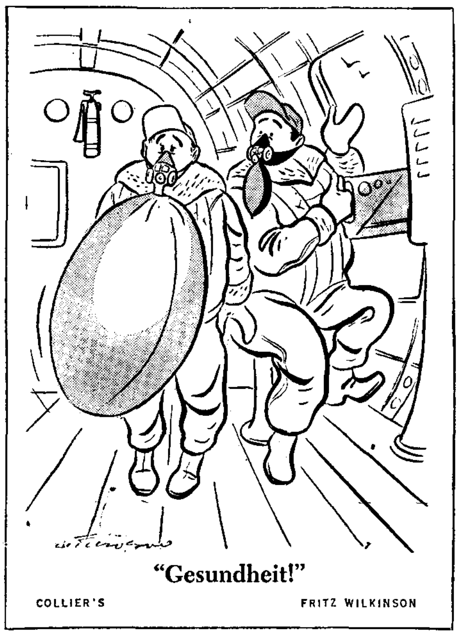
Trouble Chuters

Continued from page 23

At first the plan called for an air-rescue squad to be trained and stationed in each of the several Air Force areas. As the project expanded and proved increasingly practical for remote desert areas and nonmountainous timberland, it was decided to reorganize, dropping the word "mountain," and co-ordinate all such activities as a Search and Rescue section under AAF headquarters. The Forest Service continues to train Army personnel when requested and also takes an active part in rescue parties. The thirty-day course of instruction was originally given at the Forest Service camp at Seeley Lake, but recently was moved to larger headquarters at Nine Mile camp out of Missoula.

The trainees—whether paradoctors, rescue-squad men or smoke jumpers—are first given a tough physical conditioning program and practice jumps from a tower. Timber jumping taxes a man's body: Slamming into tree trunks, crashing down through stout limbs and scratching twigs, landing on steep hillsides or in down timber carry their own special brands of torture for the human frame. Experiments have shown that the best and safest jumping is done by men between the ages of 18 and 28 with weights between 140 and 180 pounds. Of course the manpower shortage has affected the smoke-jumping personnel. Out of fifty-five men trained from 1940 through 1942, more than forty are now in the Armed Forces, fifteen as officers. The entire organization had to be rebuilt around a small nucleus of Forest Service men not drafted because they were family men, 4-F or overage. As the war progressed, a small but increasing number of medically discharged veterans were available, and since it was still impossible to get enough men for the six squads which serve southwestern Oregon, central Idaho and western Montana, volunteer conscientious objectors from Civilian Public Service camps have been accepted and are working very well.


"Gesundheit!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

The ground-training and physical-conditioning program is divided into four phases: tower jumping, obstacle course, the "letdown" and the plane "mock-up." Squads of eight to twelve men, under a leader, work at each phase for about an hour daily. Before the men ever jump from a plane they make thirty practice jumps from the tower, which is equipped with a device to duplicate the opening shock of a parachute. They also become familiar with the routine that precedes jumping: the signals from the "spotter," who kneels at the left of the jumper and, with a system of hand signals, guides the pilot to the "release point" over the spot the jumper aims to hit, estimates the wind drift, tells the pilot when to cut the engine so there will be no propwash, and slaps the jumper on the back to signal the step-off.

The men are proud of the fact that no man has ever refused to jump, either from the tower or a plane, also that a fire they've put out has never rekindled. Art Cochran, former dust-bowl farmer, a smoke-jumper squad leader for three years, speaks for them:

"Any man who jumps from the training tower will jump from a plane. He knows the routine, is accustomed to the opening shock, and has trained enough with his squad leader to have confidence in his ability as a spotter."

Cochran jumped on the High Lake fire in 1942, which still stands as an example of smoke jumping at its toughest. "The fire broke out in the roughest part of the Bitterroot range near the Montana-Idaho line. Three sides of sheer rock walls broken with thick bluffs of timber dropped off to a deep mountain lake about a quarter-mile wide and a half-mile deep. The six of us who jumped on that fire had to land on a small bluff as yet not burning. It was that, or drop into the lake and be carried under by our heavy suits, or spatter against boulders the size of cars.

"A super job of spotting by Earl Cooley and favorable wind conditions put us all down right where we wanted to be. After the fire was out, we had to build a raft and float our equipment down the lake to a spot where the pack train could pick it up. Even with each man packing a load on his back, the packer lost four horses getting out of there. Lewis and Clark never went through anything tougher."

The obstacle course is small but varied enough to cover all angles of landing technique and physical conditioning. Jumping off a high ramp, the trainees learn the roll that keeps a fellow's ankles from telescoping into his hipbones when he lands. He climbs ropes, does forward flips and exercises that strengthen ankles, legs, back and stomach muscles. Then he's ready for the "letdown."

Toughest Phase of the Training

Here he learns to free himself from his parachute while hung up in a tree and to let himself down out of tall trees. It's a complicated procedure involving shedding the emergency parachute, helmet and gloves and winding a 75-foot rope in and out of the harness while the jumper is suspended high in the air, and his body movements are restricted by the cumbersome protective jumping suit. There's no getting out of this toughest phase of the training, since most smoke jumpers wind up hanging in a tree. The chute is left hung up until the mission is complete.

The mock-up phase familiarizes the men with the actual structure and dimensions of the Travelair and Ford Trimotor planes that are used, their routine while in the plane, and how to fall safely from it. The Travelair can carry two or three fully equipped jumpers with a spotter and a pilot. The Trimotor accommodates eight fully equipped jumpers, with spotter and pilot. These ships are contracted by the Forest Service from the pioneering Johnson brothers of Missoula.

Periods of bad weather which ground the planes are utilized for first-aid training, methods of fire control and fire fighting, and the practice of woodsmanship. In the spring of 1944, ninety new men and forty-five taking refresher courses completed their training at Nine Mile camp in six weeks. Work is carried on from May through December.

The elementary training over with, the trainees are trucked to near-by Six Mile landing field for their first actual plane jumps. The first four jumps are spotted on the open field; the fifth in the timber; the sixth is a slip jump in which the jumper manipulates the guidelines of the chute to control direction and rate of descent. For these early jumps, the instructor uses a portable public-address system to advise the jumpers during their descents. It can be heard a half-mile away at an elevation of 2,000 feet.

Anyone who has seen or heard a bear come down out of tall timber has a fair idea of the crash-banging when a jumper breaks down fast with branches snapping, snags breaking off, and the canopy ripping against twigs. Jumpers avoid dead snags because they're sharp and brittle, can puncture a man,

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or snap off and hurl him to the ground, and they can damage a chute beyond repair.

Earl Cooley keeps the trainees bug-eyed after hours with tales of his experiences of various fire jumps. "There's one jump I'll never forget," he'll start out. "I came in over some tall timber and was weaving around heading for the short stuff when I hit the top of a tree smack across my chest. The chute collapsed right then, and I started rolling down through the branches—came down so fast they broke away. The chute opened for a moment and caught on a branch. Only the branch broke, and the chute collapsed a second time. I was still coming down through the timber and trying to kick the trunk so I would clear a sharp stump below. By this time I'd run out of branches and was falling free, when the last limb I had rolled off snagged the chute, and I pulled short with my feet just off the ground."

"How high were you when you started, Earl?" asked one of the boys.

"About a hundred and fifteen feet."

"Well, what happens when you run out of branches?"

"That's when you want to be sure and put your hand in your pocket," Earl said solemnly.

"Why?"

"Because that's when you'll want to reach in for that card Mother said to send her if anything happened!"

During eight seasons with the Forest Service, Cooley has acquired a good stock of tall tales that stick pretty much to fact. He started in as lookout and fireguard and worked up to foreman of parachute squads. In winter he attended the Montana School of Forestry until his graduation in 1941.

Procedure on a Fire Call

When a fire call comes in and anywhere from two to eight jumpers are assigned, one man collects their equipment, trucks squad and spotter to the airport, assists the men in suiting up, and loads the plane.

The lookout in his isolated tower is usually the one who spots the smoke first. If he can't take care of it himself, he reports its location and intensity to the dispatcher at the ranger station. The dispatcher in turn sends out the ground crews to fight the fire. If it is a big one, or one too inaccessible for a ground crew, the ranger calls the supervisor of that particular forest who orders out more men or requests smoke jumpers.

Fred M. Fite, dispatcher for all the national forests in Region 1—which comprises Montana, northern Idaho, eastern Washington and a small area in western North Dakota—is the one man who dispatches the smoke-jumping crews. The procedure is done quietly and speedily by telephone. Fite has a check list of jumpers and sends out those men whose names have come to the top of the list. He phones the airport and orders the plane and designates the auxiliary landing field where the crew is to be picked up.

Another call goes simultaneously to the base camp, and the man on duty assembles the equipment from the fire cache, calls the jumpers in from their work and trucks them to the field close by. Smoke jumpers keep in top physical condition by working on various forest projects—putting up hay for remount station, building fences or cutting fuel for camp. By the time the plane comes in, the men are suited up and ready to go.

The men jump in pairs—never alone. The plane circles until the jumper signals okay from the ground either by waving or laying out colored streamers in a cross. If he signals for help (the streamers in figure L) or the spotter sees that all is not well below, another man with a radio is dropped on the spot. The plane does not leave until everything is okay.

At the same time the calls to the airport and base camp are made, a third call goes to the packer closest to the fire. He starts out as soon as his string of mules is ready to join the jumper or to get as close to him as the country will permit. After his fire is out, the jumper has to retrieve his equipment and back-pack it to the pack train and then is trucked in from the trail back to his base.

The routine for air-crash rescue work is along the same lines with the reports of the crash coming in to the airport and a rescue squad closest to the crack-up being dispatched.

The comparative speed of a ground crew and a parachuting squad in reaching a fire was shown during a recent blaze in Yellowstone National Park. The fire broke out in the remote and almost impenetrable back country of the park. An alarm went simultaneously to the fireguard crew stationed in the park and to the smoke jumpers stationed at Seeley Lake, about 220 miles away.

Beating the Blaze with Speed

Thirty minutes later, a Trimotor with six jumpers took off. They stopped at West Yellowstone to suit up and get the park ranger. The men dropped on an 8,000-foot plateau two at a time into heavy timber with no open spots. Jim Waite, foreman of the squad, acted as spotter and dropped the equipment which included water bags (since the fire was on a dry plateau) between the jumpers and the fire. Later he spotted the packer and his string of mules. They had been traveling twelve hours and were only halfway to the fire. The packer never did get there. The smoke jumpers had the blaze under control when the ground crew arrived.

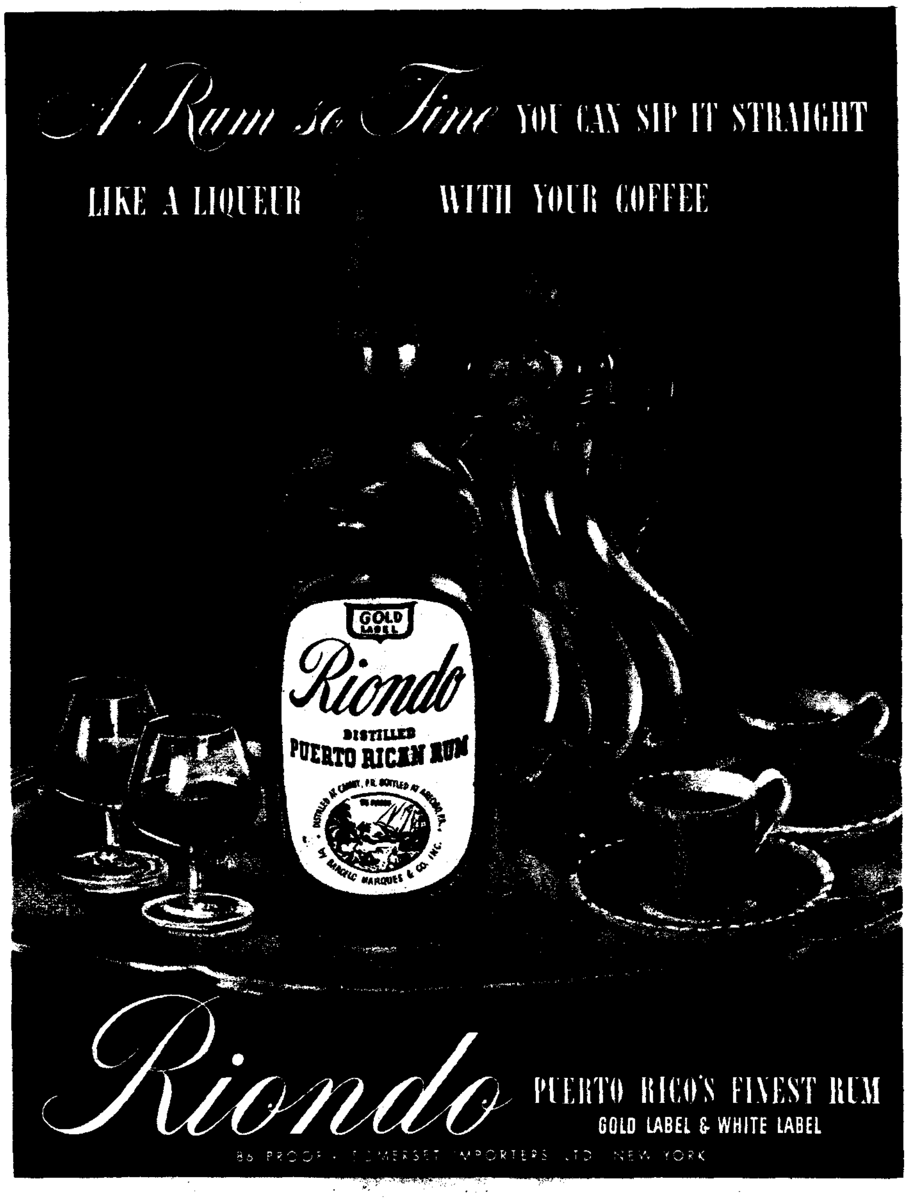
The administrative setup for this parachute project, which is the only one of its kind in the country, is headed by Ralph L. Hand out of Forest Service headquarters for Region 1 at Missoula. Since Hand has fire-control planning as well, the administrative details for the actual smoke-jumping project are under Forester Vic Carter. Frank Derry serves as the No. 3 man, in charge of equipment development and as parachute trainer. Two foremen of parachute squads assist him—Earl Cooley and Jim Waite.

If smoke jumpers help to man air-rescue squads when commercial aviation expands after the war, the Forest Service will find one problem eliminated. Smoke jumpers still work on a seasonal basis. Each fall they must seek other work to tide them over until spring. Consequently the entire group is never available for a new season. New men must be recruited and trained. This turnover in labor is neither efficient nor fair to the men, officials declare.

One incident of smoke jumpers in action serves to demonstrate how economical to the taxpayer their activity can be. There was a concentration of lightning fires in the vast and remote area of the Bitterroot and Nez Perce forests in September, 1942. The men were jumped on those fires as rapidly as chutes could be retrieved and repacked for service, and the timber they saved was worth more than the entire parachute project cost for one full season. Fifty-three backwoods blazes were confined to small areas and negligible damage during the 1944 fire season by 153 parachute fire fighters.

Balance seventy-nine lives saved in less than a year against the cost of training and equipping six paradoctors—$42,000—and you have a return on an investment that will satisfy the grouchiest taxpayer. And those dividends do not stop but continue as long as the jumpers are kept on duty. If their work is allowed to develop after the war, paradoctors and air-rescue squads may well become to the airlines what the Coast Guard has long been to the ships at sea.

THE END



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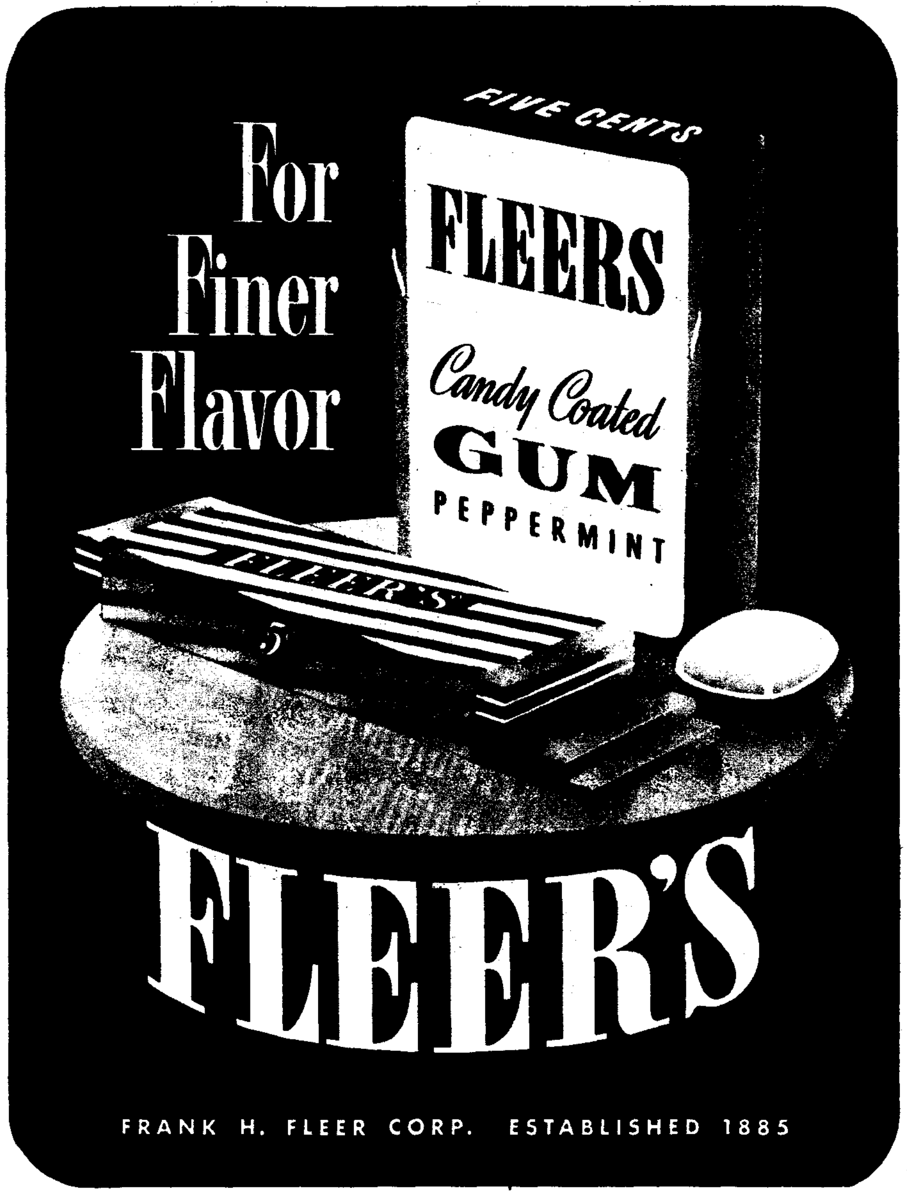

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Speak Your Piece

Continued from page 78

She would pull Sue's hand through her arm and stand smiling beside her; she would say, "And this is my little sister, Sue." And Sue would smile and say how-do-you-do, shake hands obediently, and stand there, wondering what in the world she could possibly say that would interest the present celebrity.

But the parties were fun, and it was fun, too, to tell her friends about them when she got home.

"I suppose," Hazel had said enviously, "you met all those famous people Priscilla's always writing about."

"Oh, no, just a few," Sue had said modestly.

"Well, who for instance?" Hazel had asked, and her eyes were sharp and bright and a little suspicious.

"Let's see," Sue said cautiously. "Well, I met Mary Middleton—she's playing in Sing Out, you know—she knows Pris awfully well—"

"I guess," Hazel said, "that's why Priscilla mentions her so often in her column. Because she isn't anybody, goodness knows!"

Sue felt the angry flush on her face, and she spoke airily, trying to hide it. "And Alan Herbert," she said, "and Greg Mullen, of course—"

"Gregory Mullen!" Hazel said. "Really?"

"Yes," Sue said firmly. "Really."

Well, she had—for a minute. And if Hazel got the wrong impression, it wasn't her fault.

And that was how it all began.

It had almost caught up with her once or twice before. The time that Hazel had just mentioned, when Alan Herbert had come to town to lecture, and she had had to pretend that Aunt Mary was sick and needed her, because she knew Alan Herbert would never remember her, though she had mentioned seeing him often on her later visits to Priscilla.

Usually she had seen him—at the theater or somewhere in the crowd at a benefit. She knew, unhappily, that Hazel was suspicious; she kept asking lots of tricky questions. Sue didn't know the answers to half of them. But she had to answer, to escape Hazel's suspicions.

And now there wasn't any escape from them. She was caught.

IT WAS a strange thing, but everything went on just as usual in that next week. She was able to go to work, to smile, even to eat. She was able to go to the Auditorium that night—where she met Hazel at the door, as Hazel had planned. Mr. Newton was with her.

He said, "There you are—glad you're early—listen, Sue, you'll have to get your story now." Mr. Newton always talked against a dead line; tonight he was talking faster than ever. "Dinner planned for afterward," he said, "sure to tie him up late, story has to be in by midnight, of course. Gives you about fifteen minutes to get it right now, but that'll be plenty, well as you know him. Hop along now and make it a good one; remember I'm counting on you."

And then he was gone, and so was most of the strength from Sue's knees. But she was walking down the side aisle, with her knees still holding her up, and Hazel was walking right beside her. She was dimly aware that they reached the stage door, and that Hazel had opened it. They saw the dressing room door, and rapped on it.

The door opened, and Sue was saying, somehow, "Hello, I'm Sue Collins. Remember me?"

And absurdly, amazingly, the man standing there was saying, "Why, of course I do! I was hoping I'd see you!" And he was holding her hand in his and smiling at her.

Afterward, she remembered thinking that it was no wonder he was a great actor, even though he wasn't handsome, since his face was so alive and so expressive.

The relief inside her felt as though it were going to blow her up, like a balloon; in fact, she began to think she was a balloon, just hanging there in the air. She said, "It's nice to see you again. And here's someone who wants to meet you. Hazel, this is Greg Mullen."

She did not have time to see the startled look on his face, because just at that moment, one second too late, the sharp and powerful voice cut through from farther back in the dressing room—cut right through into Sue's balloon.

The voice said, "Who the hell is that, Roger? Don't hold that door open. This place is like a barn. Bring them in, bring them in! Or shut them out."

And slowly, like someone in a dream, Sue stepped through the door and came face to face with the real Gregory Mullen. She was aware that Hazel was close behind her; that it had been Hazel pushing through the door that had moved her through.

It was easy enough, then, to see what had happened. She had met them at the same time; Gregory Mullen and his secretary. She almost remembered Priscilla's voice murmuring, "This is Greg Mullen and this is Roger Stevens." She looked at Roger again, quietly, and then at the famous good looks of Greg Mullen. Pull yourself together, she told herself sharply—they don't look at all alike.

But Roger Stevens had remembered her. Why shouldn't Gregory Mullen? She put on a smile and said, "I'm Sue Collins and I met you in New York. Don't you remember?"

"No," said Mullen. Just that. No.

Sue took a deep breath. Her cheeks were flaming. She said, "Well, I did, but that's not why I came to see you. I'm on the Fairfax News, and they sent me to get an interview. And this is an admirer of yours, Hazel Brown—she wanted to meet you. She wants your autograph."

MULLEN sat in his chair and stared up at them. After a minute he said, wearily, "Ye gods, what next? Girl reporters, autograph hounds—fifteen minutes before the show starts! What's the matter with you people? Don't you know anything?"

"It's because of the dinner," Sue said. It was amazing, but her voice still worked. "We wouldn't have bothered you before the show, but there won't be time afterward."

"There's never time," he said. "All right, let's have it. Well—what do you want me to autograph?"

Hazel held out, hastily, a notebook, and he signed his name in very black ink with many ugly flourishes. "All right," he said curtly, "glad to have met you, goodby." He had already turned away.

Sue said, softly, "But I still need my story."

He glanced up. "Roger, give her the story."

Roger Stevens was still standing by the door; he had not moved. Now he came to life slowly, moved across to the table, and took a paper from a brief case there. He did not look at Sue as he held it out to her.

Sue glanced down at it. "When Gregory Mullen, the great actor, came into town last night . . ." she read. It was a ready-made interview.

She shook her head. She said, "I'm sorry. I need a real story."

"It's all there," Mullen said impatiently. "All you have to do is change it around a little. Good Lord! You don't think I can talk to all the small-time hicks who want an interview, do you?"

Sue was surprised at the way her voice kept on talking, almost by itself. She said, "I don't know why not. If people are interested enough to want to read about you, you ought to be willing to give them something of yourself to read about."

He whirled around, "Give something!" he said. "I'm giving so much already that there won't be anything left of me! Do you know, my dear young lady, do you know how much money I would ordinarily get for an appearance like this? Thousands, thousands—because I wouldn't do it for less! Because I hate small towns and I hate the people in them and I hate to come near them. And do you know what I'm getting for tonight? Nothing, nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"Except," Sue said, "the slight satisfaction of doing something for your country."

"And your press agent," Roger Stevens

said. He said it so softly that for a minute Sue thought Mullen had not heard him; then she saw Mullen glance up at him resentfully.

"Shut up, Roger," he said sourly. He turned away again. "I am wearing myself out," he said. "I am killing myself. I am a fool to do it. People don't know what it's like to be on a grind like this, to do the same thing night after night, to talk to these boobs and dumb oxen and watch them get all excited, to keep working them up night after night—and for what? Nothing!"

A hand knocked at the door; a voice called, "Eight-fifteen, Mr. Mullen."

"What?" said Gregory Mullen. "Already? Damn it, Roger, can't you manage things better? Haven't you any sense at all?"

As Sue and Hazel walked out through the door, the famous voice, with all its carrying power, followed them down the corridor. "Haven't even got the sense," he was saying, "to keep autograph hunters and girl reporters out of my dressing room! What next, for heaven's sake?"

SUE and Hazel walked quietly back into the hall and found seats and sat down in them. They did not speak. They did not turn their heads to look at each other. It was a relief for Sue when the lights went down and the program started; it was good to have the darkness hiding the painful blushes on her face.

She hardly saw the first of the program or heard the speeches. All of Gregory Mullen's ringing tones were lost on her; she could only sit and stare at him, numb with shame and anger. By the time he had started his little rallying talk at the end, her head had begun to clear and she was able to listen.

He made a good talk—a very good one, and a very moving one. (I wonder who wrote it for him, Sue thought. His secretary, maybe? He might have. He was nice.) Maybe all of the phrases had been said before—they were still true, and would always be true, and important, to every American. In the actor's beautiful voice, they were so touching that Sue could not be surprised at the handkerchiefs that came out in all sections of the hall, and at all the eyes that needed wiping.

"And you people," he said. "You, in the small towns. You, who will never see Munda—or Bataan—or perhaps even Germany—you have sent your sons—the dearest, closest part of you, to stay there." He paused. "Perhaps forever," he said softly. "It is you," he said, and his voice was ringing again, "who are winning this war."

And next to Sue, Mrs. Anthony, whose only son would never come home again, cried quietly into her handkerchief.

And then the lights came up, and the bidding started. It was wonderful to watch. It was wonderful to see the enthusiasm mounting, to see the people who could hardly wait to outbid each other. Even though some of them were in overcoats that weren't quite warm enough, and some of the women wore dresses that Sue could remember for five years at least, and some wore shoes that could never be mended again.

Sue sat and watched them. She hadn't cried before, but she cried then. She cried because her heart was too full with love and pride for these people that she knew.

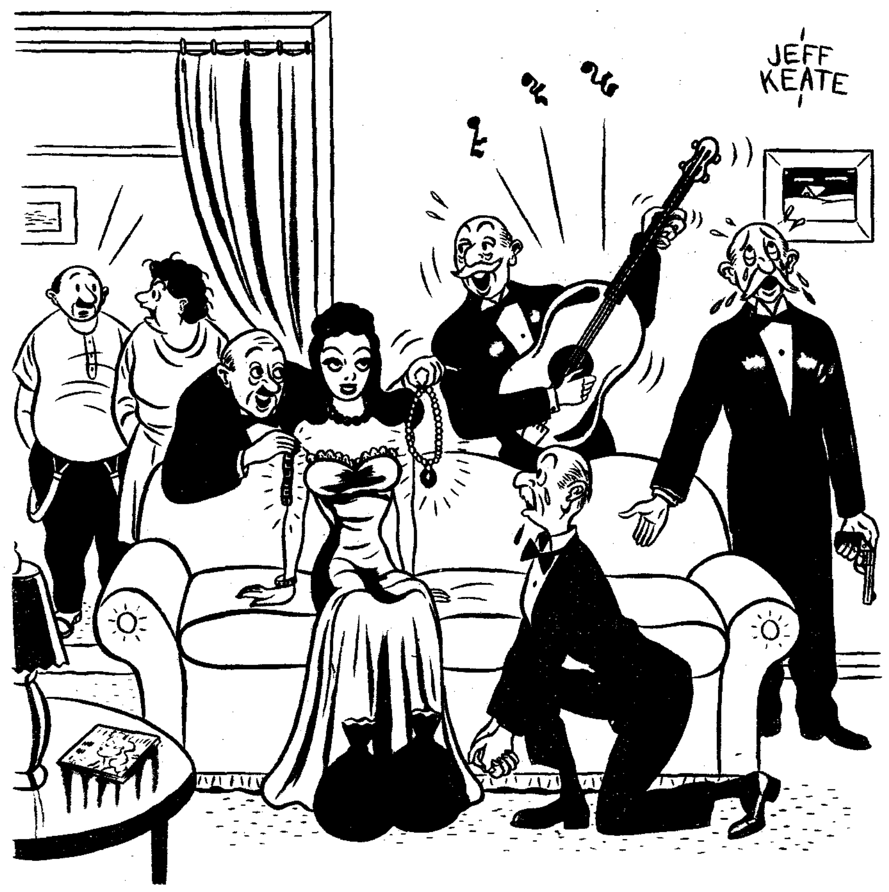
When it was nearly over, she looked up at the stage—and Gregory Mullen came back to her suddenly. She remembered the words he had said in the dressing room. She saw now the look of boredom and self-satisfaction on his face. And suddenly she felt angry as she had never been angry before; angry with a clear, cold anger that was as sharp as lightning. She said, aloud, "Why, you heel! This isn't your doing! It's ours!"

And she got up and left the hall and went back to the office, and sat down at the typewriter and wrote her story.

IT WAS the story of the big shot who goes out to sell War Bonds, because it's the thing to do right now; because his press agent wants him to. He's giving his all for his country—and if you don't believe it, just ask him.

Of course, he travels in a drawing room, and not at his own expense. When he goes to a town, he gets the best that the town has to offer. He gets roast beef if there is any beef to be had, and never mind how his hostess can make up her ration points. But it's a great sacrifice he's making, no doubt about that—giving his all for his country.

And then she ran in the stories of some of the boys from Fairfax: Of Johnny Short, who spent eight days on a raft with one arm half gone, and then lost the rest of it through gangrene. Of Bill Nichols, who died in his flaming plane rather than risk hitting an English town. Of Ray Humalka, who had been on Bataan and was probably still there, for all anybody would ever know. And of Mrs. Ray Humalka, who left the baby with her mother all night while she went to work



"They're really putting on the pressure lately—before all the young fellows get back from overseas!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The Perfect Husband?

YOU may never forget a birthday or anniversary. But although every woman loves little luxuries, if you take a confidential poll you will find that sensible wives vote for fewer presents and more family financial security.

So as Lesson No. 1 on "How to be a Perfect Husband", take pencil and paper to figure roughly your wife's minimum cash needs and her minimum income needs—without you. How much, for instance, would she need to clear up your bills and debts? How about those mortgage payments and the taxes on your home?

Perhaps she will qualify for Social Security's monthly benefits. But even with young children these can amount at the most to only $85 a month. So she will need another monthly check for even the simplest of home comforts.

Fortunately, moderate amounts of life insurance, when added to Social Security benefits, can guard her against financial calamity and guarantee your children a good start in life.

As Lesson No. 2, take advantage of the special information service on Social Security benefits which the Mutual Life man in your community gives without obligation. He will gladly show you how to get the utmost from your premium dollar by making your life insurance reinforce your Social Security benefits.

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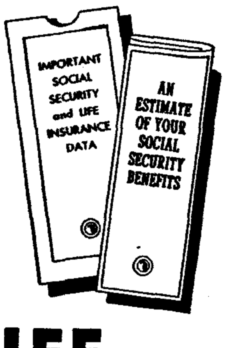
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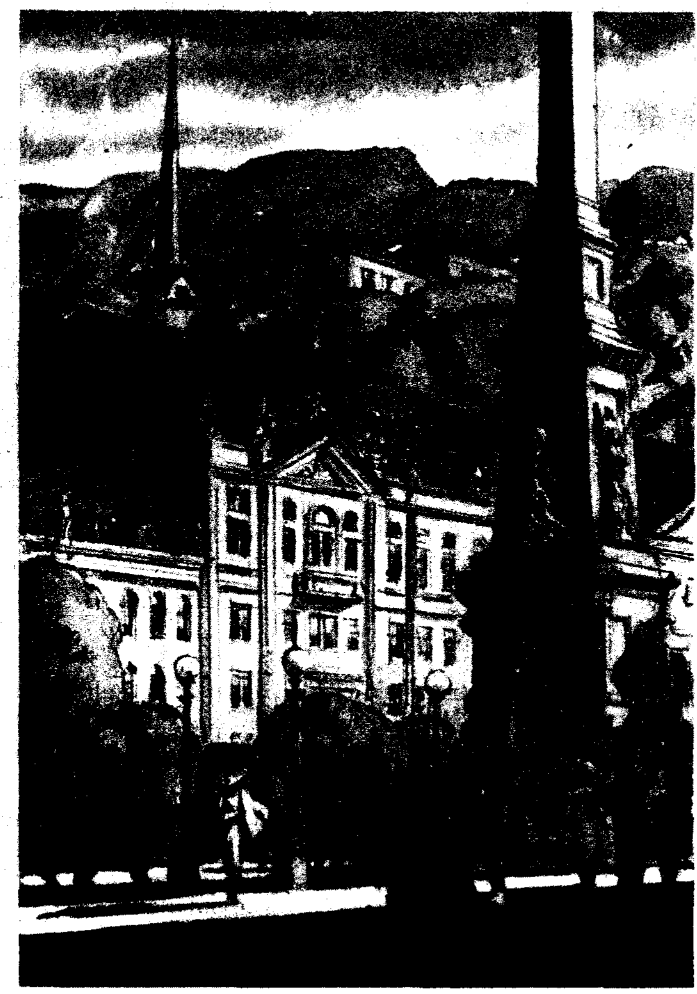

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on the swing shift, and then took care of the baby all day and slept when she could.

They weren't giving their all for their country. They were just doing what they had to do; and they thought it was a privilege to do it.

She described her interview with Mr. Mullen, without pulling any punches. "Mr. Mullen seems to think," she wrote, "that we bought War Bonds last night because he was there to entertain us and to make us laugh. Mr. Mullen ought to realize that we are still able to laugh and willing to be entertained only because we are investing in our country. And we love our country."

It was late when she finished—so late that the first edition was just about to be put to bed, and she had to streak downstairs to the composing room. Mr. Newton was still at the banquet; the next thing to a boss that was left in the place was old Abe Winnigen, the foreman. Running the Fairfax News hadn't ever been much trouble to Mr. Newton, mostly because not many things happened in Fairfax that hadn't already happened a good many times before.

Sue said, "Here it is, Abe. My story."

He looked at her from under his green eyeshade; the glaring light and the green coloring made his eyes look angry. He said shortly, "Whyncha wait a little longer? Whatsa matter, you afraid you might get it here on time?"

He took it and started, automatically, to read it. After a minute, he stopped reading automatically and read it carefully, every word. Then he looked up.

"Newty see this?" he asked casually.

"No," Sue said. "You see—no time—you know how it is."

"I know, all right," he said grimly. "No time, and me with a big hole in my front page, and you bring me this. Now what am I gonna do?"

"Print it," Sue said.

He shook his head slowly. "Can't. Newty likes to print the truth—but gee whiz—there's a limit." He looked down, read a word or two, read it all again.

He looked up again, and he was smiling. "Okay," he said. "What the heck! We ain't been sued for twenty years, almost. And I was there at the rally. And I didn't like the cut of his jib."

"So—"

"So I'll print it," Abe said.

SUE didn't sleep very well. In fact, she didn't sleep. She lay on her bed with all her clothes on, and sometimes she felt too cold and reached for a blanket, and sometimes she felt too hot and threw it off—depending on which she was feeling at the moment—elated, or terrified.

Just before five, she got up and ran a comb through her short hair so that every curl stood out. She tied a kerchief around it, buttoned herself into a windbreaker and set out for the office of the Fairfax News.

The rural edition was just coming off the loading platform. She had no trouble getting hold of one; she folded it and stuck it in her pocket, along with one of her clammy hands, and started walking. Now that she had the paper she didn't dare open it.

She walked for over fifteen minutes; she walked until she had climbed the hill above the fairgrounds, and had reached the road that ran in back of the football stadium. One street light was still burning hopelessly against the dawn light that was getting brighter every minute. She sat down under the light and opened the paper and read.

She had reached the next to last line before she heard the man coming. She was almost too interested in her story even to be frightened, though it was too early and too dark to be way out there alone. She heard the footsteps slow down, and then stop, and she knew that she was very frightened. Then she turned her head and saw who it was, and then she was even more frightened, only for a different reason.

Gregory Mullen's secretary stood there under the street light, looking at her. She remembered that when he had opened the door he had smiled and had really seemed glad to see her. He was smiling now, she saw—the same nice smile.

Probably he had to learn it, she thought crossly, before he could get his job. Probably Mullen taught it to him in front of a mirror. She folded the paper quickly, or tried to. But the quality of newsprint isn't what it used to be, and the paper wouldn't fold. A piece of it came away from the rest and slipped to the ground and, as it slipped, the fresh morning breeze from the river slipped along after it.

The young man put his foot on it, caught it, and brought it back to her. He said, "Hello! You're up early."

"Yes," Sue said.

"Here's your paper."

"Yes," Sue said.

It was the front page that had fallen; the front page, with all the news about the War Bond rally and the picture of Gregory Mullen and, right beside it, the feature article—by Susan Elizabeth Collins.

The young man looked down and saw it. "Paper works fast, doesn't it?" he said. "Right on time with the write-up."

"Yes," Sue said.

"Mind if I read it?"

"Yes," Sue said.

"Thanks," he said, and began to read.

It was getting much lighter by that time, but still he read slowly. Very slowly. For the first minute or two, Sue could not look at him. For the next minute or two, she knew that she could not stand it unless she looked. After that she looked.

He didn't seem to be angry, so far. He looked—not amused, exactly. More like pleased. Almost happy.

After a while she realized why he was taking so long. Because as soon as he finished reading it once, he read it through again.

He's looking for libel, she thought wretchedly. He's looking to see what spots he can sue us for. But I don't care. I'm glad I wrote it.

He finished reading. And then he moved suddenly; very suddenly. He put his arm out and threw it around Sue's shoulders; he gave her a bear hug that almost knocked both of them off the bench. And when they got their balance, he went right on hugging her, and while he hugged, he laughed. He laughed, and his laugh went all the way down to the river bottom lands.

"I could kiss you!" he said. "If I had more shoulders I'd carry you around on them! You're wonderful, you're marvelous, I love you. I could hug you!"

"You are," Sue said in a small voice, from somewhere against his shoulder.

He let go of her then and sat back, looking at her and laughing.

"You're—you're not mad?" Sue said. He had pulled her kerchief off so that all her curls were showing, and she was busy tucking a few of them back.

"Mad?" he said. "I'm delighted!"

"Mr. Mullen—he won't mind?"

"Mind?" he said happily. "He'll have apoplexy!"

Sue sat still and stared at him.

"But don't worry," he said hastily. "He can't make any trouble for you. There isn't a word in it that isn't the gospel truth." His face was very serious suddenly. "And it's a swell story. You did a wonderful job."

Sue leaned back against the bench. It was the first real praise, she thought, that she had ever had.

After a minute she said, "But you work for him. Why are you so glad?"

Answers to L"ine"-Up

(Page 44)

1. **Cow**
2. **Eagle**
3. **Snake**
4. **Sheep**
5. **Wolf**
6. **Cat**
7. **Ant**
8. **Bear**
9. **Goat**
10. **Mosquito**
11. **Dog**
12. **Horse**
13. **Bird**
14. **Lizard**
15. **Swine**
16. **Stork**
17. **Hare**
18. **Hawk**
19. **Donkey**
20. **Fox**

"Me?" said the young man. "Glad? Because—because I, Roger Stevens—I don't work for him any longer! And because," he said, with his voice quiet, "because the last little service I would like to render him would be to help him stick his head in a pail of water."

"Oh," Sue said.

"Because, you see," Roger Stevens said, "I made it. I did it. I made them change their minds. And I'm in the Army!"

"Oh," Sue said.

He looked at her; looked away again. He tried to look casual, but his face was too much for him; his nice, homely, expressive face gave him away, by looking anxious and a little pleading. "Didn't you really remember meeting me in New York?" he said.

Sue shook her head. "I—I got mixed up," she said.

"I remembered meeting you," he said hesitantly. "And I knew you were Priscilla's sister. And I knew you came from Fairfax. And I knew—anyway, I hoped I knew—that I'd see you while I was here." He glanced away; he was trying the elaborately casual look again. "Do you visit Priscilla often?" he said. The casual look broke down completely. "Because," he said, "I've got about ten days left before I'm inducted, but I have to spend them in New York, you see, getting ready, but I couldn't help thinking, I mean—I just wondered—"

He stopped his floundering suddenly and broke off, laughing at himself. "What the dickens!" he said. "Never mind. Anyway, this is Fairfax. And this is today. And let's, for heaven's sake, spend it together."

SHE saw him off on the train that night. She had his address, and a picture he had given her, and a thousand memories that she hadn't had the day before, but still it seemed as though she didn't have anything, once the train had pulled out.

She walked in a daze through the next day, and that was a good thing, because the next day was tough. She certainly couldn't have expected to write a piece like that and not hear about it, and answer questions about it, and talk about it, every minute of the morning and the afternoon.

Some people thought it was wonderful; some people were outraged. Some people thought it put Fairfax on the map; some people thought it was a disgrace to the town's hospitality. But everybody thought something about it.

It wasn't till evening, just before she left the office, that she looked up from her desk and saw Mr. Newton smiling at her, and while she was smiling back, she was called to the phone, and when she answered, it was Priscilla.

"Darling!" Priscilla said. "You're wonderful! It's a grand piece! I'm proud of you!"

"Piece—" Sue said. "My piece—how did you—"

"My dear, it's in the New York papers! Some correspondent saw it and picked it up, and used it in his column—The Spirit of the Small Towns, or something like that—and it's written up in all the evening papers. Everybody's crazy about it—it's so natural, and you sound so mad, and you sound so as though you meant it!"

"I do mean it," Sue said.

"And do you know the funny thing?" Priscilla said. "Everybody keeps calling *me* and asking if you're my sister, and why didn't I tell them I had a sister like that." There was a moment's pause. "I was wondering," Priscilla said wistfully, "could you get away and run up here for a few days? I haven't seen you for so long—you know—and—and everybody here wants to meet you."

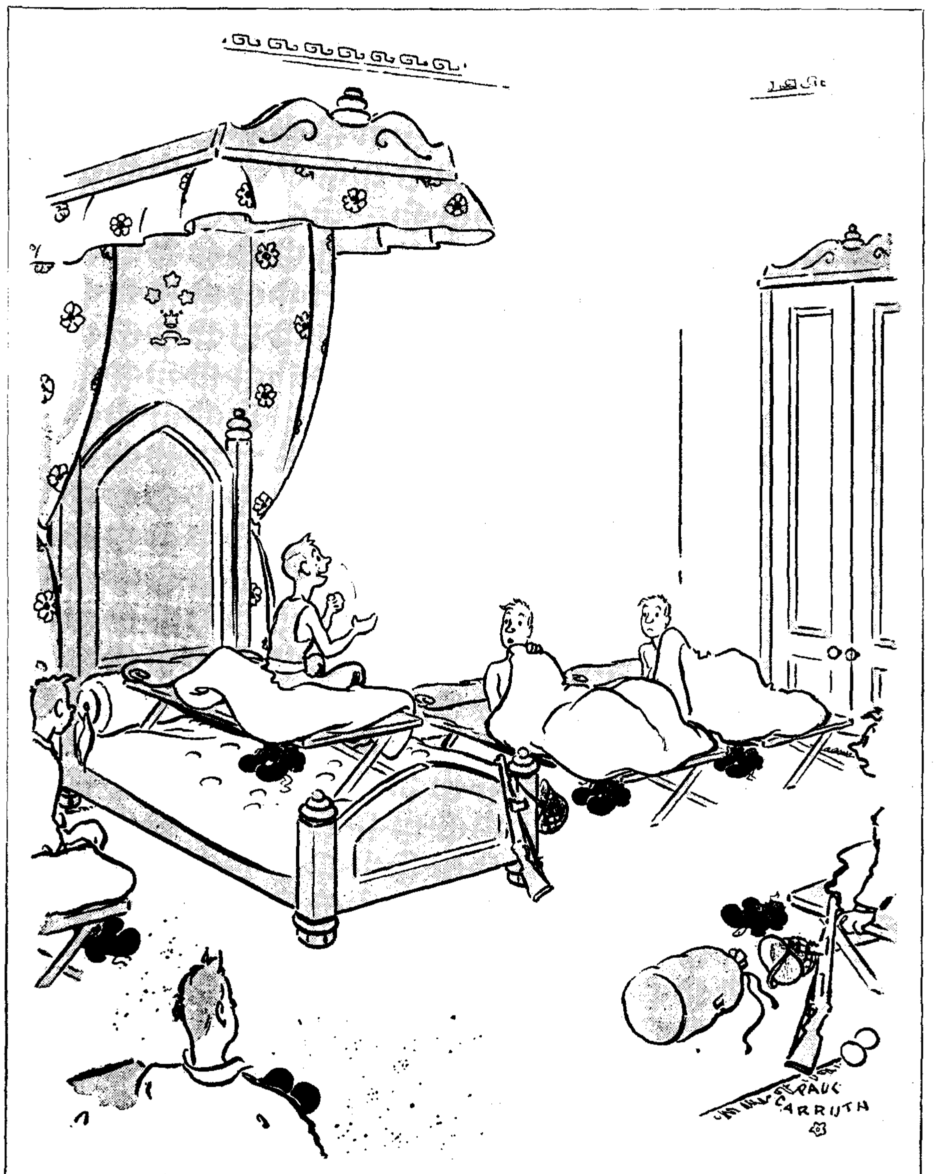
"They met me," Sue said.

"They met my sister," Priscilla said. "But now they want to meet *you*."

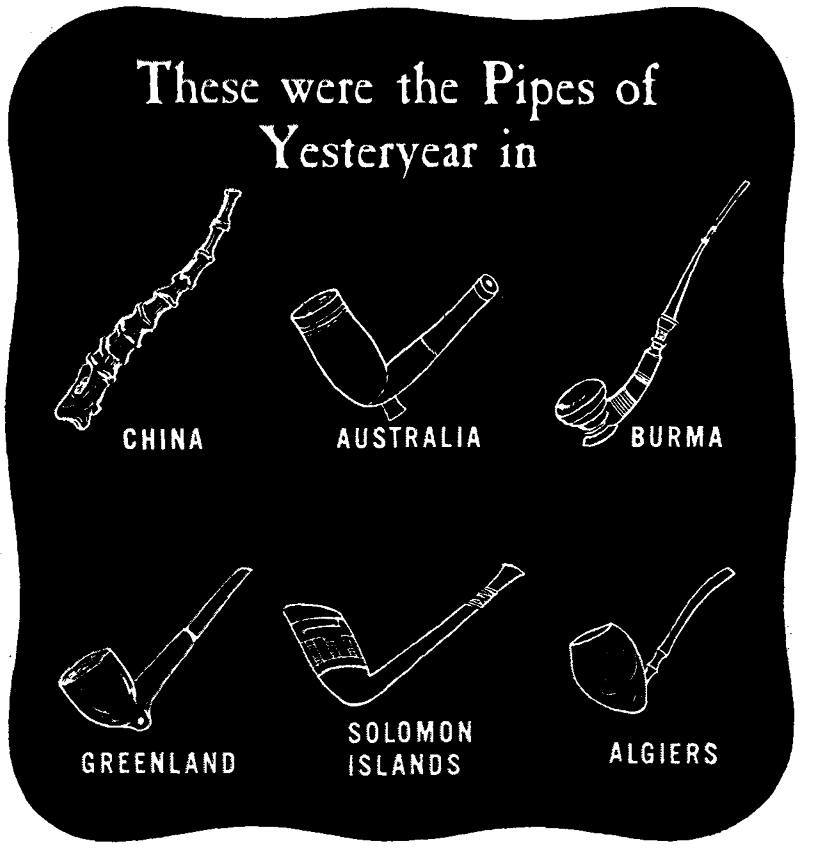
The balloon blew up again all of a sudden, with Sue inside it, and she floated gently in the air.

"I'd love to come," she said. "Right away. Only—I don't think I'll have much time for seeing your friends. You see—there's someone waiting there for me. And I expect I'll see a lot of him."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Boys, was that swell—a real sleep in a real bed again!" PAUL CARRUTH



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Honor of the Family

Continued from page 19

St. Lawrence, Clark and New York universities. Yet she once received a mark of two per cent in an algebra examination and scarcely knows the difference between Democrat and Republican.

This latter shortcoming confounded her late father a few years ago, and also her huband, Alden S. Blodgett, a retired broker, both Republicans come hell or high water. Came Election Day, and they took turns lecturing her sternly on the issues of the campaign. When she confessed an iconoclastic lack of interest, they settled for her pledge to "vote every eagle—pull every eagle lever!"

Cornelia made the eagle scream by pulling levers in the top row, but her hand paused at the name "Pecora." Somewhere, somehow, she recalled reading a severely adverse criticism of a Mr. Pecora. Rather than risk electing a possible knave, she reached down to vote the star just once, only to find Pecora again, running on *both* tickets. The man had thus branded himself a double-dealer.

"So I voted the hammer and sickle," she announced, and rushed over to catch her falling father.

Otis Skinner, her father, was not only a distinguished actor in his day but a heavy money earner. Perhaps not as heavy an earner as his only daughter, but he could keep it. Cornelia pays back 80 per cent of her income as taxes. Otis retired in 1932 at the age of 74, after fifty years on the stage, and died ten years later. His estate included more than $750,000 in cash and securities, a castlelike duplex in a co-operatively owned East Side apartment house, and priceless mementos of stage history. The bulk was left in trust for Cornelia.

The added affluence made no difference in the tenor of Miss Skinner's life, and less in her personal wardrobe, for she remained one of the ten worst-dressed women in the Social Register. Again the lack of time is a dominant factor. Miss Skinner's idea of shopping acumen is to enter an exclusive dress joint, drag a number from the nearest form and drape it on her own. She will buy a short-waisted frock for her willowy figure, and scoff at the sartorial rote of wearing wide-shouldered items to make madame's hips look slimmer. Since her figure has changed very little in the past twenty years, she sees no cause for alarm or for any kind of shoulder camouflage.

So Little Time for Herself

She will shock feminine helpers in her retinue by mending the rip in a black dress with red thread, or yellow if it's handier. It's just a matter of preoccupational indifference. Her busy life doesn't permit the luxury of such discrimination, and once it didn't even permit the sewing of a rip, which was discovered with horror after she had appeared at some swank function to which she had rushed from the theater.

Despite a staff of loyal servants, office help and alarm clocks, her waking hours are fraught with fear of missing a performance, a broadcast or an appointment. To obviate such disaster she will call one, two and perhaps three people to telephone her, so that the jangling bell will be certain to rouse her from the cat naps in which she necessarily indulges at odd hours.

"And if I don't answer," she once instructed, "come upstairs and walk around on my face a while."

As an individual, Miss Skinner's place in the legitimate theater is unique, for monologists seldom are able to subordinate the exaggerated technique necessary and permissible in solo work. But she reminds you that her father began his career as a monologist and became one of the most popular players in the history of the American stage. A Skinner play, good or bad, enjoyed a Broadway run and was good for two years on the road.

Within ten years of trouping, the daughter has created her own following, and oldsters recognize the same charm and naïveté.

Among professionals the parallel is even more deadly, for you can't track down a single unkind story about her. All tales concern her jovial nature, her unostentatious generosity—especially with people who work or have worked for her—and her infectious humor. In her stories, you note that she herself is the butt of the joke, rather than someone else. It's a rare technique among theater people.

Behind it all, people insist, is the spirit of old Otis, and his genuine trouping instinct, for they tell of how Cornelia is stricken with fear of failure before and during every performance. She affects a handkerchief as a constant prop, but, unlike Mrs. Fiske's, the Skinner kerchief is soaked with sweat when she leaves the stage.

Her earnings with the monologues have bordered on the fabulous at times. At the moment she could book thirty weeks solid and gross $300,000, for word has gone out that something new will be added to her repertoire which now includes The Wives of Henry VIII, The Empress Eugénie, The Loves of Charles II, and Mansion on the Hudson.

History in the Making

The new material will concern the trials and amorous tribulations of the poet Byron. Of course, it isn't written yet, but that is no handicap to Cornelia. She never passed history in all her school life, which ended at Bryn Mawr in 1922, but she wrote one of the most authentic treatises on Henry VIII since Shakespeare. She simply read everything written about the fellow as a co-project with pregnancy, and continued studying after the birth of her son, Dickie, who is now a teen-age problem.

It seems that he, like Mother, has trouble with books, and Cornelia dreads the day when he learns that her Phi Beta Kappa membership is merely honorary and not scholastic.

Dickie's appearance in this world provided one of the endless series of father-daughter clashes that will make a Skinner biography priceless. When Cornelia first asked Otis if he wished a grandson to carry his name, he exploded, roaring that he wouldn't want any mortal so handicapped. So she decided upon Richard, from her husband's family.

However, just before the christening, she asked Otis again.

"Well, I should hope you'd name him for me," he exclaimed, wounded. "Just whom else did you consider?"

And so the boy was named Otis Skinner Blodgett, but he is known everywhere as Dickie.

A few years ago, Cornelia was asked to make recordings of some readings from Shakespeare, essentially for educational purposes. When she agreed, someone suggested that it might strengthen the project to have Otis support her in the dialogue. The old gent was reluctant and had to be persuaded to help his child. But get a set of the records. They are considered a masterpiece of "speech-topping," and Cornelia sounds like the supporting voice. Nobody could upstage Otis, not even his beloved daughter on records.

Once she completed a performance on the road and raced to New York in response to word that he was fatally stricken, with the end very near. It was late when she arrived and she tiptoed to the bed where the old gentleman lay white and still. She broke completely.

"Speak to me, Father!" she gasped. "Please say something . . ."

Otis opened one eye and growled: "What the hell do you want? Something from Kismet?"

But Cornelia boasts that she will have the final thrust.

"By sheer chance I came across someone, perhaps the last survivor from the days of the old Daly's Theater," she confides; "and I found a beautiful anecdote that will brighten up the Skinner biography. Father'd hit the ceiling if he were here and heard the story. It's very spicy."

THE END

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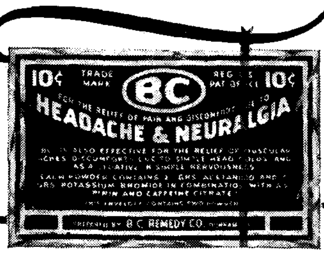

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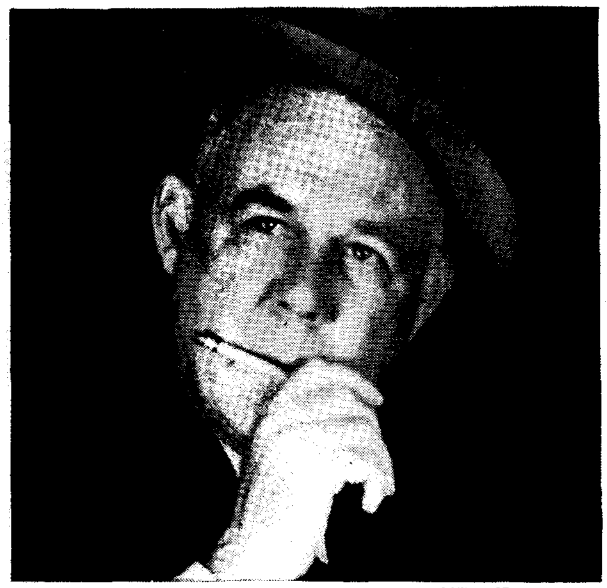
The Week's Work



Grantland Rice

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

IN THIS issue, Collier's carries on a 55-year-old tradition of selecting the annual All-America football team (p. 16). Begun nder Walter Camp and continued under Grantland Rice, the All-America selections ave been an important event in the sports world.

It was a slightly different world some 50 ears ago. You can tell by the ad in a December, 1898, Collier's, reading: "$3.20 for four full quarts of Hayner's seven-year-old copper distilled rye, good for medicinal as ell as other purposes, express paid, shipped in plain package and no marks to indicate ontents."

But football must have been a pretty rug-ed game even then—in fact, a very rugged ame. Mr. Camp announced his selection f Truxton Hare of Philadelphia as All-America guard, commenting that Hare "was retty well hammered to pieces before the nd of the season, but for all that, his injuries were hardly apparent in his play, save when he had to perform his kicking."

Mr. Camp's weekly column ran under the uiet title, Sports of the Amateur on Field and Water, and always carried at the top this ittle verse:

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!

No doubt the gentlemen who kept up with ports were interested in the near-by adver-isement announcing: "$3.95 buys a man's all-wool suit, warranted best fast color, all-wool black cheviot, elegantly lined, superbly satin-piped, perfect in fit and style, very dressy and fully worth $10." Although they, even as we, may have been puzzled by he ad for a "revolving shirt bosom," which was, the maker asserted, "the latest craze, eight shirts in one, entirely new, beautiful patterns." "Red-hot seller, everybody buys," the maker added, and small wonder.

Poe, of Princeton, related to Edgar Allan Poe, made the 1898 All-America for his wonderful dashes. "In the Annapolis game 80 yards," Mr. Camp wrote, "in the Brown game 40 yards, and in the Yale game 95 yards, and touchdowns in every case, ought to fill this young man's cup to the brim."

Then, even as now, football was hampered because "the ranks of the students are decimated by the men who have put on the uniform"—in the Spanish-American war. And Collier's showed a photograph of the transport St. Paul, setting out from San Francisco with two hundred tons of Christmas presents for our soldiers and sailors in the Philippines.

Collier's wondered editorially: "Are we to witness an era of prosperity and good feeling?" under President McKinley, and an ad pictured "a key that locks any door, but 2¼ inches long, weighs less than a pound, and will securely lock any door or window, everybody wants one, 25 cents," with no reference to the logical possibility that some bright, dishonest fellow with 25 cents might acquire the same key and *un*lock your door.

Hillebrand of Princeton and Percy Haughton of Harvard were other 1898 standouts, and for the first time since the All-Americas began, a Westerner, Herschberger of Chicago, got on the list. Until that year, the only colleges represented were Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Brown and Pennsylvania.

Rice's 1944 selections, you'll note, include men from Oklahoma A. & M., Southern California, Auburn and other "frontier" institutions.

In the beginning, selections were made entirely on the say-so of one man, Camp. Grantland Rice, taking over in 1924 after Camp's death, appointed a board to help him judge prospective All-Americas. Board members send him weekly reports on outstanding players.

Rice, a native of Murfreesboro, Tenn., began writing sports in 1901, and has covered practically all the World Series, golf championships, big football games, international polo matches and big fights for the last 25 years.

He has written several volumes of poetry—Baseball Ballads, Songs of the Stalwart, Songs of the Open, and, most recently, Only the Brave.

His sports column, syndicated by North American Newspaper Alliance, appears daily in some 85 papers throughout the country. In addition to his newspaper work, he makes his Sportlight movie reel once a month for Paramount Pictures.

Joseph L. Marx

Adeline Marx

HALSMAN

JOSEPH and Adeline Marx, the man-and-wife writing team who produced the short story Speak Your Piece, p. 78, became a team, they tell us, in 1938. Before that, in 1931, they were married.

"After writing together for six years, we still speak to each other," they boast. "In fact, our fights and mutual insults about stories we work on together seldom last for half a day. When we first started they used to last all day.

"We started to write by accident, literally, when Joseph broke his leg in an automobile smashup. We sold our first story and thought we had been missing easy money. We learned we were mistaken, in time."

Joseph Marx now works at the Office of War Information, while Mrs. Marx takes care of their two small daughters. The lady has a new novel out, signed Adeline Rumsey and entitled Crying at the Lock.

"We hope," the Marxes conclude, "to have more novels, more children, more time for writing stories and more stories in Collier's." . . . A. P.

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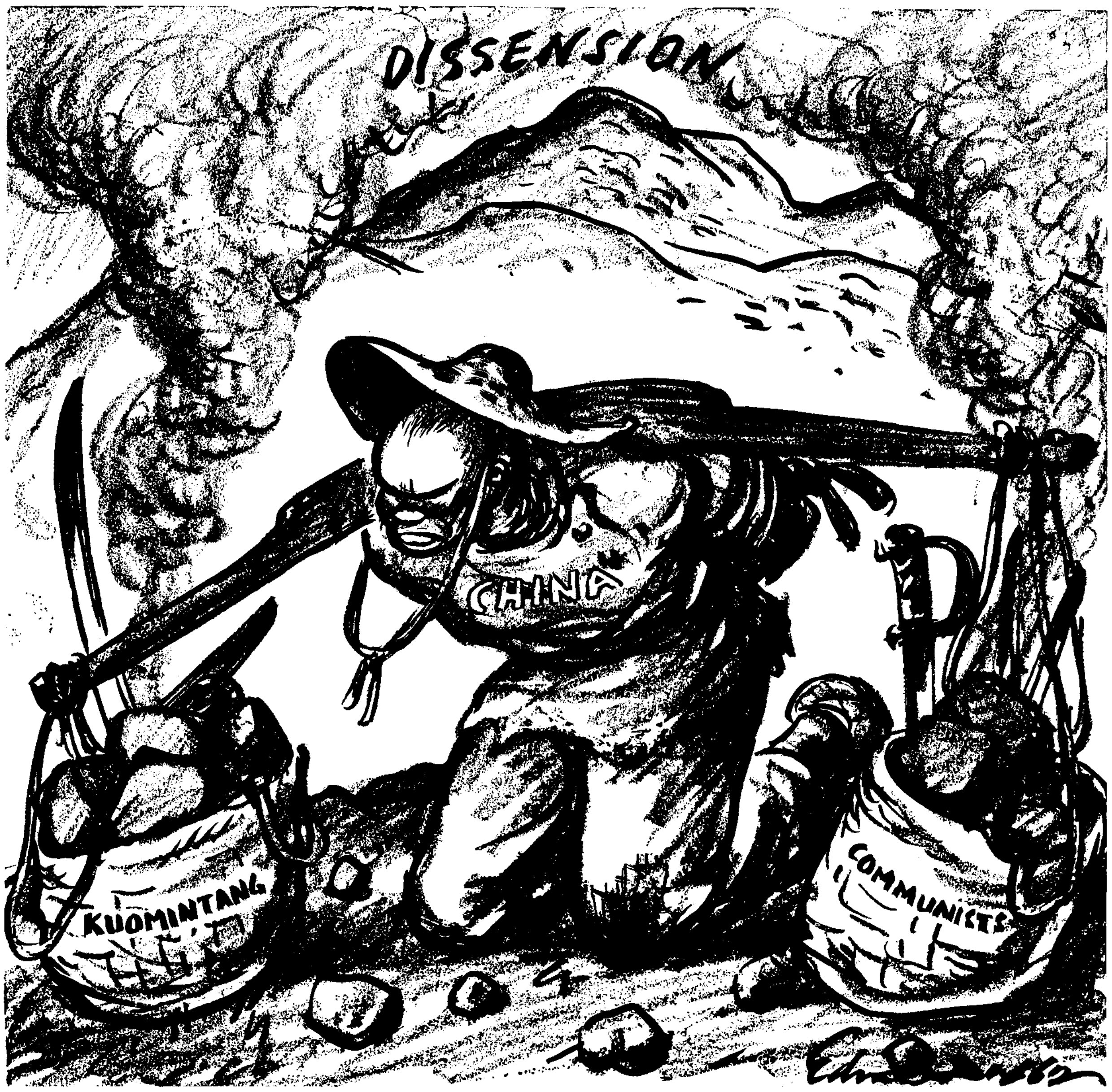

Getting to Know Our Allies

CHIANG KAI-SHEK finally got the scalps, Chinawise, of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell and Ambassador Clarence E. Gauss; but, in doing so, the Generalissimo enabled the American people to get a load of long overdue information concerning what present-day China really is.

As reported in Collier's by Mark Gayn several weeks before the Stilwell-Gauss explosion, China is not a democracy. It is not united in one grimly purposeful common front against the Japs. It is split between Chiang's Kuomintang and the north China Communists, with various other divisions and an assortment of war lords further cutting down Chinese effectiveness against Japan. Chiang all along may have wanted to save his armies for a first-class civil war with the Communists after we and the British do most of the cleaning of the Japs out of China. Nor are the Chinese Communists the purest Chinese patriots ever seen, despite the efforts of Communist mouthpieces here and elsewhere to make them seem so.

This sudden flood of low down on China was all to the good, we think, as far as Americans are concerned. After the first wave of revulsion and disillusionment, most of us got a fairly clear idea of just what kind of country China is. That is far better than an idealized picture, or a too unfavorable one. The more we know about just what our allies are and are not, the better we can co-operate with them.

If we could now get a few more truths through our heads about our other allies, we'd be still better off. Such truths, we mean, as that the Russians aren't all either supermen or devils; that not all Englishmen are stoic heroes or Machiavellis bent on taking our shirts; that the French have weak points as well as strong points; that, in short, all the Allied nations are inhabited by human beings living in an epileptic period in history, and will act as such.

This Chinese blowoff high-lighted another important truth, too; namely, that military censorship, when overdone, can wreak the gravest damage. We've got to have it in wartime, of course. But it is a necessary evil at best. This latest overworking of censorship, to the serious disservice of China and China's allies, demonstrates anew that Kent Cooper, Hugh Baillie and other news agency leaders are talking only rock-bottom common sense when they say that free, nonpolitical dissemination of news all over the world after this war will be essential to the building of a livable world and a durable peace.

SEALS THAT FIGHT T.B.

TUBERCULOSIS has been on the run in this country for some thirty years, mainly because of the National Tuberculosis Association's unrelenting nationwide campaign of education and publicity against this once hush-hush disease.

For all that, T.B. has killed 145,000 U.S. civilians since Pearl Harbor, still kills more people between fifteen and forty-five than any other disease and is currently putting on a big offensive in war-racked Europe and Asia. It could stage a powerful comeback in this country, what with overcrowded housing in some war-plant areas, overwork on the part of some of us, diets bumped off beam by assorted food shortages, and the general strain of life in wartime.

All of which is to say that this is a year to step up your purchases of the National Tuberculosis Association's Christmas seals, annual sales of which largely finance the organization's war on T.B. The association urges everybody "at Christmastime to send no letter, mail no package, without the seal that saves lives." Why not put at least two T.B. seals on every letter and package this Christmastime?

HOME TRUTHS FROM ABROAD

TO HELP some of us see ourselves as others see us, we pass along some highly charged remarks dropped in London the other day by Brigadier General A. C. Critchley, director general of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, on the prospects of persuading lots of tourists to travel on British passenger planes after the war.

"We shall beat him," said General Critchley, speaking of the American postwar competitor, "because we know how to look after our customers better than he does, and we have the men to do it. . . . In America, service means servility, and they have no real idea of service to the passengers as we understand it. . . . In the American make-up, they all want to be President after selling newspapers."

Of course, the old boy's generalizations were no truer than generalizations usually are. If, for instance there are any more truly courteous people anywhere than the typical hostesses and crew members on U.S. passenger planes, we haven't run into them. And though the service on many American passenger steamships before the war was pretty crude, there were some American ships whose stewards, waiters, etc., were approximately as polite and painstaking as those on British, Dutch, French, German, Italian and Swedish vessels. It's a fine thing, too, and one big factor in our success as a nation to date, that almost no American plans to spend his entire life in one niche.

For all that, a lot of us could afford to ponder General Critchley's sideswipe at us. Too many Americans, as the doughty Britisher says, still feel that politeness demeans a free-born American and that common courtesy is somehow cowardly. Those are a pair of phony notions; and they customarily bring their practitioners much needless grief, considerable unnecessarily high blood pressure and occasional punches in the snoot.

CLEAN UP THE JAILS

OUR colleague, the Woman's Home Companion, recently published an article by Vera Connolly, entitled Get the Children Out of the Jails. We still see a not-too-delicate shade of red whenever we think of this account of Miss Connolly's tour of some American town and county jails.

Key sentence of the story: "From coast to coast and from Canada to the Mexican border, many of our jails are filthy, reeking, syphilis-ridden and vermin-infested." In the year ending last May 31st, for illustration, the Federal Bureau of Prisons inspected more than 3,000 town and county jails and workhouses, and approved only 448 of them. In far too many of these dumps, we park young children awaiting transfer to reformatories—often for long periods of time.

What is the reason for the filthy and brutalizing character of so many of our local jails? If you really want to know, the reason comes down to your good self, assuming you are a responsible citizen in a town which has a badly run jailhouse.

According to prison experts and probation authorities, there is no workable substitute for pressure by the local citizens to bring the local jail up to par in decency. If citizens will band together and demand admission of impartial inspection committees to their local jails, they can get those committees admitted. If citizens will demand that any bad conditions be rubbed out, they can get results, though probably not until after the customary political delays. If we let our local jail scandals go on, nothing will cure them. The result will be many more embittered, dope-addicted, perverted or otherwise brutalized graduates than genuinely rehabilitated persons with constructive attitudes toward the rest of us.

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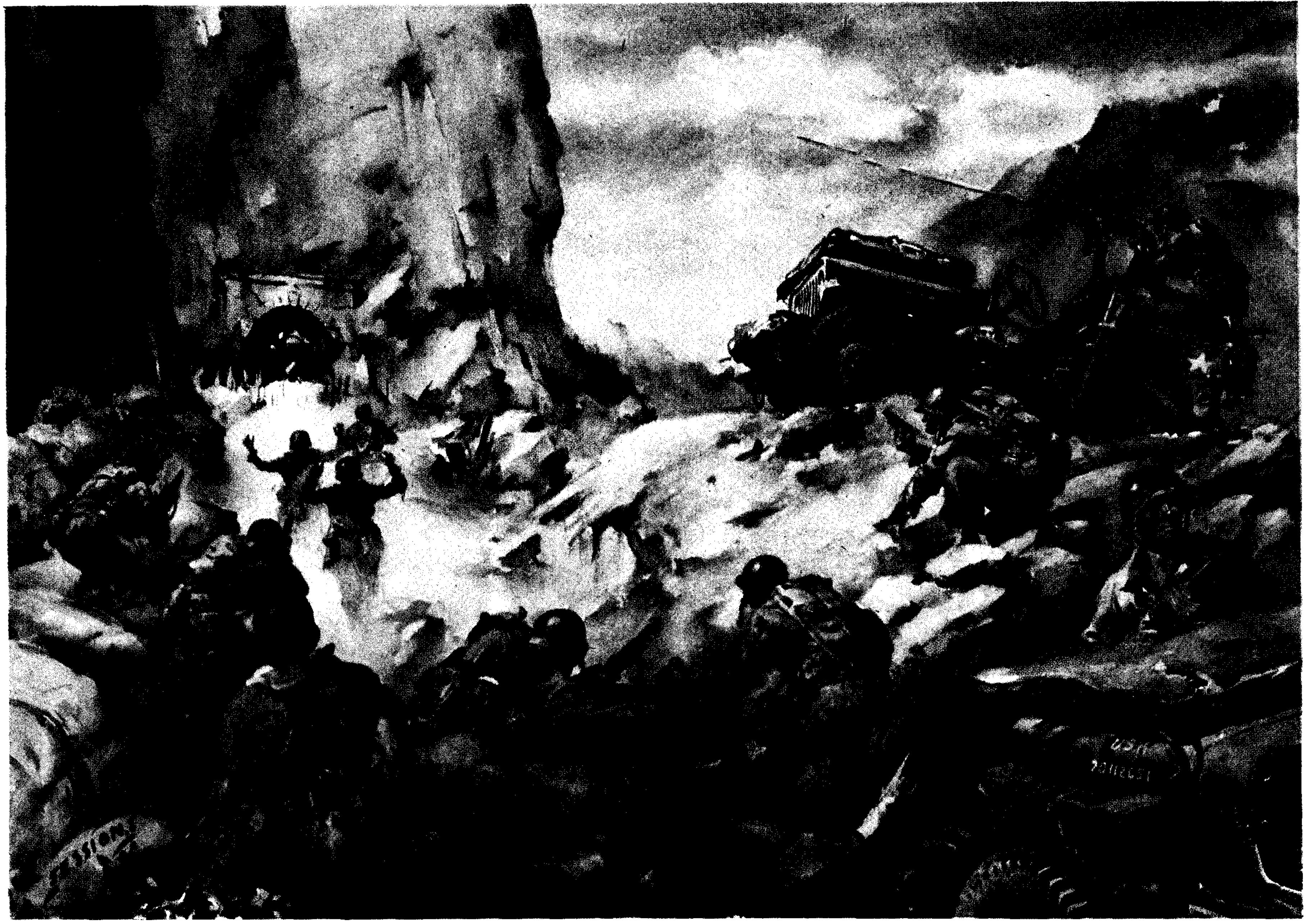

The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"

"JEEP" CAVALRY WINS MOUNTAIN FIGHT

During Invasion of Sicily

IN the following *true* incident, Sergeant K—— exhibited daring and courage far above and beyond the call of duty. As a reward he received the Distinguished Service Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor, *on the same day.* Sergeant K—— is the only member of the United States Army to receive *both* these high awards.

★ ★ ★

"It was shortly after dawn and our platoon of United States Mechanized Cavalry, riding tough Jeeps, was pressing forward on a dangerous mission, literally over the *top* of rugged Sicily. We were hemmed in on a narrow mountain road. A sheer cliff rose to our left. On our right, the terrain was so rough and rocky that even a Jeep couldn't navigate it.

"We had just entered a particularly treacherous piece of road when we saw one of our advance Jeeps racing back toward us. The driver reported that a culvert up ahead had been blown up. Our advance was blocked.

"Suspecting a Nazi trap our commanding officer sent Lieutenant G—— and Sergeant K—— with three Jeeps and eight men, to reconnoiter the situation. They had advanced only a short distance when the men took cover in the rocks and behind their Jeeps. The Lieutenant and Sergeant slipped in among the rocks and began to snake their way forward on their bellies.

"A couple hundred yards ahead they surprised a Nazi machine gun nest. They got the drop on the Heinies and captured all four of them without firing a shot.

"While this was going on another nest of Germans began machine-gunning Germans and Americans alike.

"Leaving the Lieutenant to guard the German prisoners, Sergeant K—— started to make his way, alone, toward the other machine gun nest.

"But the Nazis saw him and let him have it from their machine guns. He was hit *five times*—three in one leg and two in the other. He collapsed but managed to fall behind some large rocks. We thought he was down for good. Then we saw him stir and begin to drag himself, slowly and painfully, *toward that second Nazi dugout.*

"About that time five or six snipers started shooting and we all got into action. One of our trusty Jeeps, doing the *impossible,* as usual, climbed to the top of a big, flat rock from where gunner S——, we called him "Red", blasted away at the snipers with his "A-A" gun.

"Sergeant K——, leaving a trail of blood behind him, finally worked his way behind the Nazis in the dugout. He got three of them right off, and was just sighting the fourth, who was trying to escape to the rocks, when the last sniper's bullet fired in that action shattered his right elbow. ("Red" got that sniper a few seconds later.)

"We all rushed forward to where the Sergeant had crumpled up. He was "out" cold. The four Nazi prisoners were ordered to carry him back to the Jeeps, where we administered first aid and bandaged his wounds, using both German and American first aid kits.

"With the enemy cleaned out we set to work. Within a few hours the wrecked culvert was repaired and we were on our way. Those holed-in Nazis could have kept us bottled up indefinitely, *but they didn't.* And that is why a great fighting American, and one of the heroes of this war, Sergeant K——, wears both the Distinguished Service Cross AND the Congressional Medal of Honor today."

★ ★ ★

The amazing Willys scout car, called the "Jeep", with its Willys Go-Devil "Jeep" Engine, created and perfected by Willys-Overland exclusively, is fulfilling its mighty mission as a military vehicle on every blazing battlefront.

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